Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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JULY 1986

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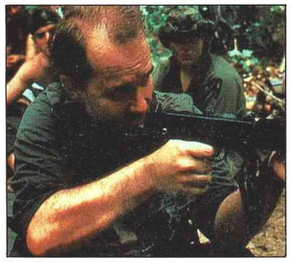
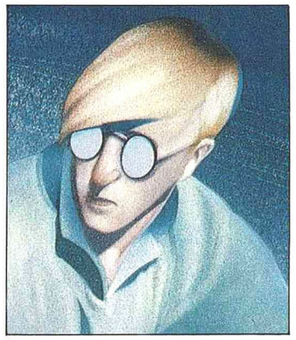
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 7/July 1986


The Sikh Terror Plot

The Seven Deadly Sins

Postcards From Brisbane


Snow Blind

REGULARS

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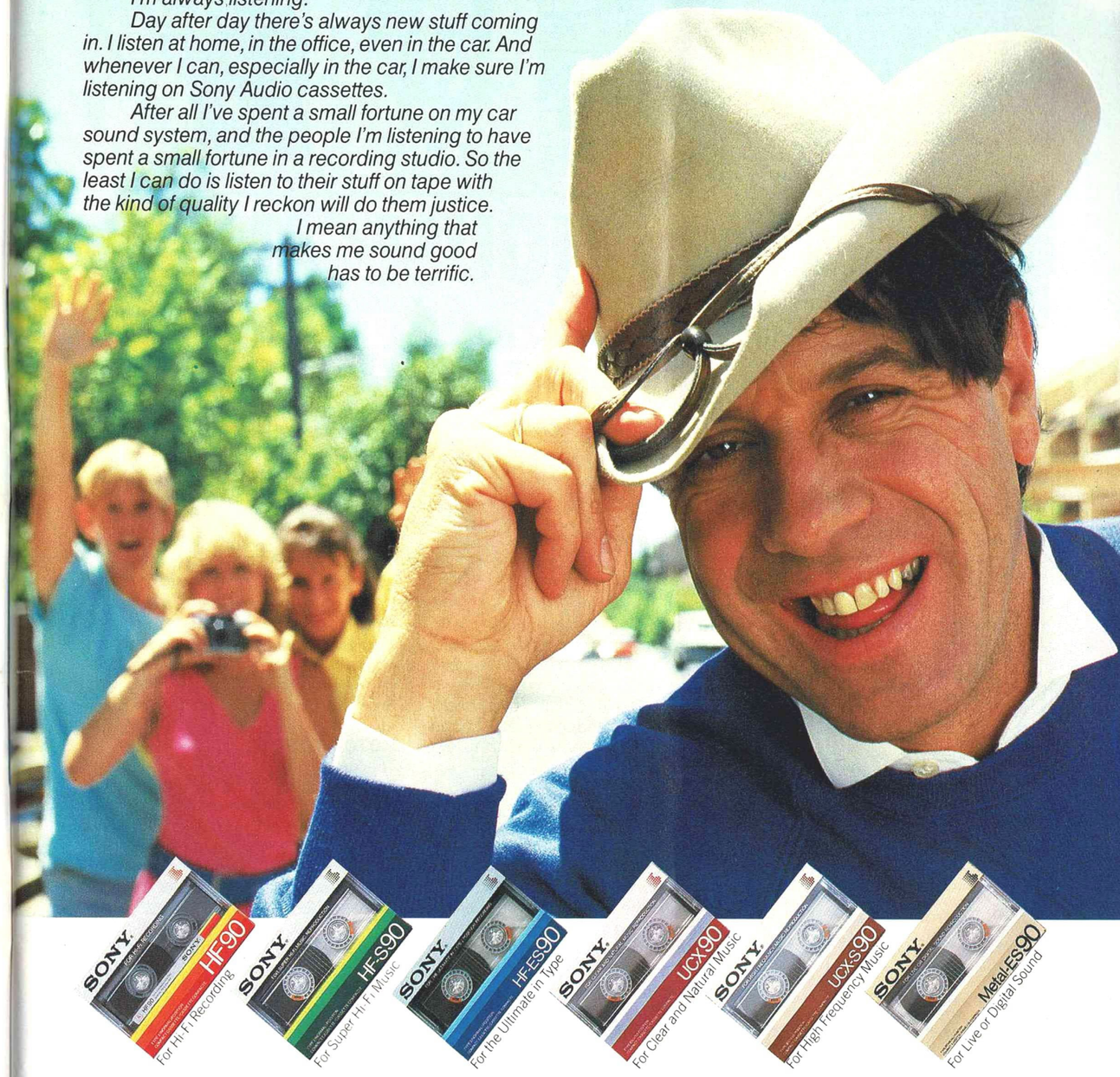

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PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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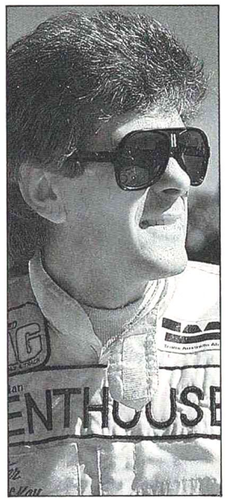
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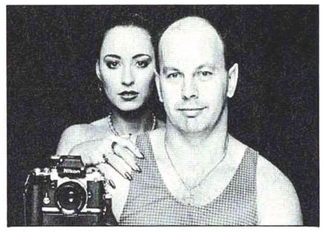
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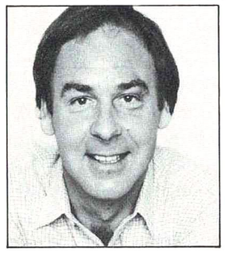
PAUL MANN

DRAHOS ZAK

HOUSECALL

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS
Penthouse introduces a new concept in reader service: a complete monthly guide to sin and sinning in the Eighties. All your old favorites are there: Anger, Lust, Envy, Avarice, Vanity, Gluttony and Sloth. So if you want to get the most out of all those human foibles that make life worthwhile, turn to page 23. The arresting new logos were created by **Drahos Zak**.

POSTCARDS FROM BRISBANE
Wanna see some feelthy postcards? Turn to page 80, where you'll find the most provocative *Penthouse* pictorial ever. Brisbane's most sacred public institutions serve as a backdrop for our *Penthouse* Pet, who bares all in broad daylight while photographer **Daniel Nolan** settles back to capture the outlandish results for posterity. Who said Brisbane was a boring town?

SNOW BLIND
Once you step over the orange tape that marks the boundaries of the Snowy Mountains ski resorts, you're entering an unpredictable and treacherous wilderness. More and more people are doing it every year, and the really dumb ones are discovering that it's the nicest way known to commit suicide. If you're thinking of jumping on the cross-country bandwagon **Paul Mann's** article on snow safety could well save your life. Turn to **Nigel Buchanan's** superb illustration on page 38.

AD NAUSEUM
With the demise of Mrs Marsh and Rita The Eta Eater, some people thought it was safe to turn the TV on again. But Joyce Mayne was waiting in the wings with a campaign that threatened the mental stability of millions of stunned viewers. How did we get into this predicament? **Denis Mitchell** traces the sorry history of the advertising industry in a story that will make you laugh *and* cry. **Chris Payne's** illustration is on page 54.

THE NEW RIGHT
A ferocious alienation has sprung up in the wake of the Reagan revolution. Across America The New Right is on the march, spreading a doctrine of hatred and revenge and girding themselves up for the violent overthrow of the US Government. **Vincent Coppola** presents an in-depth analysis of a frightening new social malaise which will almost certainly make its mark on Australian shores. Coppola's story, with photos by **Rob Nelson**, starts on page 74.

MOTOR MOUTH
The only thing faster than Kiwi Robbie Francevic's turbocharged Volvo is his turbocharged mouth. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay's** entertaining profile of the loquacious Francevic, who has manhandled the unlikely Swedish Valiant into favoritism for the '86 Touring Car Championship, starts on page 122.

RAY RUFFELS INTERVIEW
The once-lauded Bronzed Aussie tennis player has become a laughingstock. With Wimbledon on the horizon, it looks like the laughs will again be on us. Ray Ruffles, national tennis coach and head coach at the Institute of Sport, has been charged with the task of getting us back up there where we belong. Turn to page 114 and read how Ruffles handles the tough serves from interviewer **David McCamey. Heide Smith** shot the accompanying photo.

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Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Insanity inanity

Dr Paul Wilson's article Lust For Blood in February *Penthouse* contained one inaccuracy: Sharon Hamilton did not commit suicide as a result of the experience of being knifed by Parramatta Prison inmate Leonard Lawson. Her suicide was actually the result of ten years of deep sedation therapy given to her by her psychiatrist and lover Dr Harry Bailey.

Hamilton took an overdose of pills on the anniversary of an abortion ordered by Dr Bailey, who was allegedly the father of the child. She had originally been referred to Bailey for a psychiatric assessment, necessary to claim damages over the attack by Lawson.

Dr Bailey's treatment of Hamilton highlights a couple of points that were not fully canvassed in Dr Wilson's article: does psychiatric treatment in fact exacerbate criminal behavior, and how valuable is psychiatric testimony in lust murder cases?

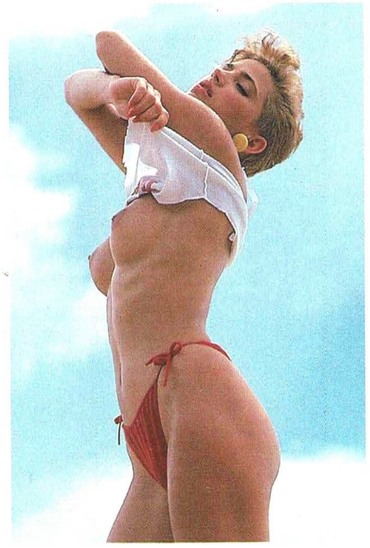
For example Charles Whitman, who was responsible for the University of Texas massacre, had previously seen a psychiatrist and admitted to being worried because he had no control over his violent temper. The psychiatrist said there was no need for concern and described Whitman as "an all-American boy", not requiring urgent treatment. Soon after, Whitman shot and stabbed his mother and wife, then carried out his massacre.

Psychiatrists have continuously shown an inability to diagnose and predict patient violence. And their evidence is used time and time again to excuse criminal actions as mental illnesses.

The case of Dan White, killer of San Franciscan mayor George Moscone and city supervisor Harvey Milk, stands out as an example. White fired nine bullets into his victims and shot each, execution style, twice. Yet five psychiatrists testified that he was mentally ill, including one who diagnosed his condition as "Twinkie's Disease" (depression from consuming too much junk food).

The statement by NSW Premier Neville Wran, after the escape of violent criminals Munday and Cribb in 1979, is most significant. He said: "It makes one wonder what on Earth could have led a psychiatrist to issue a certificate recommending that these two men be admitted to Morisset.

"The mind boggles that people such as these, with a proven record of animal behavior, could be put anywhere but behind bars in the most strict custodial institution."



Kathleen the magnificent

Perhaps he should have added, "and well away from psychiatrists." The relationship between crime and its treatment — especially involving physically assaultive methods such as electric shock therapy — warrants further investigation. — *Jan Eastgate, National President, Citizens Committee on Human Rights, Sydney*

Not taking a trick

Dirty Tricks, which appeared in April *Penthouse*, naturally attracted the interest of our organisation. I would like to take issue in detail with the writer of the article, which I believe is riddled with gaffes, inconsistencies and generalisations. That the author writes under a pseudonym is no surprise. He seems to relish the anonymity, whilst at the same time sinking the boot into his fellow operators.

Of major concern to our institute are the bold statements which attempt to portray the majority of our profession as "gorillas", "resembling professional wrestlers" and "the sleaziest of operators." The writer does not dissociate himself from these blanket descriptions, so I must presume that the cap fits and that he is somewhat uncomfortably wearing it. That cap does not fit the majority of licensed agents. Our institute is a responsible and self-regulatory body that seeks from its members the highest ethical standards and I suggest that your correspondent would do well to take out a membership of the Institute of Mercantile Agents. We might be able to restore his faith in his fellow man and his fellow agents.

I detect a troubled conscience in the writer's attempts to alert the public at large to his *modus operandi*. He should be well aware of the IMA's unrelenting program of pressing for control over agents' activities and we too are aware of the existence of unlicensed agents. Your correspondent's reference to the *Commercial And Private Agents Act* suggests that he has some knowledge — limited though it may be — of that Act. A recent update of the Act provides further regulation of agents' activities.

Finally, if the writer feels that he fits the image of "gorilla", then he would be more likely to seek the services of a vet, rather than assistance from the Institute of Mercantile Agents. — *Brian O'Meara, National President, Institute of Mercantile Agents, Penrith, NSW*

The mild one

I don't know why you trumpeted Vicky O'Keefe as "The Wild One" on the cover of April *Penthouse*. "The Mild One" would have been far more appropriate. Despite the obvious efforts of photographer Nick Brokensha (whose work I'm normally a great fan of . . . I thought his Wanderlust spread in December '85 *Penthouse* was just sensational), Vicky came over as being about as wild and exciting as a Cabbage Patch doll.

Far more appealing was the April Pet Of The Month, Kathleen Azzopardi. Now there is a truly magnificent example of womanhood in full bloom, one whose raw physical beauty is matched by a natural sultriness of expression that whispers "I want you." Vicky O'Keefe, take note. — *Rod Pinney, North Balwyn, Vic*

Flies on him

Having read your interview with "the most macho man in Australia", Hans Tholstrup (April *Penthouse*), I glanced back at the photograph and noticed that Tholstrup was covered in flies. I congratulate your photographer for an entirely appropriate portrayal of his subject. The man is not only an idiot, but a dangerous idiot. If I was running the show I'd have him packed into the first freighter back to Denmark. — *R.J.P., Watsons Bay, NSW*

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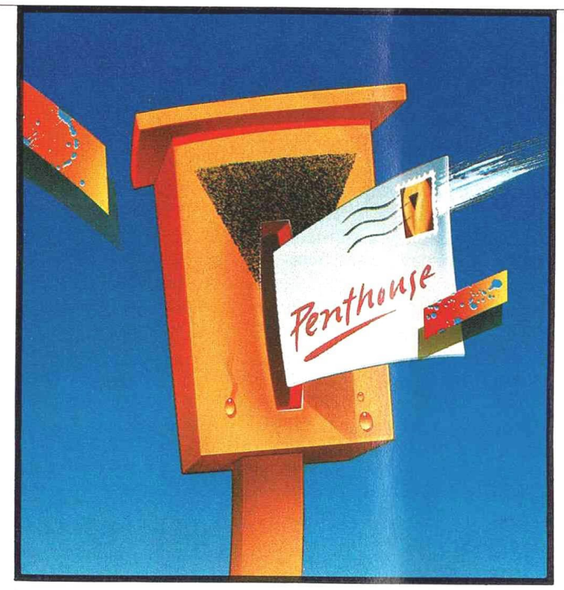
Friends are for sharing



I'm 32 years old with a figure that my husband says still drives him nuts. Doug is a carpenter and he's in great shape. He has attracted the eye of several women. One of them is my best friend, Peggy. One night while we were at a local pub together, she admitted that she would love to get a chance at him. We both agreed that it wasn't possible, because Doug would blab it all over town if it ever happened.

Over the next few days, I began to fantasise about Doug and Peggy together. It made for some explosive fucking, with me coming at least three times. I began to make plans to get them together.

Our bed is an old-fashioned canopy model, with curtains all around it. With the lights out, anybody on the bed cannot be seen. I introduced a new game into our love life. I would lie face down on the bed with my arse and legs hanging over the edge. The curtain would lie on my waist. Doug then fucked me doggy-style, but all he sees are my legs and my arse. I made sure to always wear a pair of red high heels when we did this.

After about a month, I approached Peggy with my idea. She thought it was wonderful. She would pretend to be me, while Doug fucked her from behind. Peggy and I have similar builds, so that was not a problem.

That weekend, I sneaked Peggy into our bedroom. She stripped and got into the bed, wearing nothing but my red high heels. Doug and I had a few drinks before going to bed. I told him to wait in the living room for a few minutes before coming to bed. I told him that I would be waiting for him to play our new game.

In the bedroom, I threw my clothes off and got into the bed. Peggy was there looking gorgeous in just her skin and high heels. She hugged me and thanked me for sharing my husband with her. The feel of her naked body against mine sent tingles down my spine.

I heard the door open and Doug walk in. I signalled Peggy to stick her arse out of the curtain. I called out in a sexy voice, begging Doug to fuck me. I could hear him stripping. I could see his outline behind the curtains. He fondled Peggy's arse, saying how much it turned him on to screw this way.

He reached down and parted her pussy lips, and slowly eased his large prick into her. Peggy clamped down on my leg to keep from crying out. Doug began to set the rhythm. It was exciting to watch Peggy's body being rocked back and forth as my husband pounded away at her.

While I was kneeling in front of her, playing with her tits, she put her hand on my pussy. Slowly opening it up, she began to stroke me. I groaned, and Doug accelerated his pace. This made Peggy stroke my drenched pussy faster and harder. I lay back and let her stick two fingers in me.

I came once as she traced circles around my clit. Peggy grabbed my arse with both hands and pulled me closer. Suddenly I felt her tongue softly licking my pussy. I was out of my mind with excitement. Her face bumped into me rhythmically as Doug fucked her. I came again, but she didn't let go.

Doug started to come, moaning and groaning. This sent Peggy over the edge. She clamped down on my clit, sucking it hard, as her body quivered and shook with her orgasm. I exploded, screaming and clawing at the sheets.

Doug pulled out of Peggy with a wet pop. He began to part the curtains. "No!" I said, panicking. Peggy scrambled on to the bed. As soon as she was all in, I poked my head and shoulders out. Right at eye level was his seven-inch prick, covered with another woman's juices.

"I . . . I . . . I want to suck your cock!" I said. I couldn't think of anything else to keep him off the bed. He smiled and fed me his prick an inch at a time. The taste was strange because of Peggy's pussy juice.

On the bed, I felt hands caressing my arse and legs. I wiggled, trying to get away. I was embarrassed at how much I liked having her suck my pussy. Peggy ignored my movements, and Doug just assumed I was playing with myself. I couldn't say or do anything about it.

Her fingers began to explore my pussy, which turned the heat up on my passion. I sucked Doug harder and tried to get away from Peggy's fingers. I felt her fingers leave and the bed shift. Her hands pushed down on my arse. Thinking she was finished, I lowered myself, right on to her waiting face! She must have moved on to her back underneath me. Her hand gripped my arse as her tongue flicked my clit. Doug was moving in and out of my mouth as I sucked him. Giving in to the inevitable, I ground my pussy into Peggy's face. She took both of her hands and squeezed my tits, paying lots of attention to the sensitive nipples.

I moaned around Doug's prick and my whole body quaked as I came. It must have lasted two whole minutes, Peggy never letting me go. Doug came again, and I swallowed it all, which I never do. Exhausted, I begged him to get me a drink of water. While he was out of the room, Peggy snuck out of the house.

Since then, Peggy and I have gotten together occasionally, and she sucks my pussy until I can't take any more. Doug claims that night was the best sex he ever had. — *Name and address withheld*

Service call

It seemed like just another regular job, I thought. Someone's motor had stopped in their swimming-pool filter. It was an overcast day with a nice cool breeze. I knocked

on the door. The most beautiful girl I had ever seen answered. She had long blonde hair and electric blue eyes that could have lit a room. All she was wearing was this long T-shirt that barely covered her arse. She said she was sorry but she had just gotten out of bed. It was one in the afternoon. That nice cool breeze got her nipples so hard. I had instantly fallen in lust with her, and it was going to be hard to concentrate on the job at hand.

I pried myself away from her and forced myself out to the pool. I had just gotten my tools laid out and had started to tear into the motor when it started pouring down rain. Working with electrical appliances in the rain isn't a good idea, so I found shelter under the porch canopy. She came to the back door and insisted I come in out of the rain to keep from catching a cold. Who would argue with logic like that? I followed her to the living room, and what a view I had. She had put on some shorts to go with her T-shirt, but they couldn't conceal her tight little arse too well. I almost creamed myself before I even got seated. We shot the bull for a few minutes till it stopped raining, then I plodded back outside.

I tried to get back to work, I really did, but you can imagine how hard it is when you've got pussy on your mind. I wanted her badly. After a while of puttering around with the motor, damned if it didn't start raining again. I made a mad dash for the canopy again, leaving my tools out in the rain. Now that I had been rained on twice, my clothes were soaked.

Again she found me loitering under the canopy, and it took little persuasion to get my sad arse to come in out of the weather. The rain looked like it was going to last a while, and I was prepared to settle in for the duration. This time she led me into the laundry room and asked if I wanted her to dry my clothes while we waited for the rain to stop. I readily agreed, and she went and found a robe for me to put on. I changed quickly and gave her my clothes. She threw them into the dryer and led me into the living room.

This time she sat next to me on the couch. It took every ounce of strength I had to keep from attacking her right then. I found out a bit more about her this time. Her name was Chrissy, she had just turned 19, and obviously was as horny as I was. Her father had been transferred here a few weeks ago, and she knew no-one. It was sounding better the more I heard. Oh, and she knew nothing about swimming pools, something I would gladly give her lessons in. I mentioned to her that I felt uncomfortable sitting with only a robe on, and she said she would make me feel more comfortable.

With that she pulled off her T-shirt, revealing tits that were in desperate need of some sucking. I leaned over and started biting and sucking on her rosebuds. She started moaning softly and pulling at my robe. I worked my way down to her shorts, which came off easily, and found no panties underneath, turning me on all the more. I tossed her shorts and my robe aside and began my assault on her delicacies. I teased the insides of her thighs with my tongue, purposefully avoiding her pussy. I worked my tongue in slow circles closer and closer to her pussy. She was begging me to eat her. Finally I couldn't resist. I dove in and sucked on her till she had two orgasms. She was so wet from my efforts, her juice was running into her arse. I put my finger in her while I licked her clit. Her body started shaking uncontrollably with her third orgasm while my head was being crushed between her thighs.

Now it was my turn to receive some oral delights. She pushed me back on to the couch, started kissing my toes, and worked her way up. Reaching my crotch, she started sucking my balls and stroking my cock with her hand. She slowly licked the head of my cock, making circular motions while jacking me with her hand. Then she took me deep in her mouth, swallowing all of my cock. After about five minutes of some excellent cocksucking, I was ready, willing, and able to go the distance. I remained lying on the couch while Chrissy climbed on top of me. She lowered that sweet pussy of hers down, engulfing my cock. She was so tight, I thought I might drop a load right there. She started bouncing up and down on my cock with a fury that's hard to imagine. I held on to her bouncing tits while she fucked the shit out of me. I couldn't hold out for long at this pace, but I was determined to have her come one more time. With a tit in one hand and her clit in the other, I started massaging her to her fourth orgasm while she fucked me outrageously! She arched her back and fell into my arms as her orgasm thrashed her body. Moments after she regained her composure, she started fucking me again in the rapid-fire-style she had before. It didn't take long for me to reach the peak, filling her with hot come.

We rested for a while. It had been over two hours since we had started, and it was still raining. I got dressed in my now dry clothes and put her on my service list for the next day. I've been glad to service her and her pool for a long time now. — *Name and address withheld*

I spy

About eight months ago, I learned something about myself that I never imagined or thought possible, but which is now the most exciting and important part of my life. I am a voyeur. Here's how it happened.

One Friday evening during April, my wife and I were getting ready to leave for our weekend house when I received a call from my office informing me there was a problem that required my attention the next

"Sir? Sir? You did *order a pizza with everything . . .?"*

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FORUM

day. We agreed that my wife would drive out that night as planned and I would take the train the next day after finishing work. I promised to call her before I was ready to leave the city so that she could come and get me. She left and I settled in for a quiet night of TV.

About half an hour later, I received another call from my office, saying that all was well and that I did not have to come in the following day. So, after a little thought, I decided to take the train that evening. I couldn't call my wife since she was still on the road when I had to leave. So I went directly to the station and arrived in the country about 11pm. Rather than call and disturb my wife, who I thought would be asleep by that time, I took a taxi. From that point on my whole life changed.

When I arrived at my house, I could see through the door window that my wife and Steven, our next-door neighbor, were sitting on the couch. There was nothing unusual about this as Steven and/or his wife were constantly visiting us. It was, however, a little late for a visit, but again, I thought nothing of it. With my hand on the doorknob and just seconds away from entering, the next sight stunned me. Steven leaned over toward my wife and ran his hand up under her skirt. Her response was immediate and profound. She spread her legs and lifted her skirt, revealing sheer mauve panties. She knows how turned on I am by panties and has the largest collection possible. Steven began rubbing her snatch through her panties, getting instantaneous responses from her. She closed her eyes, laid her head back, and began meeting the thrust of his fingers with her hips. Even from my distance I could see her juices, which always flow easily and rapidly. She was as aroused as I have ever seen her, with a smile on her face showing her immense pleasure. She soon came in a shuddering orgasm, squeezing Steven's hand tightly between her legs. Then her whole body relaxed. They began talking; I could see but not hear what was said. She then lay down on the couch. Steven lifted her skirt and, placing his hands in the waistband of her soaked panties, slid them off her. She now placed one leg over the back of the couch and the other on the floor. Her glistening slit was fully exposed with her full black bush sparkling. She opened those wet lips with her fingers as Steven unzipped his fly and produced his rather large cock, which was as hard as the proverbial flagpole.

As he knelt between her legs, she grasped his prick in her hand and guided it into her waiting and eager snatch. Even with the door closed, I could hear her moans of pleasure and see her mounting excitement as he pumped in and out of her. She was ecstatic. He lasted longer than I normally do, which was an obvious turn-on for my wife, who was panting, laughing, crying, moaning, and talking all at once. When he shot his load, she planted her feet flat on the couch and arched her hips upward to imbed that pole as deep into her as possible. She wrapped her arms around his back and shoulders and came while her upper torso shivered in sexual release. He collapsed on top of her, and she melted under him. I couldn't believe my eyes and couldn't control my actions.

I whipped out my bulging hard-on and jerked off right there on the porch, coming in globs within seconds. I came close to collapsing myself. I again looked in the window. My wife was still lying there with her legs spread and her pussy wide open, but now Steven's come was slowly oozing out of her. She put a hand between her legs, scooping up some of that warm come on her fingers and placing it in her mouth. This really surprised me, since my wife will rarely even consent to giving me a blowjob. When she does, she never lets me come in her mouth but insists that I finish with her hand. I guessed they were both satisfied because they began putting themselves in order. I figured Steven would be going home soon, so I left and walked to the village. I went into the local pub for a few drinks and for some time to think. I decided that this would remain my secret, at least for now. I waited until the next train was due in and got another taxi home. My wife was sound asleep and did not even stir when I crawled into bed. She may have slept well, but I could not. The entire scene erupted in my mind over and over again and I knew that once was not going to be enough.

During these past eight months, I have delayed my departure from the city as often as I have dared, but not so often that my wife might become suspicious. I have been rewarded with more episodes like that.

The fact that my wife is having an affair with another man doesn't bother me because I enjoy watching her escapades so much. Now I'm wondering if I should chance an already good thing to try and make one of the episodes into a threesome. — *Name and address withheld*

Fantastic voyage

I am a bisexual woman, in my early thirties, with a predilection for straight women. To me, the most exciting sex is with an attractive woman who thinks lesbian love is wrong but whose sexual desires drive her to it.

Three months ago a naval officer and his wife moved next door. He promptly left on what I came to find out what was a five month assignment at sea. His wife also works, but was obviously lonely. I brought her into my circle of friends to help her feel at home in her new neighborhood.

Her name is Claire, and she's tall, with long, shapely legs and a round sexy bum. Dark, lustrous brown hair reaches down to her shoulders, which are very broad. I think her breasts are perfect; they are shaped like classic champagne glasses and have large pronounced nipples.

Being fitness oriented, I soon had her going to aerobics class with me and working out. This came to be my tool for introducing Claire to the pleasures of female love. Claire was quite vain about her shape and loved to work out on the weight machine in my spare room, and then admire herself in the mirror.

One night we were sitting around and Claire told me how glad she was that I had started her at weightlifting. She was pleased that her bottom had become much more firm and her cleavage more pronounced. I asked her to show me and she stood up and stripped. Wearing just her bra and high-cut panties, she followed me into my bedroom to view herself in the full-length mirror.

Standing before the mirror, lost in her own world of vanity, she could not have looked more appealing. Her long legs seemed even longer in the designer panties that were cut up to her waist, revealing those round, firm cheeks, which I wanted so badly to feel. The dark thickness of her pubic hair curled out from both sides of the narrow crotch of her panties. "I showed you mine, now you show me yours," she joked, never taking her eyes off herself in the mirror. Stripping quickly, I stood beside her in the mirror. We looked like twins, except for my blonde hair and the size of my breasts. "I really wish my boobs were like yours," she said as she stared at my broad, full tits.

"What is it that you like about them?" I asked, unsnapping the front clasp, allowing the wide pink nipples to feel the cool rush of air. She searched for a response as I slowly began to knead my lightly veined white skin, a shallow pretense at rubbing out the bra marks. Amazed at the turn of events and at her not being offended, I took her long beautiful hands and placed them on my jutting tits.

"Is it the fact that they are so much bigger than yours?" I asked, cupping her warm hands under my breasts. Slowly, so as not to break the trance, I whispered, "Is it the heat you feel through your fingers, or the way my nipples respond to your touch?" I placed her supple fingers on my sensitive nipples and began a pinching motion with her fingers, which she involuntarily continued.

At this point, I pushed her gently back until she was seated, and as I spoke, I pulled her full, pouting lips to my left breast. "You always wanted me," I breathed lightly in her ear. Reaching down I began to roll her hard nipples between my strong fingers. The effect was electric. She moaned loudly and her upper body jerked forward at the first pinch. "You have sensitive nipples, don't you?"

"Yes," she moaned.

"Then you know how good it feels when someone bites and sucks them." She responded by forcefully sucking my breast into her warm, hungry mouth. Oh God, it felt so good to have her wet tongue flicking my nipple.

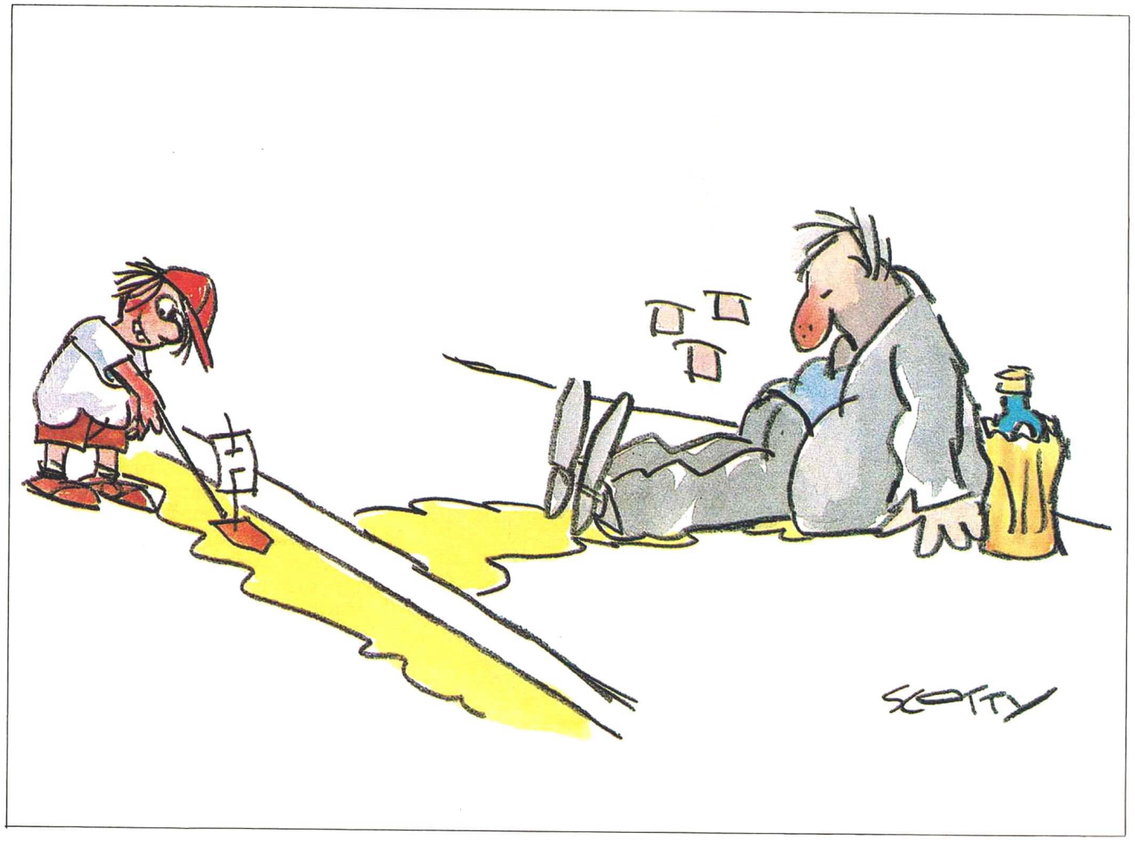
"Is that how you like to have your nipples sucked?" I asked.

"Uh huh," she mumbled, never taking her mouth off my breast. She bit my nipple roughly, sending short jabs of pleasure into my increasingly wet loins.

Now, knowing that she liked it rough, I began to grab her breasts at the base and gradually milk them outward, until I ended up by pulling and tugging on her enlarged, thimble-sized nipples. Her almost constant low moan became forcibly guttural, ending in a muffled, "Uh huh." The rougher I was, the more she responded, until she was squeezing her legs and buttocks together in an unsuccessful attempt to ease the obviously growing aches of her clitoris.

Abruptly, she stopped and pushed my fingers away. "No, I shouldn't be doing this," she cried, not moving from her seated position on the bed.

I said, "You need it so bad, Claire. You know you want it. The touch of my fingers made you wet." The look of opposition on her face faded slowly. "Relax and let that beautiful, hard, sexy body rid itself of those tensions. Let me make you come." With that, I gently took her nipples between my fingers and began rolling and pulling them



in slow, alternating circles. Her eyes fluttered, and a spasm rocked her body. Sensing her physical resistance ebb, I pushed her backward on to the bed and slid my knee between her legs, placing it easily against the softness of her vulva, which lay exposed. As I pulled the tender flesh of her nipples, she ground her pussy against my knee. The lips of her vagina parted, and the wetness of her secretions soon covered my leg. The more force I applied with my knee, the harder she ground herself against me. All resistance to my advances had been replaced by the need to satisfy her desires.

Kneeling quickly between her legs, I spread her labia, and forcefully squeezed the hood of her clitoris, pulling it up and down over the wet swollen head of her clit. She responded immediately, moaning and whimpering with each stroke, and pinching her own nipples beween her long fingers. Without interrupting my work on her clit, I slid the index finger of my left hand into the pink wetness of her vagina, causing her to moan loudly. Slowly, I rimmed the opening, pulling at the tight muscles that guarded her entrance. A second finger followed. My strong digits pushed into her warm flesh and penetrated up to the third knuckle. I felt her muscles relax, slightly. The tightness of her opening, no doubt from lack of use, surprised me but excited me as well. My fingers slid in and out rhythmically, pulling at her inner lips. The added pleasure of my penetration was beginning to bring Claire to orgasm, and I slowed the attention I was giving her clit in order to prolong her vulnerability.

Her building physical excitement provided copious amounts of pussy juice, and I soon had my third finger jammed into her hot box. I was soaking wet myself, and ground my vulva against her lower leg. I slid my fourth finger alongside the others, and wedged it into the sticky folds of her vagina. The group of fingers wedged just above my second knuckle. No longer able to restrain myself, I spread and pushed my fingers alternately, until the breadth of my third knuckle was surrounded by the stretched muscles of her pussy. "Oh . . . please . . . more!" moaned Claire.

Slowly, I clenched and unclenched my hand, rotating it back and forth, slightly. I felt the last resistance of her heated loins begin to yield. Tucking my thumb into my palm, I continued to stretch her wide. I began to suck her now enlarged clit into my mouth. The pungent aroma of her secretions was more than I could bear. Losing control, I humped her leg, bathing it in my juices and sending me reeling toward orgasm. Pushing with all my force, I inched forward and watched as her pink flesh sucked my hand. Her wetness was overpowering. My fingers felt as if they were in a container of oil. I whispered, "I am inside you, and I am fucking you."

"Harder," she gasped. "I'm going to come."

I raised my head to watch her lovely face express total abandonment to my control, and I started a light, rapid stroking of her clit, which I knew would lead to orgasm. After a long, low scream of pleasure, she began to climax. Her vagina opened completely, and then a series of pulsing contractions began, which faded with her moans. The oral and facial expressions she made as she orgasmed excited me to the point where I came with her. My fantasy was realised at last.

Our relationship has been special since that day, and I must admit that I heartily endorse the Navy's policy of long tours of duty at sea. — *Name and address withheld*

Shaving sensation

One day my girlfriend, Samantha, was over at my house helping me rearrange the furniture and clean the place up. After a few hours of moving furniture around, she started to clean my bedroom closet while I was downstairs finishing up in the living room. I noticed that things all of a sudden became quiet upstairs, so I went up there to see what was going on. Samantha didn't hear me come up, and when I walked into my bedroom, I found her with one of my *Penthouse* magazines.

At first I thought to myself, "Oh shit! she found my magazines!" I didn't know how she was going to react. My second glance, however, eased my mind. While she was reading Forum, she had three fingers up her pussy and was working herself into quite an orgasm. I stood and watched for a while, then I said, "Find anything interesting?" Startled, she quickly turned to me and stammered a yes.

"What are you reading about?"

She pointed to a letter about a woman who shaved her pussy.

"You want to give it a try?"

"Well, I . . ." she said hesitantly.

I said, "I'll shave my hair if you shave yours. Or better yet, I'll let you shave me if I can shave you!" A nervous grin came to her face as I led her into the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, I spread a couple of towels on the floor and took out a pair of scissors, some shaving cream, and my razor. We slowly undressed each other as we kissed passionately. When we were completely naked, she asked me to go first. I lay down on the towels and watched her clip my pubic hair with the scissors. After she had clipped my hair down to just stubble, she wet her hand from the sink, and moistened the area to be shaved. Then she worked in the shaving cream with her right hand as she held on to my swollen cock with her left hand. Next, she picked up the razor and slowly started to shave me. While she was doing this, she was slowly stroking my prick. It felt so weird, yet sensuous, to have my pubic hair shaved. When she had finished, she led me to the shower and rinsed me off. Now it was her turn!

Samantha lay down on the towel, and I started to clip her mound of hair with the scissors. When she felt the cold metal blade of the scissors touch her clit, she went into orbit! When I was done with the scissors, I grabbed the shaving cream, I didn't even have to use water to moisten her hair, using her pussy juices instead. While working in the shaving cream. I slid a finger or two up her hole. She'd never felt so hot before!

Shaving her was not easy. She was gyrating her hips so much in ecstasy that I was afraid I would cut her. Eventually I finished, noticing a few nicks and scrapes. To ease the pain, I gently applied my tongue to the tiny little cuts. Meanwhile, Samantha was going through the roof! The feeling of my tongue on her bald pussy was too much for her to handle, and she went into the most violent orgasm I had ever seen. She bucked against my face like a woman possessed! I moved up to put my aching cock into her dripping pussy, but she decided to take control. She rolled me over on to my back and mounted my pole! The feeling of our bare genitals rubbing together was incredible!

Sam started to slide up and down my shaft at a slow, erotic pace, gyrating her hips at the same time. Gradually, she picked up the pace until she was furiously pumping my cock with her pussy. It seemed as though she couldn't get enough of me inside of her. We came together, as we usually do. While I exploded with what must have been the biggest load I had ever had, Samantha was grunting so loud the whole neighborhood must have heard! But Sam was not done yet.

She grabbed my hand, and I got up and followed her into the shower. We explored each other's bodies, paying special attention to those freshly shaved areas. I have one of those showers that can be handheld, with a hose leading to the tap. It's great for all those hard-to-reach places! It also has one of those massage units. I put the massage part on the hard, pulsating setting. I took the shower head and moved it down between Sam's legs, letting the water go to work on her clit. Again, she went into another violent orgasm.

Finally, after we had used up all the hot water, she became exhausted. We dried each other off and went to bed. I woke up in the middle of the night to find Sam sucking my cock like crazy. Whatever this woman had turned into, I loved it! The feeling of her mouth and tongue on my bald genitals was too much to handle as I exploded in her mouth. She swallowed every drop. To reward her, I positioned us into a 69. I lapped up her love juices as she licked my cock, which was still hard and getting harder. We came several times in this position and eventually fell asleep in that position.

Our sex life has never been better. Having bald genitalia has lifted the sexual sensation to new heights. Without the hair in the way, being touched there makes us go crazy, and oral sex is much better. We now shave each other regularly. I go through a lot of shaving cream and razors, but it's worth it! — *Name and address withheld*

First-time cheater

I enjoy your magazine and particularly like the letters from your avid readers. In fact, I wondered just how real they were and to what degree poetic licence was used. That was until my first real Forum event, and now I am a believer.

I am 38 years old, considered good-looking, and live in an eastern seaboard city. I have been happily married for almost 12 years. My wife is pretty and intelligent, and we lead an active life both physically and sexually. I have never had any affairs outside of our marriage, but have often fantasised about such an occurrence.

Well, recently I had to go to a trade show for several days. After a long and boring plane trip and lots of complimentary drinks, I ran into several friends as I was checking into the hotel. We had dinner and then headed downtown to check out the local bars and ladies. We ended up in a bar which was bustling with rock'n'roll, booze, and a lot of interesting, unattached girls.

I immediately lost my friends and, in a somewhat hazy state, was wandering around. At the back of the downstairs section of the bar was a particularly noisy group having a great time. My attention focused on a nice-looking girl who was wearing a baseball cap. I guess she saw me looking at her; our eyes met, and we started talking.

I learned that her name was Donna and that she and her friends had just come from a night cricket game which the Aussies had won, so everyone was celebrating. She had a pretty face, gorgeous, big brown eyes, and her dark brown hair was pulled back. She was dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, which only allowed a hint at her sexuality. What intrigued me immediately, though, was this girl's radiant smile and bubbling manner.

She and I seemed to hit it off and within minutes we were talking excitedly with our arms around each other. I gave her a friendly kiss, which was returned by a passionate French kiss with her tongue deep inside my mouth. I was a little surprised but loved it. As we sat petting and talking, she reached down and brushed her hand against my crotch. My already stiff cock strained to an embarrassing size against my clothing. I responded by candidly rubbing her breasts. I was again surprised when her legs opened just a little as I brushed my hand against her crotch. I could already feel her dampness through her jeans. After some more of this and several more drinks, I limped off to see if any of my friends were still around. Don-

"First, I want to thank God and my personal savior Jesus Christ for giving me the strength, the courage, and the will to win."

na came with me, and not finding anyone I knew, we decided to go outside for a walk and some smoke-free air.

We walked around the corner where we leaned up against a courtyard railing, talked, necked, and watched the people go by. We were both happy, enjoying ourselves, and horny. I saw a boy enter the apartment building behind us, pushing his bicycle. We followed him shortly afterward and closed the outside door. In the darkness of this dingy foyer, I eagerly pulled up her sweater and removed her bra, exposing her large, freckled, and incredibly soft tits as she in turn fumbled to undo my pants. She stroked and rubbed my cock, which by now was bulging and straining to be pressed against warm flesh. I kissed her breasts and began sucking her nipples as I undid her jeans. Soft moans were just audible as I inserted several fingers deep inside her. Her pussy was velvet smooth and wet almost to the point of dripping. I slid her pants over her shaped bum down to her ankles. I fell to my knees, releasing her pointed nipples from my mouth, and buried my face in her womanhood. She tasted and smelled beautiful, and I slipped my tongue deep inside her.

By this time, Donna was almost uncontrollable. She tore off my pants and shirt and slumped to the cold, dirty floor. I lay back with my arse on the floor and back against the wall. She straddled my body and gently guided my engorged member deep within her wetness. Being face-to-face, we were able to look into each other's eyes, and, alternatively, I was still able to kiss and suck on her delicious tits.

We breathlessly fucked away for some time in this position, hearing the sounds of people watching TV inside the building and people walking by outside the door. Neither of us was close to coming, so after a while Donna dismounted and leaned over from her knees and delicately began kissing my balls and cock. She expertly licked the inside shaft of my now slippery, wet cock from the very base up to the head before slipping it inside her mouth. Getting a little anxious by now, I pulled her to her feet and asked her to bend over from the waist. I worked my prick into her from behind and clumsily tried to bring us both to orgasm. Unsuccessfully.

We had been away from the bar and her friends for some time, so we quickly got dressed and shyly walked out of the entrance as if nothing had happened. Back at the bar everything was as before. She and a friend later dropped me at my hotel, but not before asking me to come to her birthday party the following night.

I spent a guilt-ridden, hung-over, anxious, and uncomfortable next day, not sure if I should meet her again. I did, and we spent the whole evening together — which was followed by gentle lovemaking (successful) back at her room which lasted until sunrise. We spent one more fantastic night together with just the two of us. We said good-bye and parted outside my hotel. God, it was hard leaving — not knowing if or when I would see her again.

We have since spent a few long weekends together and have fallen quite deeply in love. It's absurd and incredible, and I hardly believe it myself, but life sure is exciting since meeting this girl. — *Name and address withheld*

"If it's any help, Reverend, the guy who sold you this car will wind up in hell."

Two for one

I have had a sexual experience worthy of being published in Forum. This was the most incredible experience I ever had and probably ever will have.

It began when a friend called me and said that she and her roommate wanted to come to the football game between our respective universities. She wanted to know if they could stay with me while they were here. I was delighted because I hadn't seen her in over three years.

When they arrived on Friday night, I was shocked. Jody had lost a lot of weight since we last met. She looked great! She had always had huge tits and, with the new slim figure, she was devastating. Her friend Alice was very attractive. She was a tall blonde with the most beautiful blue eyes that I have ever seen.

We spent most of the night talking and catching up on each other's lives. About one o'clock, Jody and Alice decided to go to bed. I gave them my room and I took the couch. After a few minutes. I went to the bathroom and on the way back, I noticed my bedroom door wasn't shut all the way. Starting to get excited, I carefully peeked through the crack. What I saw almost made me cream in my pants. There was Jody totally nude and Alice was getting that way. Jody was complaining that her bra had hurt her and she was rubbing her gorgeous tits. Her nipples were getting hard, and so was my cock.

Alice came close to the door to get her teddy from her overnight bag and as she leaned over to get it, she flashed me a heavenly sight. There was her blonde-haired pussy staring me in the face. I wanted to reach in and grab it, but I kept my cool. Apparently, Jody was sleeping in the buff. The thought of her naked body on my sheets really turned me on. The hornier I got, the bolder I got. Finally, I decided to "accidentally" walk in on them. I waited until they were sitting on the bed and then I made my move. I opened the door and entered quickly. I caught Jody totally by surprise, and she didn't have time to react. I immediately apologised and made a comment about forgetting to knock. Jody was embarrassed, but she didn't make any attempt to cover up.

I seized the moment and complimented her on her wonderful body.

She said, "Do you you really like what

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you see?"

"Like it? I love it!" I responded.

She said, "Now that you've seen mine, how about returning the favor?"

I said, "Are you serious?"

Both of them nodded affirmation. In mock embarrassment, I slowly proceeded to undress. My cock was rock hard and standing at attention by the time I finished. They both looked at my nine-inch cock and then looked at each other and commented on its size. Jody then moved over and grabbed it and ran her fingers over it and my balls. Alice said, "Well, go ahead." Jody then put my dick in her mouth and ran her tongue around its head. Alice was getting hot, and she stood up and stripped. She started pulling at her huge nipples and fingering herself. Jody worked on. I knew I was going to lose it. When I came, Jody took every drop and swallowed it completely. Watching Alice get off quickly got me hard again.

Jody said, "Now return the favor by fucking me."

I couldn't believe my ears. I rummaged through a drawer and got a rubber. Alice put it on for me, and then I invaded Jody's juicy depths. As we fucked missionary-style, Alice kept feeling my dick go in and out. I tried hard to hold on. When I came, I thought that I had busted the rubber wide open. Luckily, I hadn't. I pulled out and rolled over. To my utter surprise, Alice started to take the rubber off. When she got it off, she held it up and squeezed my come out into her mouth! She swallowed every bit of it.

She looked at me and said, "Your come tastes great. Now taste mine!"

She pulled me to her pink, wet slit. Her clit was ready for action. As I sucked it, her juices ran all over my face. Jody was licking my balls. Alice started shaking, and she wrapped her legs tightly around my head and let out a scream. She was spent. As I tried to catch my breath, Jody said, "You're not finished." She pushed me down and planted her sopping pussy squarely on my face. Trying not to drown, I rammed my tongue up and over her clit. When she came, she ground her pussy all over my face. With that, we were all exhausted. In a kind gesture, the girls licked their come off my face and gave it back to me in long kisses.

I slept with them that night and the next. We had a wonderful weekend of sex, but my team lost the game: a small price to pay for my greatest sexual adventure ever. — *Name and address withheld*

Up on the roof

My wife and I are both very handy with carpentry tools, and we do maintenance on our home as a hobby. We were shingling the roof recently, and I became very horny when she bent over in my direction. Her shapely arse was begging for breath from under the mesh of her jeans. She was on her knees driving a nail while I was making an attempt to catch my breath.

I laid my hammer down against a support beam and crouched beside it. I watched with lascivious anticipation as my luscious wife drove in two more nails. She adjusted her position slightly, and the view was even better. Her work T-shirt — which was at least a size too small — was riding up on the small of her back.

My wife turned to look at me, and she could see by my look that I had been fantasising. "The look", she says, is not unlike that of one accompanying a schoolboy crush, but the rock-hard bulge in my pants always signals a stray from purity of thought. She knew I wanted her then, but she also wanted to finish her work.

As we worked for another ten minutes, my cock rose and went soft at least three times, but I knew this would heighten the enjoyment to come, and that it would prolong the time of orgasm. It would also — as experience has shown me — make my orgasm so intense that I would feel as if all my inner organs were being massaged by a goddess's hands.

Without a word, but with a smile turned up at one corner and a devilish look from me, which I'd been practising, my wife descended the ladder as I followed. She walked into the laundry room adjacent to the entryway, stripped off her clothes, put them in the washer, and leaned back on an ironing board resting against the wall. She commanded, "Press me!"

I stripped off my clothes in a hurry, of course, finding an eight-inch love muscle looking purple at the head. We were ready. I entered her in a hurry as she moaned and I gasped. I clutched her body tightly as she sank her fingernails into my back. She bucked with her first orgasm shortly thereafter, as the ironing board fell to the floor. I placed her on the now-horizontal board, continuing to bang her with a passion that must have looked somewhat violent. She briefly screamed with pleasure as I let out a low moan: I was coming. Apparently feeling my come shoot inside her was enough for her to climax again.

My cock was starting to become limp, but I was determined to keep pumping until I had another hard-on. I soon did, and the feeling I had on my way to a second orgasm was unreal! I wailed and I fell, weak in the knees, as I climaxed a second time. My wife was approaching her third orgasm at this point. We were covered with sweat, laid out upon an ironing board!

After my wife came again and settled down, we retreated to our bedroom for another half hour of slower-paced love-making. Then we climbed back up to the roof, collecting our tools to put them away for the evening. "It's looking really nice," a neighbor said. I couldn't help agreeing. — *Name and address withheld*

"Er . . . I was cleaning it and it went off."

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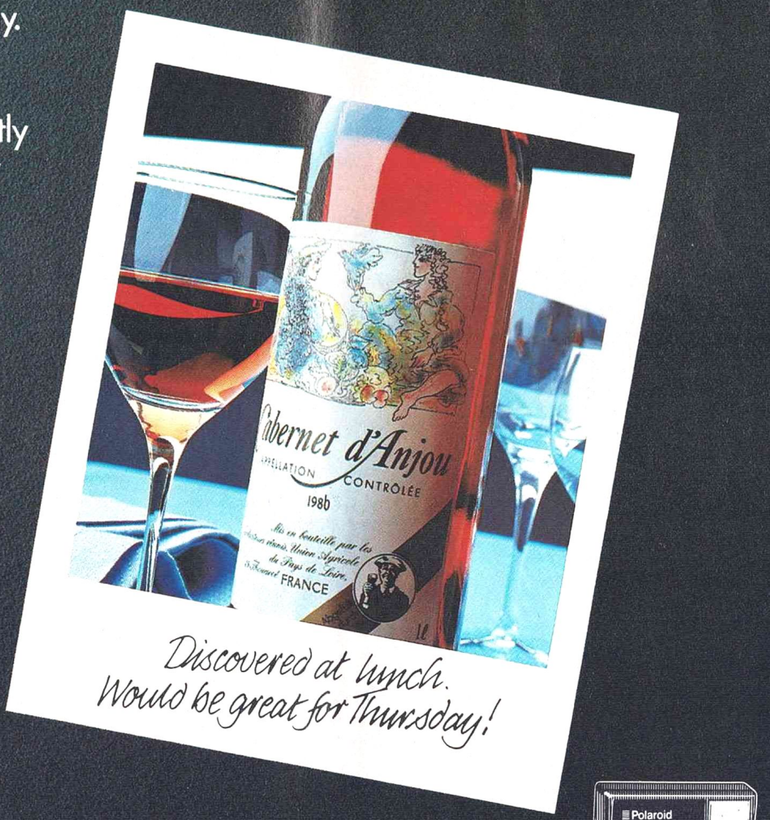

Discovered at lunch. Would be great for Thursday!

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THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE UMPIRE STRIKES BACK

At my feet is scattered what passes for an afternoon paper in this country. Pretty much the same as a morning paper, except they put tits in it and call her Jody from Allambie, who's never home when you ring, anyway. The sports pages bellow their usual hysteria about groin strains and "WILL TOMMY PLAY?" But something more insidious, more destructive, has wheedled its way into the shotgun vocabulary of sport. And it's making me very angry.

PROTEST!

You heard it right, sports fans. The Age of Protestation is here, and you better get used to it.

Example: If a heavyweight bruiser billed as a sure thing to win the fight incredibly loses . . . for Chrissake, *protest!* Take it to the highest court in Fightdom. Challenge the integrity of the referee. Get a seedy PI with a gimpy leg to tail the promoter's wife and snap off some glossy 8 x 10s. Do anything, but Win That Protest, because "We wuz robbed!"

Example: In the cultured exercise called yachting, in which man takes on the elements, the simple assumption that the first to sail into the right harbor without swamping 32 Italians fishing from a dinghy should be declared the winner is too . . . well, too simple. Always wait for the protest. "We wish to register a protest against *Torn Gumboot* concerning the incident on the second leg," screams the skipper or owner or whoever gets to the TV crew first. "They deliberately aimed a Tiger-matic sub-machine pistol, with telescopic butt stock and rapid fire potential, and squeezed off a couple of thousand rounds into our galley hand. And we don't think that's fair."

And on it goes. In cricket and football and tennis, and coming soon to a game of lawn bowls near you.

The astonishing thing now is that being actually first past the post, final man standing, ahead on points at the final whistle — all those things which once meant you had won — now adds up to bugger-all. As a guide, about as useful as a cup of tea leaves.

Whatever happened to winning and losing and being gracious about both? The lofty principle of giving your best and holding your head high, win or lose, appears to have gone the way of drinking ten scotches and driving home like Jack Brabham. Nowadays, every loser wants to whinge like a bad drunk. Just think what that's done to bets at the bar with a 2½ point spread and settle up Monday. Now you need a solicitor to arrange an out-of-court settlement.

Closer to home . . . if little Timmy turns in a bad one in the Under-9s, do you swab him over the sink and slam in a protest? Swab the other team, perhaps? They could all have been fired up with a super-zap tab administered by Coach Bob, who couldn't face the boys at work if his team got slaughtered yet again this weekend.

Even Rex is mad! But I feel this crazy protest thing is merely a nipple blister of a far greater malaise.

Remember the days when you followed the local team because they were all local boys and you felt kinda good when they won but, gee willickers, we lost this one but we'll do 'em next time? They were great days. You stood in the rain and the garbage as the mud seeped into your socks because of those silly sandals your Mum bought you, but it was all worth it for you and Dad to see the boys go round. Fine and dandy times.

Then one day it changed. A strange but smooth guy in a three-piece suit opened his wallet, asked the boys to win and added: I'll make it worth your while." So boys being boys, being iron workers and plumbers and foundrymen, they understood suddenly that winning had become a whole new ball game. Or a whole new house. Or a car . . . or a gaggling gift of wild-eyed girls who spoke sort of slow but who knew that blow meant suck. Sport became a business and the fans went away, resentful of the hucksters who'd stuck their uninvited feet in the door of our Saturday afternoons.

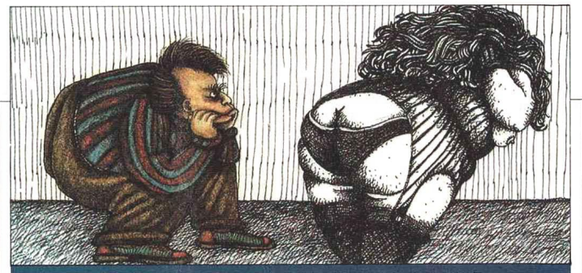
The sport may change, but the name of the game remains the same: "If you get beat, bleat." Now, sadly but not surprisingly, the new philosophy has followed its dubious path all the way to the Olympics. I knew then we'd been boned up the arse for good. End of play.

From high above the grey sporting boardrooms, it could be easy to soar dispassionately above all this shit. But I can't. They're ruining the games I love. And that makes me mad.

— *S.R. Gibbs*

Illustration by Drahos Zak

LUST



HOW NOT TO PICK UP GIRLS

Hey babe, how'd you like me to tickle your belly button — *from the inside?*'' That's one of them. Another is: ''Pardon me, miss, but I think you dropped your IUD.'' Alternatively, ''You know what would look good on you? *Me.*''

Believe it or not, that's a selection of the *best* lines from **501 Best Pickup Lines** (CMA), a staggeringly shoddy little mail order leaflet that will set you back $14.95 if you fall for the breathless full-page tabloid bait. It'll set you back a lot more than that, though, if you're silly enough to actually lay any of these putrid lines on innocent female bystanders. The book purports to be a collation of responses given by American college students in a national contest sponsored by ''a famous mystery millionaire playboy who realised if he had good pick-up lines for any occasion *he would score more often.*'' The would-be pants man recouped his investment by offering the pathetic results to an unnamed US publisher, who promises: ''Intellectuals beware! You'll find some outrageously clever remarks that will not insult your intelligence nor that of your conquest.'' Presumably they're referring to: ''You could help me explore my favorite planet — Uranus'' or perhaps: ''Did you know that I wear prescription condoms?'' If you're into being verbally disembowelled by women, this handy publication tells how to make it as easy as possible for them to do just that.

You can do even worse, however, by following the secret technique outlined in **How To Be A Sexual Magnet** (CMA $20 mail order). The paucity of words in this 40-page leaflet is cleverly disguised by presenting them in a typesize that would insult a five-year-old; in fact there are almost as many words in the full-page ad which opens with: ''Whoopee! Girls, girls, girls! Irresistibly drawn to you! Uncontrollably compelled to try to pick you up! Desperate to meet and know you! The very minute they see you!'' Well, it turns out that the essence of the esoteric discipline that will turn you into a sexual magnet is this: be totally negative to any and all advances made by women. Here it is in black and white: ''As you continue to maintain your negative attitude, the girl may start thinking how fabulous you are. She may literally throw herself at you.'' All you have to do is combine this daring tactic with the development of your ''sexual sixth sense (SSS).'' What is it? How do you develop it? How do you know when it's working? Would it suprise you to learn that *How To Be A Sexual Magnet* does not answer these questions? Are you getting the picture?

We have not yet scraped the bottom of the barrel. There you will find **How To Pick Up Women In Discos** (Gemini, $6.95) by Don Diebel, ''who has been on the disco scene meeting and picking up women since 1971.'' It might be a cop-out, but there are no words in the language that can adequately capture the pathos embodied in this 126-page tome. I'd prefer to quote the paragraph in which Mr Diebel describes how to deal with pissed women in discos: ''Naturally, this is to your advantage because it makes your prey easier to catch. How do you spot this woman? By simple observation. Her walk will be unsteady, while perhaps bumping into people while she's walking. If she has been drinking heavily, she will make several trips to the restroom. By standing next to the ladies restroom, you can observe who's going back and forth to the restroom. An exception to this is a woman that has a kidney or bladder problem.''

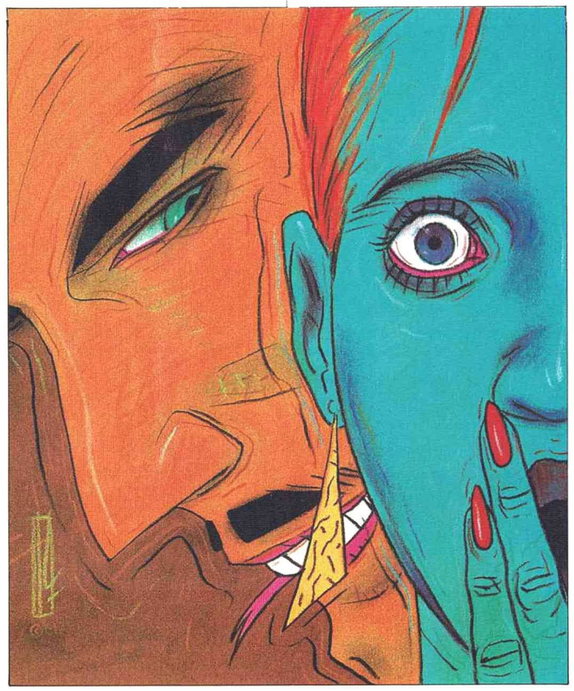
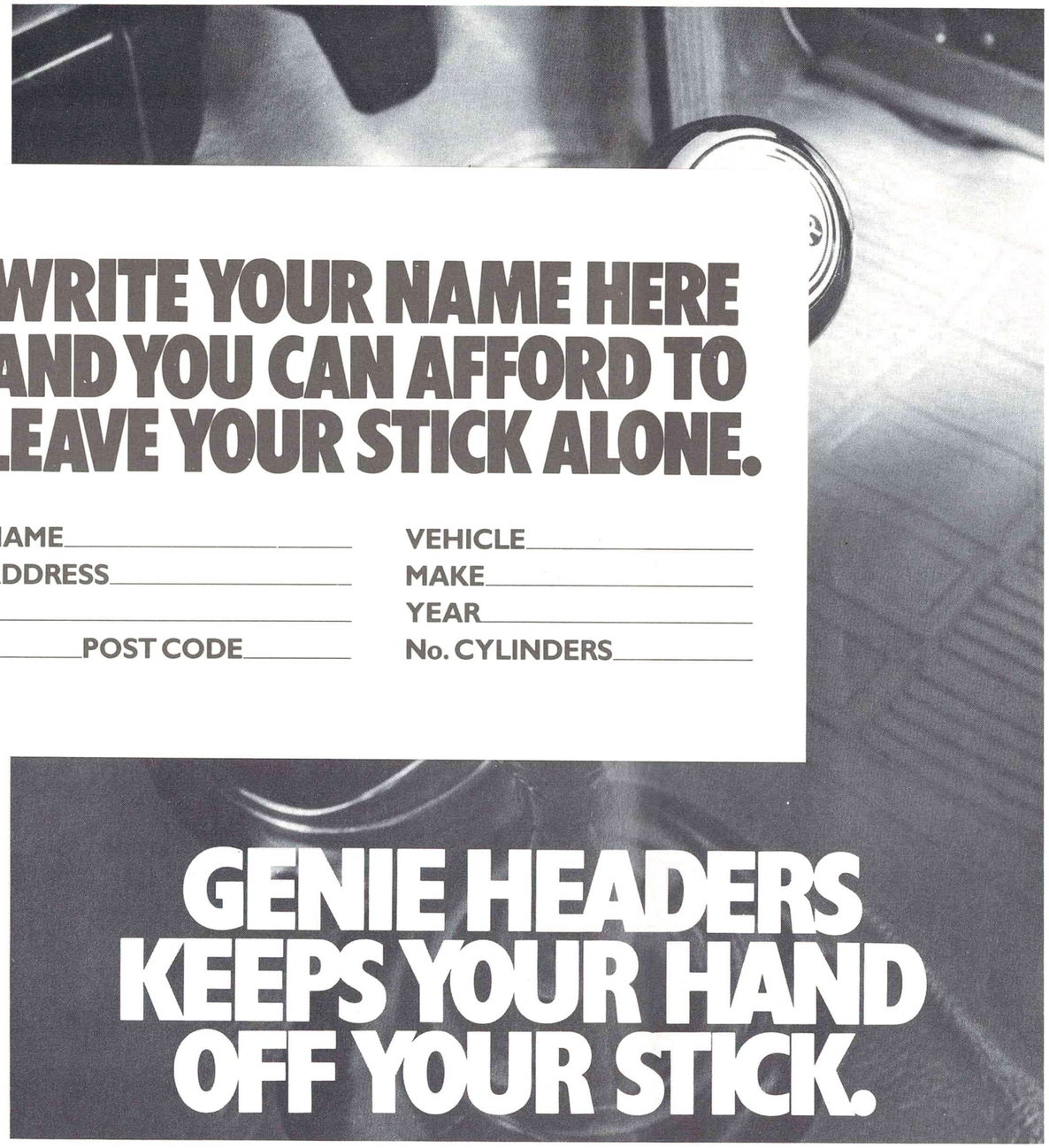


Illustration by Frants Kantor

Enough of this infantile gibberish. If we put aside, for a moment, the proposition that no-one can *learn* how to attract women, there are three books which at least deserve to be evaluated on that score. The best of them is **Love Signals** (Horwitz, 250 pages, $12.95) by Dr David B. Givens, a professor of anthropology who used the standard observational techniques of that discipline to document in great detail the process of courtship among humans. Of course, you already know intuitively the bulk of what's in this book by virtue of the fact that you are a human being, but it's interesting to have all of your suspicions about courtship confirmed in print. And there are some worthwhile insights. For instance, because the two hemispheres of the brain have separate functions, if you're right-handed you are better able to pick up the subtle nuances in a woman's voice if you listen to the telephone with your left ear.

How To Pick Up Women (156 pages, $12.95) and **Shy Person's Guide To A Happier Love Life** (237 pages, $14.95) are basically inspirational rather than informative reads. The former is directed at ''normal'' men who need some encouragement to go out and place themselves in the firing line, while the latter is more likely to appeal to those who have an uncontrollable urge to vomit at the prospect of shaking hands with a woman. Eric Weber, who penned the best-seller *How To Pick Up Girls*, had a hand in both of these volumes. His sympathetic, intelligent style makes them at worst readable and possibly very useful to those who need convincing that they're not the only men in the world who can't line up a game of hide the sausage every night of the week. They're available via mail order through Madame Michelle, PO Box 199, Darra 4096. — *Greg Hunter*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AVARICE

SMART MONEY

It has often been alleged that money can't buy happiness, or love, or good clean fun. But don't be fooled. This is merely a propaganda routine originated by people who have money and don't particularly want to share it with you. It's eagerly adopted by most people because it lets them fool themselves into being satisfied with their poverty: "We may be poor, but at least we don't have to worry about where to park the third car . . ." and so on.

Other closely related gems of propaganda for the poor are these: "A penny saved is a penny earned" and "Look after the pennies and the pounds will look after themselves." They of course originated in the days when a penny could buy you a hearty meal at the fish and chip shop with change to spare. But the point is that they're designed to keep our tiny minds on tiny sums while the rich swan from one million to the next. It's rather like the supermarket trick of advertising just a handful of goods at rock-bottom prices to lure us into the place, only to rip us off on everything else.

That's not to say there's no value at all in saving pennies. A lesson might be learned from Mr Robert Holmes a Court, Australia's richest man, who at the time of writing was orchestrating an elaborate BHP takeover bid. Part of his campaign required that he speak with certain members of the press. He rang my office and reversed the charges.

However, the general rule in the business of money-making is that you have to think big to make it big. That's also going to be the general theme in this series of columns on the art of turning avarice into cash.

Now that city folk are being inundated with new banks bearing gifts and fancy gimmicks in an attempt to gain their business, a warning needs to be issued to punters tempted by the new offerings: Look Before You Leap.

Take the old "free cheque" technique. Most building societies will give you a free cheque account with few, if any, strings attached. Banks, however, have more strings than a symphony orchestra.

The usual condition is that you keep a certain minimum amount in the cheque account — that is, in the non-interest-bearing account. Westpac, for example, wants a minimum of $500. Now, if you had that $500 in a proper account, you would earn interest, right? Say nine percent, paid quarterly. That adds up to $11.25 every three months which you *don't* get because you have to keep it in the non-interest bearing account. Thus your "free" cheque account costs you $11.25 a quarter.

Of course, Westpac isn't the only bank pulling that one. The important thing is to ask for details surrounding the "free" cheque account. Are *all* cheques free of bank fees? Who pays the government taxes? Are the statements free? What happens if you go into overdraft?

Check and compare offers, then decide if it's worth all the bother. Why not keep a building society account for the free cheques and save in a cash management trust?

Now that Keating has swung Cabinet around and deregulated the savings banks' home lending, the great advantage of a bank's mortgage over anyone else's (they used to be one or two percentage points cheaper) has gone.

Indeed, for small home loans up to $60,000, many building societies have cheaper lending rates than the banks.

For instance, under the rates prevailing at the time of going to press (they might possibly have risen since, but they'll come back down), $45,000 from a building society at 14.6 percent would cost you $576 a month; the same loan from a bank would be at 15.5 percent and cost you $609 a month — $33 more for every month for the next 20 years.

Given that the average home loan is just under $50,000 we must start to wonder: Why bother with a bank at all? They're dearer for home loans, and as many building societies provide free chequeing services, they're dearer for cheque accounts too.

Quite possibly, the domination of the banks over the consumer end of the financial world has been broken. We have been freed from the banks. The funny thing is that they brought it all about themselves. — *David Quicksilver*

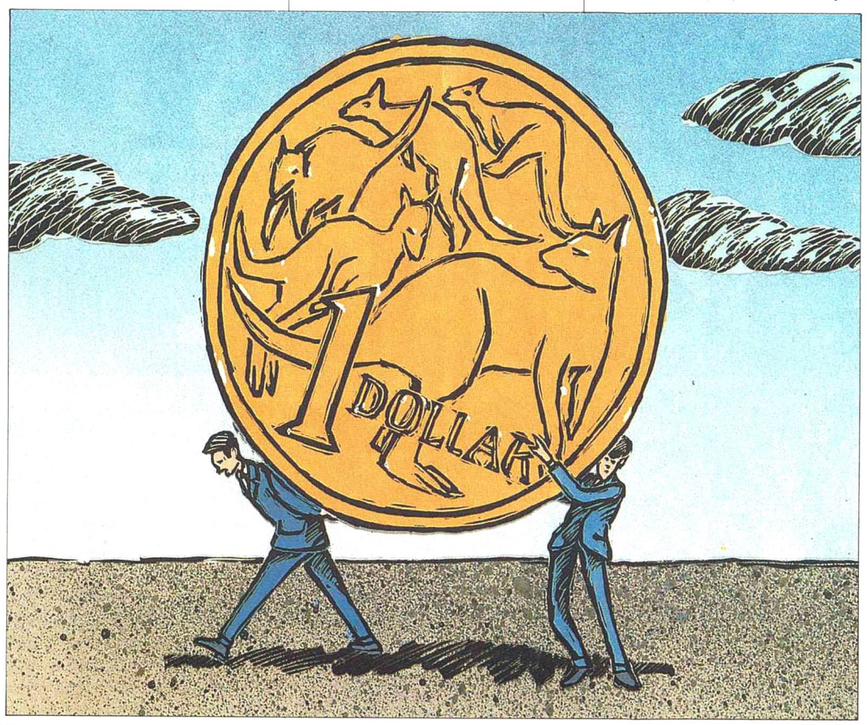

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

WHEN IT RAINS, IT SHINES.

Our sporty hatchback has always had something of a reputation for its handling.

In fact, a number of gentlemen from the motoring press were kind enough to describe this in such glowing terms as 'superb,' 'brilliant,' 'tenacious' and 'hard to flaw,' when the 360 GLT was first introduced.

Now, by modifying the shock absorber bushings, rubber mounting pads and roll bar connections, we've succeeded in making its roadholding even more outstanding.

As is evident when you put the latest 360 GLT through its paces on a really wet road.

Moreover, the car's ride is more comfortable, steering is more precise and road noise reduced.

Yet despite its sporting character, the 360 GLT is just as much at home ferrying the kids to the beach or pottering round the suburbs.

And versatility isn't its only virtue.

A steel cage surrounds you, bars in the front doors protect you from the sides and crumple zones cushion you front and back.

With Volvo's famous rustproofing as an additional safeguard, there is something else of which you can be confident, too.

Your new 360 GLT won't just shine the first time you take it out in the wet.

It'll go on shining for years.

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VOL 2323

ENVY

THE LESSON FROM IACOCCA

Of all the Seven Deadly Sins, the one Australian executives are most familiar with is envy. Of course, they have plenty of reasons to be envious: compare their abysmal postwar record of wealth creation with, say, their Japanese counterparts. Pathetic.

Quite correctly, the Aussies came to realise that they must know *something* in Tokyo. But then they unfortunately discovered that to make the methods devised by the Japanese work you need Japanese workers and Japanese managers. Then they realised that Japanese executives don't pay themselves astronomical six-figure salaries, orchestrate company takeovers, or award themselves golden parachutes so they can jump clear of failure with several million dollars in the trunk.

In fact, Australian executives would do much better casting their envious eyes towards the other side of the Pacific, particularly to a spectacularly successful American by the name of Lee Iacocca.

Iacocca is the Chief Executive Officer of the giant Chrysler Corporation, one of "The Big Three" car manufacturers in the US, and is accredited with virtually single-handedly saving Chrysler from bankruptcy. In a matter of a few years Iacocca brought the company back from the brink, and now it is one of the most profitable, innovative corporations in America. Since its publication in November 1984, his autobiography *Iacocca* has sold 2.8 million copies worldwide. It's been on the American best-sellers list for all of that time, even though it's still only available in hardback there. He's obviously a character who warrants envious scrutiny.

Iacocca didn't have the Chrysler workforce singing anthems to *The Corporation*, or doing calisthenics before clocking on each morning. That's strictly for the Japanese. What he did was simply recognise that Americans believe in opportunity and its rewards. They are also perfectly willing to concede the boss a six-figure salary, so long as he provides the right kind of leadership and, above all, so long as they can believe that with a lot of hard work and a bit of luck they, or their children, might one day be sitting in the boss's chair.

It's a point that managers might find applies equally to Australian workers. Certainly, Australia is a leisure-oriented country, but how many people really, truly, want to lead a life of unbridled leisure? Retirement villages are full of people moping around wishing they were back at work, and for many Australians that first pension cheque is like a preliminary reminder from the Grim Reaper.

What is most necessary in extracting responsive work attitudes is the right kind of leadership, and that is best characterised by someone who is confident, tough, optimistic, works hard him/herself, has fun doing it, and enjoys the rewards, ie someone like Lee Iacocca.

I've worked for guys who paid themselves a low salary and took the bus instead of using a limousine, and I wasn't impressed. In the first-place, why work and succeed if you don't enjoy it? In the second place, corporate leaders who do that invariably use it as an excuse for keeping everyone's salary low and cutting back on perks.

I'd much rather work in a company that's run by somebody who makes the best salary he or she can (provided he or she delivers) and enjoys the available perks, because at least it shows that the person at the top understands the system of rewards. A business leader who won't pay *himself* a bonus is unlikely to pay one to you or me, if we're working for him.

The best way to deal with the people who work for you is to give them a chance to do more and do it better, and then reward them for it. Sure, work is often a pain in the arse; sure, the boss is often a mean-spirited tyrant; sure, a system of rewards and incentives, however good, will always be balanced by punishments and sanctions; but having said all that, many people still feel that work is the most fun you can have while still getting paid.

For a while our business leaders forgot about the team spirit, the need for achievement and the natural desire to take pride in what we're doing. Now, thanks to Lee Iacocca, they've remembered, and it's a brand new ballgame. — *Michael Korda*

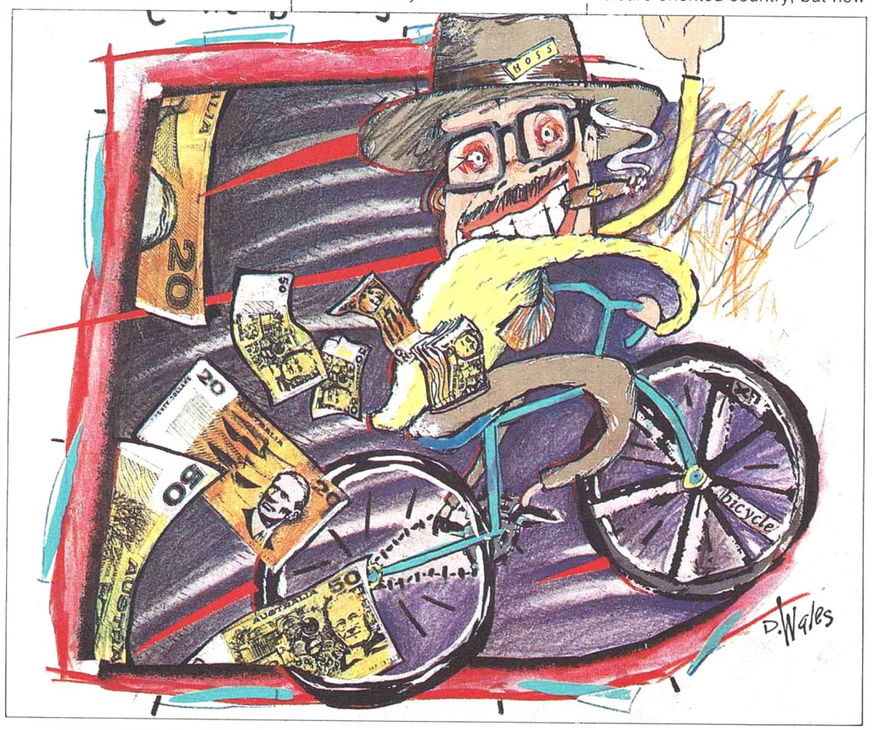

Illustration by David Wales

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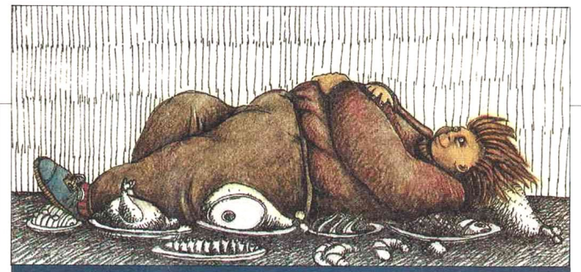


THE 86 RULES OF DINING OUT

In America the term "86" has become part of the general newspeak. It evolved from restaurantese, in which it referred to the number of dishes the establishment had run out of that night (in other words, the ones which were deemed inedible). The number is now employed as a verbal shorthand to piss off undesirable customers ("Eighty-six that lair in the stubbies and thongs"), or to erase from the menu a new offering that seems to be producing instant nausea ("Eighty-six the bull's testicles in *pinot noir glaze*"). Because the opportunity of 86ing in the appropriate year comes around but once a century, I'll seize the chance to 86 some culinary situations.

Upon entering an untried eatery, you know you're in big trouble if:

• The newspaper review in the window is jaundiced with age. Or the restaurant is officially recommended by a dubious gourmet organisation defunct since 1965.

• You enter a dining room whose decor could be politely described as "Gold Coast baroque." Anyone who can fill a room with velveteen banquettes, fake *belle epoque* lamps and totally tasteless "works of art" isn't capable of reversing such a mentality with the food. "I project, therefore I am" is a clear case of Descartes before the horse. The only logical course of action is to bolt.

• The semi-naked waitresses seem to be pressed from a central *Penthouse* mould. All you are going to get from such a bevy of cantilevered cleavages is an anatomy lesson, not the gastronomical experience of a lifetime. On the other hand, if that's what you want — let your eyes feast.

• The menu is the size of a Shoji screen and looks like a modified version of the telephone book. With increasing discomfort, you notice that the least complicated dish is "Slices of smoked lamb with a sauce of crushed green peppercorns, minced red peppers, chopped capers and parsley with red onion and julienne of celeriac." Good luck, and think carefully.

• The waiter's description of "*Quenelles au Saumon*" is "a Froggy rissole." If you don't have the guts to walk out, go for a steak or grilled fish.

• You are offered a wine list that allows you to recapture your adolescence in a wave of cheap sparklers and lollywater Moselles. Order beer or mineral water instead.

• The waiter suggests Chateau Lafite 1945 in such a way that you can't refuse without looking like Scrooge, regardless of the fact that you'd expect to pay that sort of money for a Tom Roberts painting. My advice is to brazen it out. Look him right in his supercilious eye and order the second cheapest wine on the list.

• A seafood restaurant lists every fish found on the adjacent continental seaboard, and the waiter assures you that every single one is fresh.

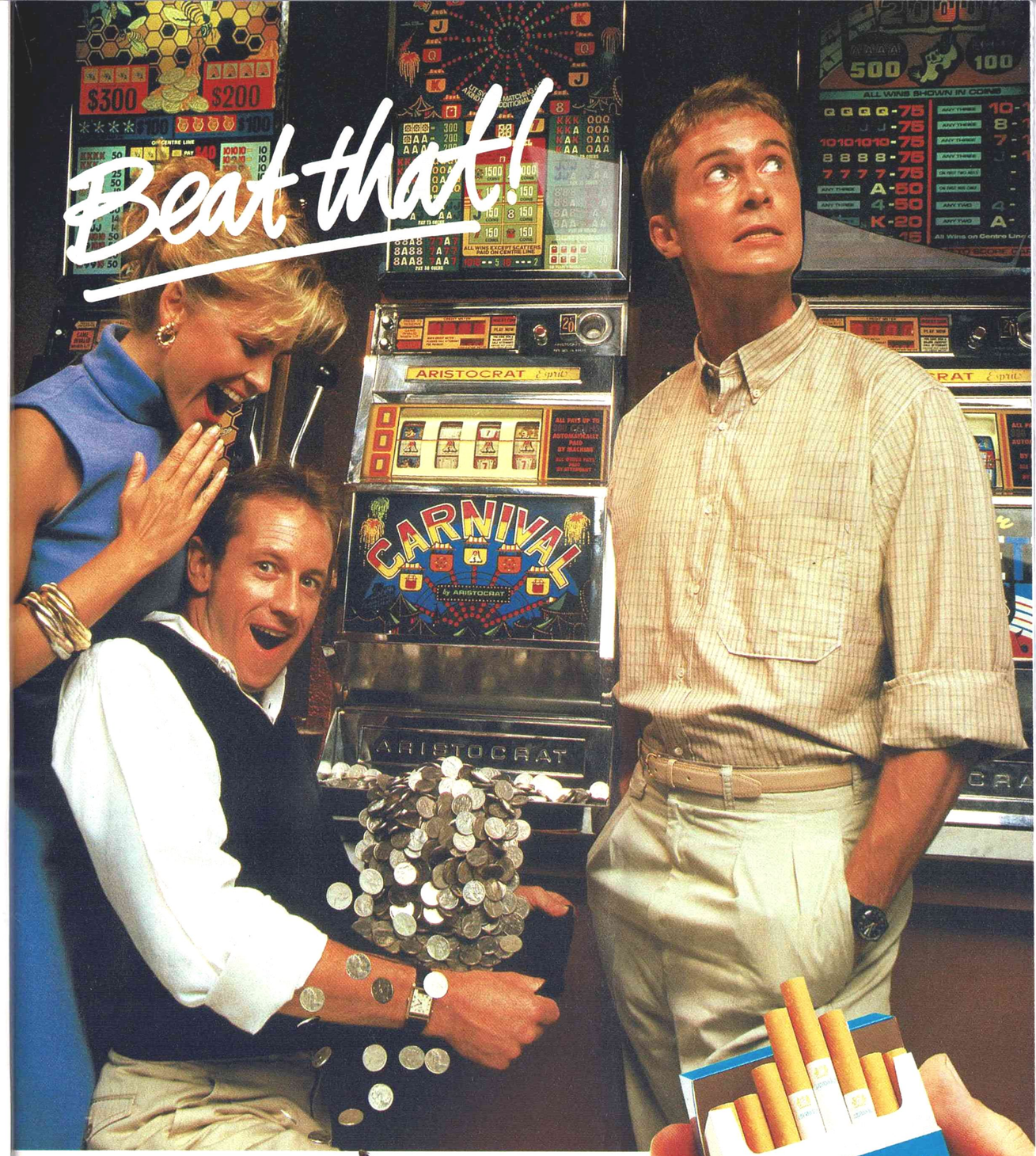
• The menu ripples with meaningless adjectives, eg "secret" as in "our secret recipe." Nobody over the age of one can keep a secret. "Delicious": see "a delicious medley." "Famous": often featured as "our famous pasta imperfect." Really? Sad to say the list goes on indefinitely, giving you ample scope to work out your own lexicon of loathing.

• The chef personally visits every table and delivers philosophical statements on his cooking as if they were the revelations of the millennium. The ability to coordinate dishes in sequence does not give anyone a razor-sharp insight into the eternal verities. This is gastronomic wanking at its worst.

• The waiter gives you a table next to the Ladies' toilet, or you are forced to share a table with six Libyans you don't even know. Unfortunately, there's no easy way out of this one. You either grin and bear it, or complain loudly. The problem with the latter course of action is that the waiter thinks you are a once-only customer — otherwise he wouldn't have done the dirty on you in the first place. When he has forced you into declaring: "I'm never coming to this place again", he will heave a sigh of relief. Very humiliating.

• The head waiter discreetly hands you a bill secreted in an embarrassingly expensive leather wallet. All you can do here is steel yourself. As you gaze at the bottom line, it's small comfort to reflect that Ronald Reagan often looks at a similar figure — only he calls it the US Defence Budget. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Scott Kennedy



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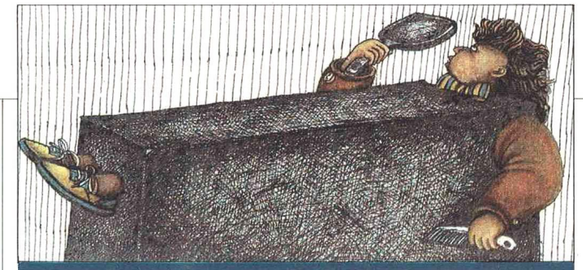
VANITY



LOOKING GOOD FROM HEAD TO TOE

When it comes to vanity, hats make good sense. They make a man look taller and they disguise his baldness. Both remedies, however, are only temporary; when it comes to the crunch, most women will not make love to a man who is wearing nothing but a hat. As a sexual prop, the hat is an outright dud. Nonetheless, it makes an excellent accessory during the all-important lead-up work, particularly if you're both short *and* bald.

If not, you might consider the more practical benefits of covering your head. Hats protect you from the elements, particularly the hazards of skin cancer. It's a big problem in Australia, and one we've only just begun to come to grips with.

Despite these obvious advantages, it's more to do with fashion consciousness that hats are making a big comeback right now. Gone are the days when the only blokes who wore hats had wives with blue-rinsed hair. Younger men are turning to the hat as a viable fashion accessory, no doubt influenced by personalities like Harrison Ford, Molly Meldrum . . . and Robert Trimbole, who was often photographed in a snappy Harris Tweed number as he was bundled in and out of cars between court appearances. Jim Marr, manager of Vic Cooper Hats in the Hilton Arcade, Sydney, reckons he sold dozens of tweedy head-coverings while Trimbole was in custody. According to Marr, Trimbole has always favored the Harris Tweed because it's uncrushable and can be stuffed *quickly* into a suitcase.

At the races, where hats were always the preserve of old codgers, young trainers, owners, punters and bookies are now wearing their hats into the ring. Seems without one you might as well go and earn an honest buck. And in the bush, where hats have always been worn, people are favoring the Aussie Monaro style of hat more than the jazzed-up American models, thanks largely to *The Man From Snowy River*.

Hats haven't been *big* since fuel was a feedbag of oats. In those days, not wearing something on your head was akin to stepping out without shoes. Hat sales peaked in the Twenties and didn't really decline until after World War II, when cars finally became affordable to the masses. Hats then went the way of overcoats, since people spent less time in the wind and rain waiting for buses and trams.

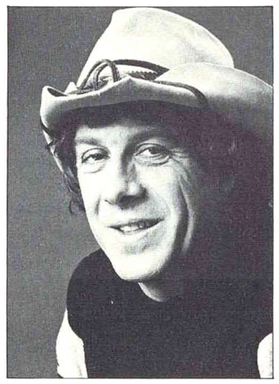
All of this means that the hat will probably never regain its former status as the crown of the well-dressed man. It will, however, continue to be a popular accessory among trend-setters and eccentrics. If you want to join their ranks, remember that a hat should never be worn indoors. Someone should tell Molly Meldrum that.

At the other end of the spectrum, consider the humble thong — an Australian institution, right up there with meat pies and Zinc cream. The thong is to Aussies what the cowboy boot is to Texans. Other nations have adopted an idiotic nomenclature (Poms call them "flip-flops" and Kiwis call them "jandles" for Chrissake), but "thong" really says it all. Every one of us grew up to the sound of thongs thonging in our ears. And there was a time when a thong was a thong, beyond the influence of fad and fashion. No-one saw fit, in those days, to question the basic design of the single-layered plain-colored all-rubber thong. Proponents of the great Australian myth of egalitarianism pointed to the thong as living proof of their claims. But no more.

As they say in the perfume ads, now there's a thong that's as individual as *you* are. They come with durable canvas straps in bright blues and yellows and oranges, and in multi-layered, multi-colored high-soled models. There's the characteristic surfie thong, called "flares", with a wider sole to accommodate flat feet. For the exclusive thong enthusiast there are leather models that run to $20 a pair. And while the true thong slips between the big and second toe, there's now a variety of thong-related sandals including the "Thinking Man's Thong" and Masseur sandals — those masochistic spiked-sole things which slip over the entire foot. To the purists the basic rubber thong, which still sells for less than four bucks, will always be enough.

Lately I have noticed a rising groundswell of anti-thong sentiment emanating from inner-city areas whose trendoid inhabitants shun the clear light of day. But what else would you slip on in a flash to take out the garbage or nick down to the shops for a loaf of bread? And what else could you possibly wear to the beach? Make no mistake: the thong is the thing. It's here to stay. Even the winter chill is no bar to the genuine enthusiast, who simply slips the thong over a thick pair of socks. That's Aussie ingenuity at its best.
— *Guy Allenby*

Trend revivers: Molly (below) and the snappy Trimbole



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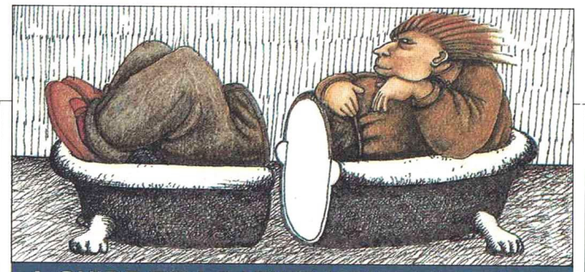
SLOTH



A GUIDE TO LOAFING YOUR LIFE AWAY

As James Thurber pointed out, it's better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all. Robert Louis Stevenson averred that a faculty for idleness implied a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity.

The problem, however, is that the world suffers mightily from insufficient addiction to sloth. G.K. Chesterton worried about this a good deal: "It is because crowds do not assemble to reverently worship the great work of Doing Nothing that the world has lost its philosophy and even failed to invent a new religion."

Those who enjoy travel the most are the born idlers, no matter how strenuous they think they're being. Even those hairy-chested madmen who delight in such absurdities as white-water rafting are idlers — as idle as the most overweight scribbler taking a few days off at the beach.

Travel is in fact the highest form of sloth. It forces you out of your confined mental context. Even those bedevilled by puritanical attitudes to work find in travel a justification for a spot of idling — they can always pretend that they're broadening their minds.

Where you have to be careful is in your choice of places to be idle in. It's largely a matter of personal prejudice, but some forms of travel are not ideal for the discerning sloth.

Two weeks in a single resort, for example, is about eight days too long, no matter what claims the place may make about having everything you need. The ideal holiday is one that gives you at least one change of scene. After a few days, your mind has absorbed all it's going to in one particular place; it needs more sights, sounds, tastes and sensations placed before it.

That's why, for example, the multi-island holidays offered by Ansett International Travel in the South Pacific — Vanuatu, Samoa, the Cook Islands and Tonga — are so satisfying. And why the Sydney Express air cruises offered by the redoubtable Nancy Knudsen work so well. The dedicated sloth can see the benefits of a change of scene.

It's also why ocean cruising is so popular. In fact, the cruise ship is humanity's greatest achievement in the long annals of creative idleness; everything is directed towards making sure you do as little as possible while you move from one opportunity for lackadaisical exploration to another.

With Travel now operating under the lazily waving banner of Sloth, I'll be taking some new directions in pointing out opportunities for slothful recreation. Some of them will be very inexpensive, some cheaper than you'd believe. All will be good value for money.

Travel is probably the third most expensive single item you'll ever buy (after the house and the car), and just deciding how you're going to spend all that money is a hell of a chore. What's needed, and what I'll try to provide, is a credible guide to the shopping process, with all the pitfalls pointed out; you need some idea of what products are available and what you do or don't get for your cash. Remember, you're paying in advance for something which is ultimately intangible.

Most people are simply bewildered by the travel industry with its multitude of hucksters hustling for your dollars. In a way, being a travel writer is a bit like being a doctor or a lawyer; once your new acquaintances at a party find out what you do for a crust, you're besieged with demands for free consultations.

The advice I'll give will be as unbiased and as well-informed as I can make it. The public relations industry is the bane of any writer, and the influence of PR on travel writing is especially baleful. Therefore I never write about anything I haven't seen or experienced myself. And that doesn't mean I loaf around on holidays all the time. The trips are hard work; I might inspect five or six hotels and resorts in a single day, for example, or spend four or five weeks on the road following an itinerary planned down to the hour.

I'll try to give you the benefit of that inside knowledge. I suppose it means a lot less sloth for me in the long run — but I'll be content if I can turn you into a more accomplished idler. — *Fred Baker*

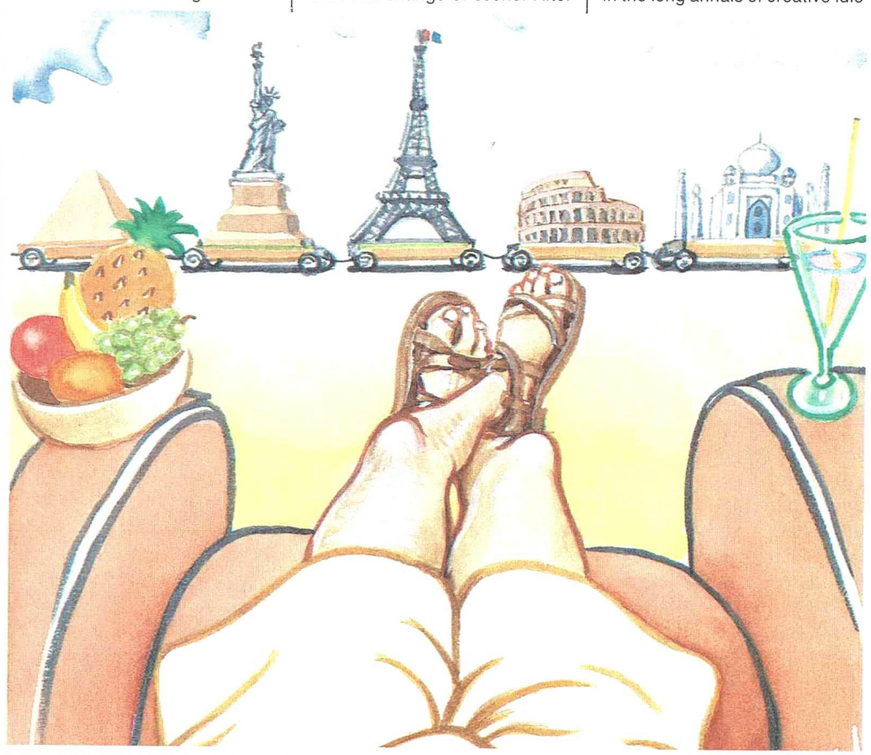
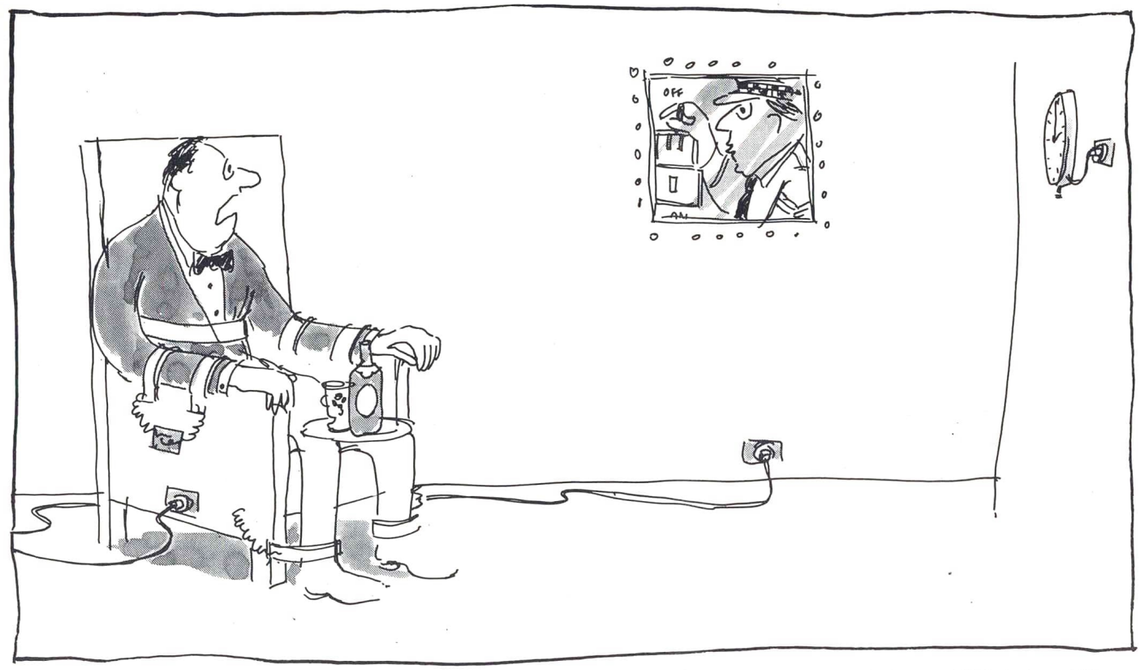


Illustration by Jock Alexander



"How was I supposed to know that real Irish Coffee is made with Irish Whiskey?"

It all started when I made a few Irish Coffees the same as I always had.

Black coffee, a dab of cream and a nip of Scotch. Served them to the party at table 12.

Then this big guy stood up and began abusing me. "That's not real Irish Coffee."

He says to make a true Irish Coffee, I should use a quality Irish Whiskey like Tullamore Dew.

Next thing, I'm being read my last rites and you're strapping me down.

No one ever told me you make a true Irish Coffee only with a true Irish Whiskey, like Tullamore Dew.

True Irish Coffee is made with the true Irish Whiskey, Tullamore Dew.

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What is needed is an off-road tyre that performs like a passenger tyre on the road. And vice versa.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler gives you the versa without the vices.

As Bushdriver Magazine reported: "We couldn't fault the Bridgestones in rocky or boulder, gravel or sandy conditions. The Bridgestone Steel Radials gripped the rock surfaces with confidence and ease, whilst the sidewalls flexed beautifully.

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The same advanced steel belted radial construction that makes light work of any heavy going in the bush easily handles the irregularities of the "civilised" road.

The precisely angled dynamic block tread pattern of the Bridgestone Desert Dueler minimises all tread movement, to provide a longer wear life and noticeably reduce road noise on bitumen roads.

And the flexible sidewalls keep the tread flat on the road giving outstanding adhesion and excellent steering stability – even on the wettest of roads.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler: a dual purpose tyre that is not just another compromise.

Rather, a tyre that is totally at ease on or off-road.

BRIDGESTONE

Desert Dueler. Built to survive the outback and the road back.

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BY PAUL MANN

SNOW BLIND

While the disappearance of Steven Crean last year put some of the snowfields' rescue operations in the hot seat, others felt left out in the cold

There is a popular new way to kill yourself in Australia. It's peaceful, picturesque and, best of all, painless. And you can do it now. Here's how. First, you drive to Kosciusko National Park in the Snowy Mountains of southeastern NSW, which should be nicely crusted with snow and ice at this time of year. Temperatures usually hover around minus five Celsius in winter, but if you're lucky they can get down to minus 20, and if you're really lucky the wind chill will send them down to the polar regions of around 40 and 50 below.

Make sure you hire some cross-country ski gear along the way. This isn't hard. The Monaro Highway from Canberra, which becomes the Alpine Way at Jindabyne, is the main distributor into the snowfields and between Cooma and the snowfields it is lined with people wanting to rent out ski gear. You can even hire skis, boots, poles and snow suits from some service stations.

It is important to get some of this gear because without it you won't be able to get

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

SNOW BLIND

far enough away from the highway and there's a possibility you might be found before you're dead. Once inside the park, pick a quiet spot to leave your car, which isn't difficult even at this high traffic time of year because there are plenty of turn-offs to summer campsites, rest spots, riding stables and old diggings. Whatever you do, don't tell anyone where you are going or how inexperienced you are. Just leave your car and take off into the woods on your skis. If you don't want to die alone, take someone with you who is as stupid as you are. You probably already know somebody.

Even if you are out of condition, in a few hours you should be at least five or six kilometres from the road and completely lost.

Whatever you do, and this is important, don't take a compass, don't take high energy food like chocolate bars, and don't take a space blanket or any other emergency equipment whatsoever because that could keep you alive until help comes. Remember, if you are going to die, you have to work at it.

After a while it will begin to grow darker and colder. The wind may pick up and cover your tracks, so if you turn chicken you can't follow them back to the car anyway. You won't have a torch and there may be no moon or starlight. Just dark, low-bellied clouds stuffed with snow. The mountains are unpredictable and as dangerous as the ocean; a blizzard could descend within minutes. If any or all of this happens you could feel a little panic coming on. Relax — this is a good sign. This means it is almost certain that you are going to die. Enjoy it. Go with it. Do not get out of the wind. Do not burrow into a snow cave or use a ski to gouge a shelter out of the lee of a hill. Do not cross your skis in a prominent position where a searching helicopter or snowmobile might see them. Just keep blundering around in the cold and dark until hypothermia takes over. As soon as that happens all your worries are over.

What happens is this: your body temperature drops and you begin to shiver. Shivering is the body's way of agitating the muscles to generate warmth to keep your temperature at a safe level of around 34 degrees Celsius. Soon your body runs out of energy, the shivering stops, and your temperature continues to fall. Your blood becomes viscous, just like a can of engine oil in winter. It becomes sluggish, thicker and slow-moving. It can't get into the tiny, web-like capillaries around your brain, you begin to feel dopey and confused, and your balance starts to go. Pretty soon you start behaving like a bad drunk. Your speech grows slurred, you fall down a few times, and one time you don't get up. You probably start to feel a little aggro too, and may give the world a piece of your mind, or what's left of it.

Alone and raving among the picturesque snow gums, you may then enter a brief phase of euphoria — another consequence of insufficient blood to the brain. Then you will pass out.

Your body will grow numb as your temperature sinks lower and lower. When it gets below 28 degrees your heart will be unable to pump blood — which at that temperature is as thick as treacle — and will begin to fibrillate. A couple of minutes of that and it will splutter to a complete stop. You will know none of this. There will be no pain to arouse you. You will simply have drifted off in the snow, if you'll excuse the pun. Doctors say that if you've gotta go . . . this way is probably *the* best.

If Steven Crean were here today he might agree. The 37-year-old senior public servant from Canberra and brother of Simon Crean, President of the ACTU, did just about everything wrong when he disappeared on August 7 last year. Despite claims that he was an expert cross-country skier, which no-one has been able to substantiate, he took off into the snowfields around Charlotte Pass, alone, ill-prepared and under threat of bad weather conditions which rapidly deteriorated into the worst snowstorm anyone in the Kosciusko area could recall.

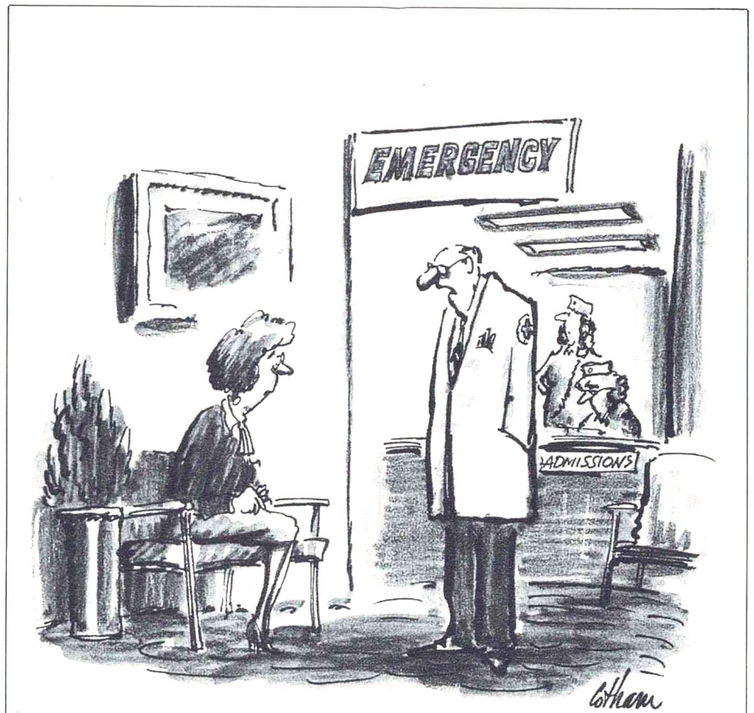
For a supposedly intelligent man it was an incredibly stupid thing to do. In fact, so much of what he did was wrong it almost seems as if he wanted to go out there and die. Or perhaps just disappear without trace — which is exactly what happened. And thereby hangs another tale to which we shall return a little later in this piece.

Whatever the circumstances of Crean's disappearance, that incident is symptomatic of the major problem on the snowfields: people keep getting lost.

Inspector George Allan, co-ordinator of the Regional Rescue Plan, estimates that NSW police run one search and rescue per week in the park area outside the resorts.

Each resort runs its own ski patrol which is responsible for skier safety and search and rescue within the boundaries of the resort. Some patrols are affiliated to state and federal ski safety groups, some are not. Almost all are enmeshed in a nightmarish organisational web reflecting all kinds of historic bureaucratic rivalry, parochial pride and petty local jealousies. Unravelling the threads and trying to figure who got up whom first and who pissed on whom first would give Machiavelli a headache.

One thing is fairly definite though — and it is to the benefit of the resort skier. If you get into trouble within the boundaries of one of the 12 snowfield resorts you are going to be found, and quickly. Your main danger, in fact, is that you might get trampled to death in the rush. The resorts are teeming with professional and volunteer ski patrollers in winter. If you fall on the slopes there'll be a queue to stick a band-aid on your knee. One of the biggest resorts, Thredbo, has 11 doctors and as many nurses on ski patrols. And every patroller has to know first aid and how to bring you back from the dead.



"We did all we could, but the paperwork was too much."

If you get lost outside the resorts you're in a whole different kind of trouble.

The gentlemen of the resort ski patrols are dashing indeed on the slopes . . . all suntan and teeth, flashing skis and a hearty hi-ho silver and all that. Take them away from the resort slopes and into a white-out in the woods and they're in as much trouble as you are. Which is why search and rescue of the lost cross-country skier comes down to the police and the National Parks and Wildlife Service (NPWS).

Downhill skiing and cross-country skiing are different worlds requiring different skills, different equipment and different attitudes.

Downhill skiing has struck a plateau in Australia. According to resort managers and equipment retailers, there just isn't that much new blood coming into the sport.

Cross-country skiing is *the* growth snow sport of the Eighties. But the moment you put your ski tips outside the orange tape, that protective umbilical which loops from tree to tree around the boundary of the resort, it's another story. You are setting foot into 645,800 hectares of wild country. Country as moody, as beautiful and as treacherous as the deep ocean. Few novices think of it as being that hostile, but it is. One moment it is blue skies and bright sunshine, then in ten minutes the dark clouds have swooped in with a terrifying rapidity and it's thunder, lightning and the four horsemen of the apocalypse. The ski patrol can't help you there, and if you have been dumb enough to take no precautions at all to keep yourself alive in the event of disaster, then neither can the police or National Parks. It takes time to discover that someone is missing, especially if that someone hasn't told anyone where they are going and when. It takes time to mobilise men and machines. It takes time to work out the area where a skier has gone missing. If the weather has closed in, as it did with Crean, the police will not put their own men at risk by searching in blizzard conditions. If you can't look after yourself until the foul weather has passed or until a search has been mobilised, then you may as well have set out to commit suicide. Because when the weather closes in you're on your own, and if you don't know what to do, you are going to die.

Graham Medhurst, Protection Manager for the NPWS, puts it rather succinctly: "You're going in for high risk recreation — the onus is very much on you. You can't expect the public purse to provide a safety cover for you to protect you however stupid you are."

Cross-country skiing has rapidly become the danger sport of the snowfields: not because it has to be dangerous, but because Australians, for reasons best known to themselves, insist on making it dangerous. The traditionally slack attitude of many Australians toward alpine skiing shows the horrendous scope for disaster looming in cross-country skiing.

Australia is the world's greatest laboratory for hypothermia cases. As George Freuden, Vice President of the Australian Ski Patrol Association and a mainstay of the Thredbo volunteer patrol, dryly points out: "Australians don't know how to dress for the cold; they don't know what the cold can do to you.

"At least one-third of all first aid cases on the slopes are for hypothermia and the rest are mostly the kind of cuts and scrapes that come from falling down or banging into things. But our hypothermia rate is far above that of any other country in the world. The rate for people who suffer hypothermia in Canada, the northern United States and France is less than 10 percent. People in those countries know how to dress for the cold. Our hypothermia rate in the snowfields is around 36 percent.

"You see, we live in a sub-tropical and temperate climate all year round. People are used to that. They leave work in Sydney on a sunny winter's day, drive down to Thredbo and the next morning head straight for the slopes. Because it's sunny in Thredbo they think it's going to be warm at the top of the mountain so they go out without hats or gloves, sometimes wearing only sweaters and jeans. Going without a hat is about the best way there is of losing body heat in the cold. But we get young guys who think they're pretty fit — they know how to surf, they know it all — and we can't tell them anything. They think skiing is going to be a breeze. They think it looks great to ski in front of your girlfriend with ice and snow hanging in your hair . . . Really macho. Really stupid."

A few years ago, cross-country skiing attracted mostly hard-core greenies who liked to rhapsodise through the woods in Australia's winter wonderland. Today it is drawing people from all walks of life: conservationists, macho types, families, even children. People of all ages and degrees of fitness, many of whom know bugger all about skiing but have decided that shuffling through the woods on two long sticks in the middle of winter is a great way to spend a weekend. And as John Sewell, 38-year-old owner of the Thredbo-based cross-country ski operation Back Country, testifies — it *can* be a great way to spend a weekend. Even a week, if you know how to camp out in the snow.

Sewell is a pioneer of cross-country skiing in Australia. He was at it before even the greenies discovered it and has honed his skills on cross-country expeditions in Sweden. He admits that cross-country skiing has developed its own breed of snobs who like to refer slightingly to downhill skiers as "yoyos" because all they do is go

THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO THINK BANKERS ARE JERKS --- BUT WE'RE JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE --- TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING --- AND ANOTHER THING ---
WHAT A JERK.
GEO CULLUM

SNOW BLIND

up and down at the end of a piece of wire. The sport is still in its infancy in Australia, however, and the vast majority of cross-country skiers are novices. They bring to the sport an awesome ignorance. And all the police and National Parks have to deal with this invasion of suicidal innocents is the same manpower, machinery and infrastructure that was there in pre-Crean days.

There is a contingency plan for managing search and rescue operations outside the resorts. It is called — take a deep breath — the NSW Police Department Kosciusko National Park Snow Resorts Community Rescue and Counter Disaster Plan. Or NSWPDKNPSRCRCDP for short.

It has been in existence since 1976 and what it is is a list of all available manpower and machinery in the national park, including police, NPWS staff, the multifarious professional, volunteer, aligned and non-aligned ski patrols, and even the Snowy Mountains Hydro Electric Authority and the various chains of command through them all. The police run the whole show because they are responsible for security of life and limb. Theoretically the police can call on anyone and everyone listed in the plan. In actuality, they don't. If a skier has gone missing near a particular resort they might call in that resort's ski patrol to help out. *Might*. It would depend on how many resort ski patrolmen had cross-country skills and gear, because cross-country skis are different from downhill skis. Cross-country skis are designed to grip and hold the snow without sliding back. Downhill skis are made to slide.

The winter police detachment at Kosciusko can supply 20 highly proficient cross-country skiers.

"Most are police ski instructors; we even have a few Olympic competitors," says Inspector Allan. "Not one of them is allowed to take part in search and rescue unless he is capable of surviving three nights in white-out and gale force conditions on the mountains. That means you're on your own: you're changing in and out of wet clothes, you're making your food last, you're keeping your energy and your spirits up."

In addition to men on skis the police can put men on two twin-track snowmobiles and five single-tracks. Then they have the immediate resources of National Parks, which has a staff of 62, including 20 rangers. Nearly all the rangers and some of the staff, which includes maintenance crews, have cross-country skills.

This means the police can throw up 50 skilled cross-country skiers into a search and rescue operation in the park. That may not sound like much when you're talking about 645,800 hectares, but most searches are only required to cover a fraction of that.

Says Inspector Allan: "We can usually determine, given a skier's starting point and his level of proficiency, the general area where he must be and that's where we would concentrate our most thorough search.

"Even if we had extra men it wouldn't necessarily mean a better search. What's the point of putting in 500 men if 499 of them are going to get lost? The bigger the search the more difficult it is to manage and if you start losing searchers you're simply creating a bigger disaster. It's better to have a limited number of people who are experts in what they are doing."

One of the reasons why the police have been slow to call on the private ski patrols is that at last count, if you include all pro and volunteer groups, affiliated and unaffiliated with ASPA, and ranging from Thredbo in the south of the park to Cabramurra and Kiandra in the north, you're looking at 27 separate organisations. In the past the logistics of ringing around that many groups to organise a few additional cross-country recruits was daunting. It was easier to call, if necessary, on the available manpower at the resort closest to the search.

> "If I'd sent 30 or 40 blokes out in those conditions we could have had a mass disaster on our hands — it was that harsh"

Since the Crean disappearance police have distilled that down to four main groups, though first they had to wade through an ocean of petty local rivalries.

"We're dealing with parochial concerns insofar as established ski patrol organisations are concerned," adds Inspector Allan. "But each one is very proud of its own identity. It's an aura created by certain localised areas — every one has its own affinity."

Following the unsuccessful search for Crean there was much criticism that the police had erred by not calling in every available ski patrolman in the park to help mount a massive sweep. One of the most vocal critics was George Freudan, a 46-year-old Hungarian who, as a young man, watched Soviet tanks rumble over tramcars and pedestrians in Budapest during 1956 and decided that, all in all, he'd rather be in Australia.

George is, or has been, a member of just about every ski association worth belonging to in NSW and Australia. He was founding president of ASPA from 1974 to 1984. ASPA is the parent body of just about every pro and volunteer ski organisation, except for Perisher Valley and Charlotte Pass, on the snowfields. Perisher is wholly owned by media mogul Kerry Packer, who purportedly does not want his nine pro ski patrolmen belonging to any organisation which even remotely resembles a union. Charlotte Pass is so small it has only two patrolmen who apparently have decided they can get by without ASPA's bureaucracy.

It was Freuden who appeared on *Sixty Minutes* after the Crean incident and claimed that, had the police asked, he could have had 50 men ready in 20 minutes to join the cross-country search for Crean.

Down on the snowfields, when the show went to air, a lot of people didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Neither police nor National Parks were particularly impressed because they know that all the resorts combined do not have 50 patrolmen capable of joining a cross-country search. Furthermore, because of the unwieldy ski patrol bureaucracies involved, they were absolutely positive this phantom force could not have been assembled in 20 minutes.

Even if it could have been, there were grave doubts that any resort patrolman would have been allowed by resort management to join the search, bearing in mind the filthy weather at the time.

"The weather was absolutely atrocious," says 36-year-old Wayne Kirkpatrick, general manager at Thredbo, the biggest resort in the park. "It was blizzard white-out conditions. You couldn't see three feet in front of you for three days.

"We weren't asked to join the search but, Jesus Christ, if we had . . . I wonder. We have a responsibility for the safety of our people. Our philosophy then — and it still is — is that if we're asked to help we're happy to do what we can. But while our people are expert at handling any emergency that comes up within the resort or around the perimeter, you take them somewhere else in the middle of a blizzard and they'd be in trouble.

"I really don't know if I'd have sent our blokes out to look for Crean. If I'd sent 30 or 40 blokes out in those conditions we could have had a mass disaster on our hands . . . it was that harsh."

While Freuden has been an unabashed supporter of the private ski patrols and would like to see their role expanded beyond resort boundaries, his views on police and National Park search and rescue procedures have mellowed.

"The ski patrols are not really search and rescue organisations," he says. "What we are is a snow ambulance. I would like to see a situation where the police would let us know when they have found someone who is hurt and where we can help. I am perfectly happy to let the police manage the search and rescue end of it and to be of help if we are called upon, but I see our role as one where we can take the hospital to the patient. You see, one of the important things to remember when you find someone who has spent a night in the snow is you shouldn't move him. Moving or stimulating him just sends cold blood to the heart and the heart starts to fibrillate. That's where we can help out — we have the expertise, the experience and the equipment to revive the patient to the point where he can be taken out."

There is one superb irony to emerge from this avalanche of red tape on the snowfields.

A number of people in the area — businessmen, veteran cross-country skiers, a couple of lodge owners — have been so concerned by the growth of ski patrol organisations with unwieldy chains of command that in order to cut through all the red tape they have formed another organisation.

John Sewell is one of the culprits. He is a founder member of the Thredbo Volunteer Search and Rescue Group, an organisation formed after the Crean episode and in response to the boom in cross-country skiing.

"We were horrified by the number of people going out ill-equipped," says Sewell. "We knew it was only a matter of time before something went wrong in the mountains. We feel the resort area is very well catered for with search and rescue facilities — the big void is outside the resort.

"I don't want to comment on the politics of this whole thing — it's becoming very sensitive — but the police indicated that they would rather have a core of 15 people who knew what they were doing than 50 who didn't know what they were doing."

The Volunteer Search and Rescue Group is affiliated with the State Emergency Service, whereas most of the ski patrols are linked with the Volunteer Rescue Association. Sewell's group believes they will be able to react faster through the SES than the VRA.

"I'll probably get my throat cut for saying this," he adds, "but one of the problems with the ski patrols is that there are too many chiefs and not enough Indians. We wanted to be able to act immediately on instructions from Jindabyne police and no-one else. We don't want to get involved in instructions coming from Sport House in Gloucester Street in Sydney."

When I pointed out to Sewell that fighting bureaucracy by forming another bureaucracy seemed a funny solution, he burst out laughing.

"I hope not," he replied, "because it's an attempt to get something done with a body of people who can work together without any political rivalry. It's a body where no-one even wanted to be president because we didn't want to build towers. We just wanted a group of people who can contact each other quickly by telephone or on the radio and get out there when needed. It seems as if we're getting back to basics . . . not in fact perpetuating the bureaucracy but bypassing the bureaucracy."

At this point the group comprises a dozen members, though that is expected to double during the next few months.

The greatest irony of all, however, springs directly from the disappearance of Steven Crean. When the public servant from Canberra buckled on his skis and headed out into the driving snow that bitter Tuesday in August he had no idea the can of worms he was kicking over.

Or did he?

You see, a lot of people around the snowfields don't believe Steven Crean is dead at all.

When the snow and ice cleared and when the ground had dried enough to allow a massive sweep, more than 70 searchers walking within an arm's length of each other scoured the 30 square kilometre area where Crean must have gone missing.

They found old ski bindings, a broken camera, a few items of clothing, and even a pair of cross-country skis in the Snowy River. None of these things belonged to Steven Crean. Even if foxes had got at his corpse and scattered the bones, there still would have been some item of clothing or a few personal possessions left.

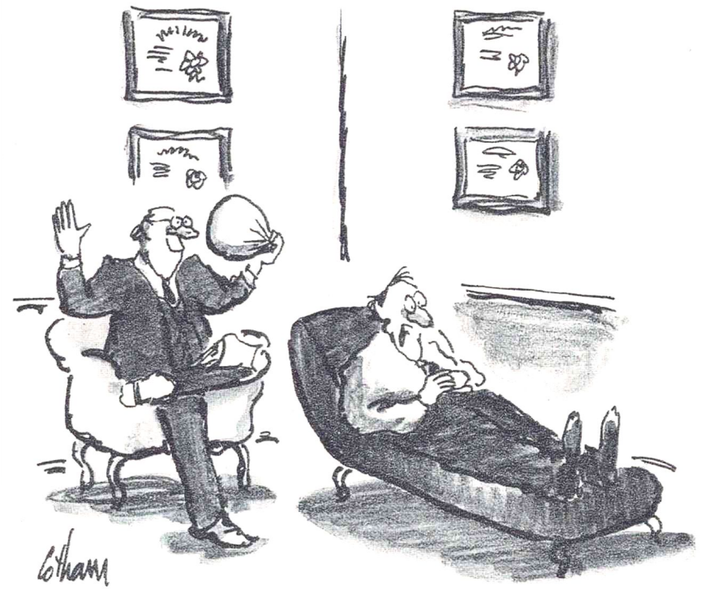
According to many searchers, if Crean was ever in that area, he isn't there now.

The most plausible explanation, if Crean did die, is that he fell into the Snowy River and was washed downstream to be submerged in Guthega Dam.

"Even so," says searcher Errol Hanlon, 33, from Thredbo, "you'd expect something would have surfaced by now. We walked that entire area. We walked through streams, we went into areas where blokes couldn't get out and had to be airlifted out, and we didn't find anything. After a search like that you'd expect to find *something*."

In the absence of a body the Crean disappearance remains a mystery. But, when the snow closes in, the slopes are cold and bare and the wind whips through the lonely snow gums, people will gather around the log fires of the resort ski lodges this winter and you will hear many, many fanciful theories to explain the disappearance of Steven Crean. One of the most popular will be that there's nothing like a big search to persuade the world that someone has gone missing.

Whether Crean is dead or whether he staged his disappearance, he has undoubtedly done successive generations of Kosciusko skiers, downhill and cross-country, a great favor. Safety and security has never been as tight on the snowfields. A guy would really have to work at it to kill himself there now.



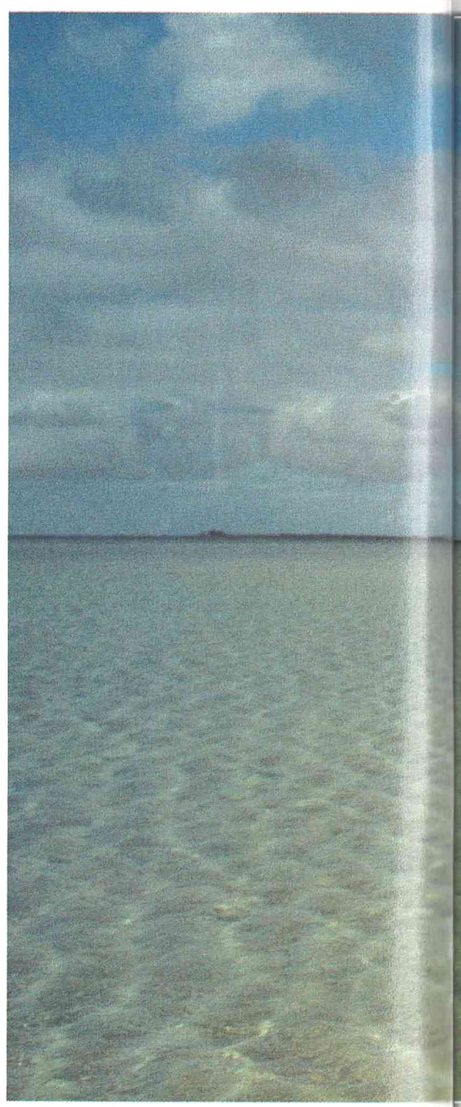
"It's my nerves, Doc, and I don't know what you can do about it. . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

THE EMPTY BEACH

It could have been just another ordinary day in paradise. Having escaped the pressure of city life, forsaking her lavish surroundings for a sun-soaked beach, Susan this day felt strangely restless. Up to this moment she had missed nothing of the trappings of civilisation — but now she felt trapped by her own raging sensuality . . .

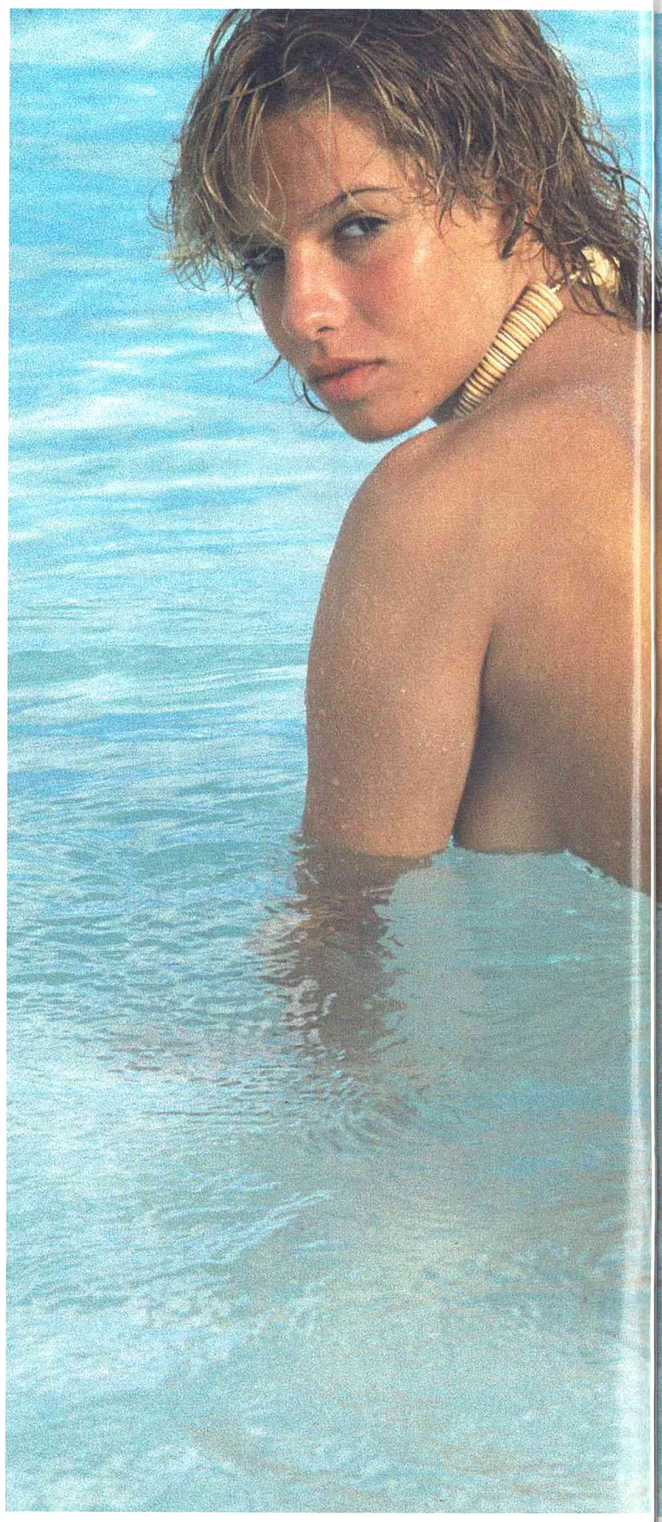
Her health at a finely-toned peak, she sought ways to exorcise from herself this irritation — stretching and stimulating every nerve and sinew. Her dream of total isolation was to backfire.

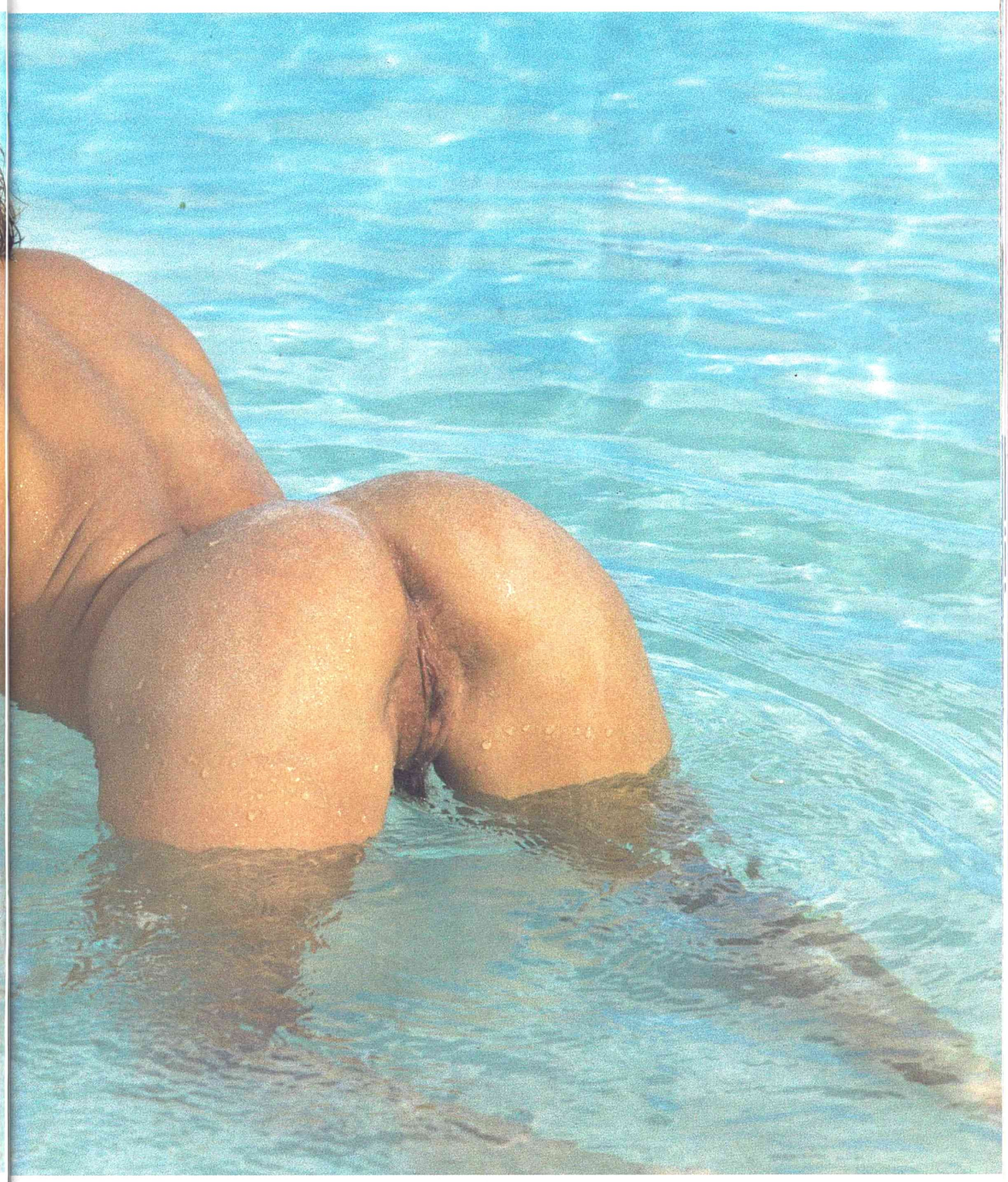


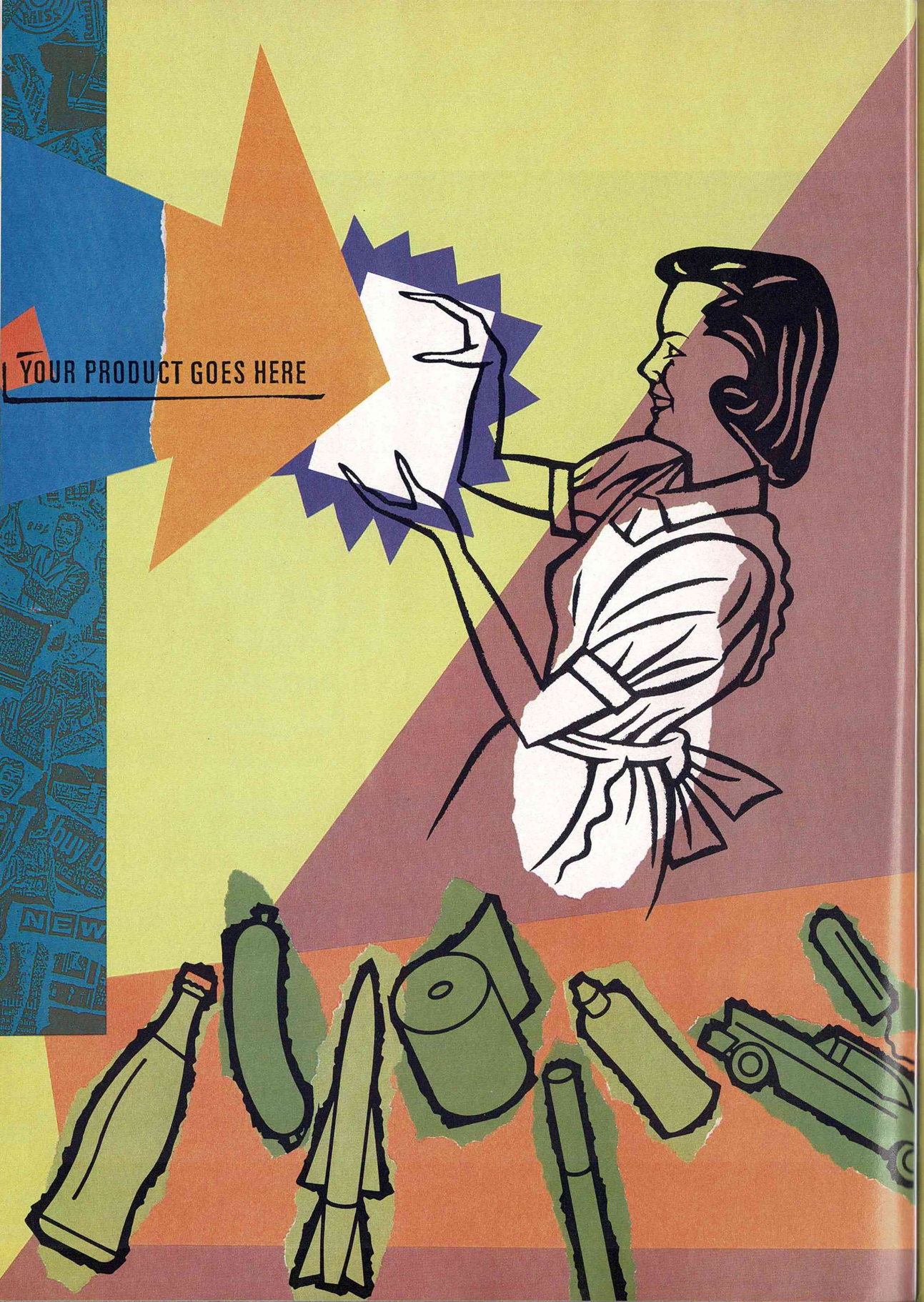
A naked sprint along an empty beach — until she fell panting to the sand and cradled its roughness to her. She would try anything to vent this fire in her . . .

Gazing endlessly at the horizon, then falling in a huff on to her back. Then dozing off in the sun — fitful, disturbed, dreamless. What could rescue her?

Nothing, save imagination. She realised that she had gotten herself into this, and her taunting could only be relieved through her own devices . . . At least for now.







BY DENIS MITCHELL

AD NAUSEUM

The list of advertising's crimes against culture is longer than an agency lunch

Giscard d'Estaing, the former French President, titled his autobiography: *Don't Tell My Mother I Work In Advertising — She Thinks I Play The Piano In A Brothel*. Most people share Monsieur d'Estaing's disdain for the advertising industry. Like the untreated sewage that floats outside the line of breakers at Bondi Beach, advertising is perceived as an unfortunate by-product of 20th Century life.

Television commercials represent the zenith of non-achievement in the ad industry. Admittedly, some have elevated themselves to the level of pop art (the CCs ad, for example), while a few others are genuinely funny or at least entertaining. Most, however, are stereotyped and boring, while a significant percentage are so appallingly bad that in the majority of viewers they produce a state of morbid fascination.

The extraordinary thing is that the industry is apparently totally unaware of how most of the public see it. Indeed, quite the opposite: advertising is the most self-congratulatory profession on Earth. Like the pathological liar who ultimately comes to believe his lies are true, the egotists who inhabit advertisingland have developed the belief that if you describe yourself and those around you as "creative" often enough, the description will actually come

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

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true. The reality is that the only creative people in most ad agencies are the accountants. Nonetheless, the adman's self-image as a super-achiever is bolstered by a salary structure that would make all but the most high-powered corporate executive swoon with envy.

The absurdly inflated financial rewards in advertising might charitably be deemed "conscience money" if it weren't for the fact that an adman with a conscience is as rare as a male hairdresser who likes girls. For those who dedicate their lives to the manufacture and distribution of bullshit, reality is merely an intrusive but ultimately irrelevant nuisance: a rotten apple in a bowl of artificially colored cherries, to be discarded at the first opportunity.

Thus we have TV commercials where shaving cream is substituted for whipped cream because it looks richer and creamier on the dessert, and a bowl of vegetable soup is loaded with marbles so that the few minute chunks of vegetables will float to the top. No doubt the perpetrator of these tricks received some sort of annual award for creativity along with his fat Christmas bonus. In these, and in so many other ways, the advertising industry is guilty of crimes against culture.

In 1986 we live in a sophisticated, informed and vigorously regulated society. And yet we are forced to endure the tasteless, truthless and infantile outpourings of a privileged brigade of unconscionable nobodies who laugh all the way to the bank at the expense of our mental health. How did we get into this predicament? For the answer we can only turn to the history of the advertising industry — and a sorry history it is.

Modern advertising began to take shape back in the last century. It was men like Thomas J. Barratt who saw a vision of the future, and the vision was cluttered with commercials.

Barratt took over Pears, a British soap-making company, in the latter half of the 19th Century. His philosophy was that "any fool can make soap. It takes a clever man to sell it."

He immediately lifted Pears' annual advertising budget from 80 pounds to 130,000 pounds and set out to lastingly bond the words "Pears" and "soap" in the minds of the public — something he achieved with remarkable success. Along the way he contributed in no small way to the onset of cultural pollution.

It was Barratt who came up with the catchphrase: "Good morning — have you used Pears Soap?" and the remark soon became the scourge of two continents. People shied away from saying "Good morning" to each other, fearful that someone would shoot the all too familiar rejoinder back at them. Ever since, advertising catchphrases have been a curse on sensible conversation. What Australian schooteacher of the Sixties could risk asking his class: "Where's George?" (or Harry, or Margaret, or Susie, or whoever appeared to be absent) without receiving a thunderous "Gone for a Tosca" in response. In the Eighties the similarly innocent question: "How do you feel?" is more than likely to be greeted with the name of a popular NSW beer.

Thomas J. Barratt also became the first subliminal advertiser. He devised puzzle posters that often had large crowds staring at them for up to 20 minutes, trying to work them out. When they eventually went away the name Pears Soap was etched into their subconscious.

The use of testimonials from leading personalities had been in use for quite some time, starting with Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts, who accepted money to endorse a certain brand of cigarettes, even though he didn't smoke. Testimonials are still a very useful tool for advertisers when all else fails. And they can be extraordinarily effective. The "Do You Know Me?" commercials for American Express are said to have increased membership subscriptions by 400 percent.

> The probable impact of Princess Diana endorsing disposable nappies for "busy mothers" or Prince Andrew recommending a brand of condom is immeasurable

The original testifiers were royalty rather than media personalities. In the 19th Century firms paid handsomely for endorsements from anyone with blue blood pumping through their veins, and without this lucrative business it is thought that many of the noble houses of France and Germany would have hit the wall long before they actually did.

In 1871 an edition of *Punch* even carried this advertisement: "*. . . The health of the Holy Father is excellent since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Durbany's Revalata Arabatica food . . .*" (The makers of a certain range of garden sprinklers must be rueing the fact that the Pope no longer gives testimonials.)

Soon after the Pope's bit of Holy Bull, Queen Victoria appeared in an advertisement for Cadbury's Cocoa. Sadly for the advertising industry this avenue is also closed to them these days. The probable impact of Princess Diana endorsing disposable nappies "for busy mothers" or Prince Andrew recommending a brand of condom is immeasurable.

One of the objections often made against modern advertising is that it causes great visual pollution. But, believe it or not (as Jack Palance would say), things have actually improved immensely in the last hundred years.

In the latter part of the 19th Century every square inch of available space in England had a poster stuck on it. The fixing of these posters was commissioned by a motley group of bandits known as external paper hangers, who often had pitched battles with each other over territorial rights. Gangs not only took glue with them for their own posters but blacking to cover up those of their rivals.

The paper hangers were both ingenious and tenacious. Posters appeared on rocks on isolated mountainsides in Wales and under the arches of bridges along the Thames at low tide (only to be washed away as the tide rose).

On Trafalgar Day, 1894, ads for pills, blacking and watches were projected on to the sides of Nelson's Column in London by a magic lantern device and in 1896 a W.B. Richmond wrote to *The Times* and complained that a battery of artillery blew a barrage of leaflets advertising tooth powder into his back garden.

A greater outrage took place when one of Nelson's battleships, *The Foudroyant*, was caught in a storm while on display. It lay half-capsized overnight and in the morning the statement: "England expects every man to do his duty . . . and buy Ford's Pills . . ." appeared painted on the side.

T.J. Barratt struck once more when he persuaded the British government to agree to let him put a Pears ad on the back of the 1881 Penny Lilac. The message came off when the stamp was licked, so any letter-sender literally did have the Pears name on the tip of his tongue.

Such outrageous acts of enterprise brought a backlash from sections of a slogan-saturated society. In 1893 the Society for Checking Abuse in Public Advertising was formed.

The catalyst was a signboard that was erected halfway up the white cliffs of Dover by a firm selling oats — its message was removed after agitation from SCAPA, who went on to become something of a 19th Century BUGA-UP, attacking posters with white paint and hauling down others under cover of darkness.

During the early years of the 20th Century, the examples of exaggeration and deception within advertising continued to aggregate. In 1910 hopeful farmers in the US sending off for a "Potato Bug Eradicator" received two blocks of wood through

"So . . . what are you in for?"

AD NAUSEUM

the mail with the direction: "Place the bug between the two slivers of wood and press them together."

When World War I ravaged Europe, however, there was a marked improvement in advertising methods. Technique improved dramatically as copywriters found new, improved ways to urge young men to go and die for England while they stayed at home and wrote more advertisements.

During this period the most unlikely products found new markets. And altruism suddenly emerged as a potential product seller. The purveyors of a French course asked: "Would you not like to talk to the wounded Belgians in their own language?"

A sock manufacturer promised that if you bought three pairs of socks, he'd send a fourth pair free to the "starving Belgians" (presumably to make soup with).

And nurses were urged to use Palmolive because hard rough skins would chafe their wounded patients.

In the US, the adman's image had sunk so low that by 1926 they discovered the need to advertise themselves to repair their tarnished image.

A full-page ad in *Life* showed a wimp of a husband wincing as his wife looked up from the magazine she was reading, pointed to an ad for an electric washing machine and demanded one just like it.

The husband whines: "Sometimes I get mighty mad at advertisements." But by the end of the ad he has come to see the error of his ways. "I began to see it's advertisements that make America hum. It gives ginks like me a goal, and the world is so much better for us striving a little harder."

The world was so much better in fact that tobacco advertisers were trying to lure children to smoke with lines like: "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet!"

During the Thirties claims became more and more outrageous with absurd appeals blended with sophisticated techniques. A brand of tonic wines guaranteed marital bliss and a cure for a nagging wife while a face powder manufacturer promised: "Be popular with men tonight or your money refunded!"

It was about this time that advertisers made another significant discovery — if there's no use for your product, invent one. And so "incomplete elimination" and "cosmetic skin" were discovered in the laboratories of Madison Avenue, and soon afterwards entered the English language.

Horlicks writers discovered night starvation. "Right through the night you've been burning up reserves of energy . . . breathing alone takes 20,000 muscular efforts every night."

One tobacco ad began: "HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?"

The ad then challenged you to unbutton and rebutton your waistcoat with one hand. The time limit was 12 seconds. If you failed the ad told you it proved your nerves were bad and you needed to start smoking — their brand of course.

During the Forties and Fifties ads got sillier and sillier. There was a profusion of ads like this one: "His heart quickened at the soft fragrance of her cheeks. *But her shoes hid a sorry case of athlete's foot.*"

Some memorable campaigns were also conducted for toilet paper — sorry, tissue. A full page ad in the *Saturday Evening Post* showed a masked surgeon conducting an intimate operation under the banner headline: "AND THE TROUBLE BEGAN WITH HARSH TOILET TISSUE."

What the affliction was, and what sort of toilet tissue the sufferer had been using, were not explained. Probably Alfoil.

Another told the story of a woman whose job was in the balance. She goes to the doctor who tells her that harsh toilet tissue is making her "condition" worse. She changes to Soft Weave Waldorf — and her job is saved.

A competitor tried a different pitch, using the picture of a child saying: "Mummy, they have a lovely house but their bathroom paper hurts!"

One of the chief weapons in the adman's arsenal is the slogan. They can be a very effective advertising tool, with some of them becoming part of contemporary language, such as Esso's "Put a Tiger in Your Tank" during the Sixties, and "Coke — it's the Real Thing", which was adapted into a hit pop song.

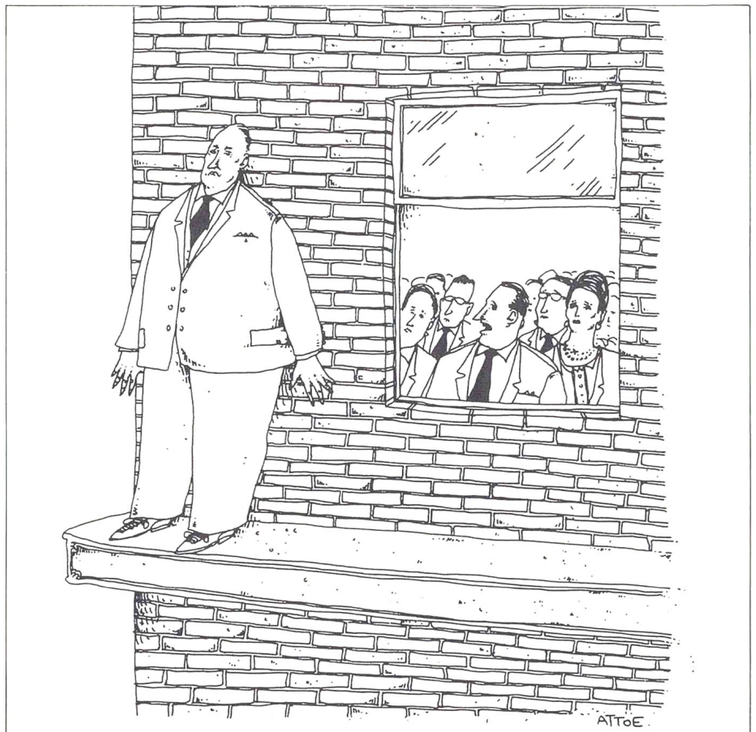
Sometimes slogans can cause problems. America's Continental Airways adopted the slogan "We really move our tails for you" in 1975, and some of their own stewardesses threatened to sue them for bad taste.

In 1964, Pepsi's "Come Alive — You're in the Pepsi Generation" ran into translation problems overseas. In Germany Pepsi would make you "come alive out of the grave" and in China, "Pepsi brings your ancestors back to life." Heady stuff indeed.

Other slogans are just plain unfortunate. The National Life Assurance Company's slogan "Safe and Sure" inspired more than one bitter comment when the corporation collapsed in 1974, and residents in Bhopal, India will be pleased to learn that Union Carbide's corporate statement is: "Today something we do will touch your life."

Some of the richest slogans have sadly never been used. The manufacturers of a sanitary napkin called Modess used the byline "Modess . . . because." Copywriters working on a rival account wanted to reply with "Tampax . . . insofar as", but were vetoed by their creative director.

Australia has made its own notable contributions to cultural pollution. For example Vegemite, which was first marketed to compete with an English meat extract called Marmite, was originally called Parwill.



"If you jump, who's going to sign our paychecks?"

The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

PASSPORT®
RADAR·RECEIVER

Local call fee only
(008) 22 6155
Sydney callers phone: 437 6377
For your convenience we accept, Bankcard, Visa and Mastercard.

Cincinatti Microwave Australia Inc
Department No. 100 070 A06
360 Pacific Highway
Crows Nest N.S.W. 2065

AD NAUSEUM

"Marmite, but Parwill." Get it?

Prewar Australia was host to such scintillating advertising campaigns as that for Hones Tea, whose corporate symbol was a parrot. Their slogan became: "The best Poll-I-See is Hones-Tea." Other memorable campaigns were for Teddy Beer and teats for babies' bottles called Possum Brand — because they were good for the gums. Ho ho.

There was also a generous helping of racism in some of the ads. For example, there was Nulla Nulla ("Australia's White Hope") soap, which "knocked dirt on the head." An accompanying picture showed an Aborigine being clubbed over the skull. (It probably sold well in Western Australia.)

It was in the Fifties that the techniques of the advertiser's art were first applied to politics, with the result that today the media is often more important than the man.

Political parties are now packaged and sold like corn flakes. Unfortunately some of the best work never makes it into the public gaze. The British Conservatives under Mrs Thatcher almost went into an election with the catchcry: "Let's Put a Woman On Top For A Change."

Other slogans were not so subtle and the message was only too plain. Conservatives fought the General Election of 1964 in the constituency of Smethwick with: "If you want a nigger for a neighbor, vote Labor."

Labor lost.

The danger that political advertising can become a test of agencies, rather than policies, was amply illustrated in WA late last year when both parties began running the same ad at the same time. A TV commercial showed a man having a beanie pulled over his eyes with the voice-over: "Don't let the Liberals pull the wool over your eyes." An ad in the press the next day showed a picture of a man with a beanie pulled over his face and the headline: "Don't let Labor pull the wool over YOUR eyes."

It seemed someone stole the ad from the Liberals' agency and gave it to Labor's men — who managed to produce it before the Libs and pull off a coup. The futility of the whole exercise — and of contemporary politics — was not lost on the WA public.

So where is advertising heading from here? Every available form of media has been tried, including cloud-projection, skywriting and even sky-shouting. In 1962 the San Fernando Valley in California was sprayed with thousands of dollars worth of perfume to mark the opening of a new store.

But in 1986 you can't do that sort of thing: we're protected by the various consumer authorities, government departments, the Advertising Standards Council and of course, BUGA-UP. Copywriters today have to be very careful; graffiti artists are generally far cleverer than they are.

In London, British Rail Posters showing "The Age of the Train" were adorned with such consumer witticisms as "Mine was 106" and "Yes, it takes an age to catch one." And then there were those Southern Comfort posters featuring Minder's Dennis Waterman: "It tastes like . . . ummm."

With a single stroke of the aerosol can they were almost universally altered to: "It tastes like Cummm."

Ever since the publication of Vance Packard's book *The Hidden Persuaders*, the fear that advertisers can manipulate the public any way they want has gained a lot of credibility. Certainly, advertising is a powerful weapon.

The most potent way it works is via the use of imagery to produce a positive emotional response to an advertisement, often with no mention of the product at all. The Marlboro Cowboy is an excellent example. The archetypal image of the self-reliant macho man with a lung-buster in his hand lifted Marlboro from nowhere to the number one-selling American cigarette, bringing in a revenue of $4 billion a year to its manufacturers, Phillip Morris.

> A survey showed that the McDonalds jingle "You Deserve A Break Today" was second only to the national anthem in terms of public awareness

The impact of national advertising campaigns can be enormous. A survey in the United States showed that the McDonalds jingle "You Deserve a Break Today" was second only to the national anthem in terms of public awareness. And aside from Santa Claus, the company's mascot Ronald McDonald was chosen by American children aged ten and under as the most likeable adult in the country.

But, despite its monumental successes, advertising is far from an exact science. Much of advertising strategy is based on market research, which can be a very unreliable source of information.

For example, a survey of sexual behavior in France by a leading market research company found that men estimated their penises were one inch longer than their wives did. Perception and accuracy are not always the same thing.

Figures can also be misleading. Another research firm reported to the makers of a certain liqueur that 66 percent of its market was made up of women. However, when these figures were scrutinised it appeared that of the 2000 people surveyed only 15 had ever tried the drink. The analysis had been based on the opinions of five men and ten women.

Despite all our fears about the inordinate influence of Ad Alley upon society it should be remembered that advertising is a reactionary, rather than an instigating force. In other words, the admen must react to what the public wants. They may not move ahead of the public tastes, but they can't afford to be left behind, either.

Some of the experiences in recent years of the American Corporate giant Procter & Gamble demonstrate this. First they attempted to foist the Pringle on to the market.

The Pringle was a new sort of potato chip that would stay fresher longer, break less easily and store longer. However the Pringle was also full of very high levels of preservatives and additives.

Meantime, the American public was becoming more conscious of diet, and wary of chemical additives in their food. The trend towards natural and organic foods was gaining momentum. Despite all their promotional efforts, Procter & Gamble took a bath on the Pringle to the tune of a cool half a billion dollars.

They had a similar experience on Certain, a lotion-laced toilet tissue that was purported to be the softest toilet paper ever. Unfortunately it also clogged up household plumbing and wrought havoc in municipal sewerage systems. In short, Certain was certain to land you in the shit with the local council. It was a huge environmental hazard.

Again Procter & Gamble tried to get behind it with promotional muscle, but to their chagrin they found the new consumers cared more about their environment than their arseholes.

It could never have happened 20 years ago.

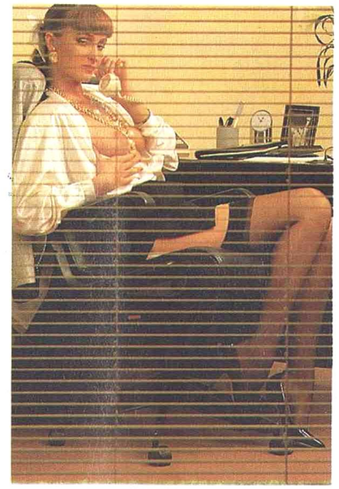
It's easy to blame the adman for his crimes against our culture, but perhaps it's only that he is are reflecting all that is criminal in our culture.

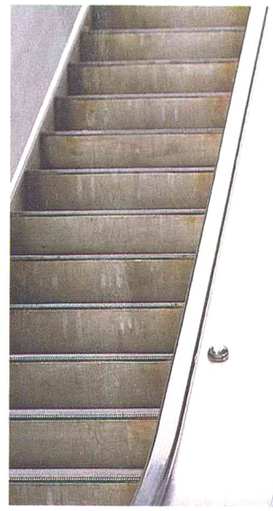
Some agencies have certainly contributed work that borders on art. For example, the commercials produced for Smirnoff vodka in Britain in the Seventies were as eagerly awaited as the next offering from Monty Python, with ads like: "I thought St Tropez was a Spanish monk until I discovered Smirnoff" and "I thought Fuking was a town in China until I discovered Smirnoff."

Even the graffiti artists joined in, with: "I thought Fellatio was an Italian opera until I discovered Smirnoff" appearing on toilet walls.

It was enormously popular. Everyone loved it; it was witty; it was fun. And it was a lot better than Mrs Marsh.

Now, *that* really is a crime.





KAREN

Garments by Covers & Gotham City Leather; Watch by Cartier; Jewellery by Hampshire & Lowndes; Leathergoods from Hunt Leather; Shoes from The Department Store Annexe; Flowers & Vase by Bloomeys

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

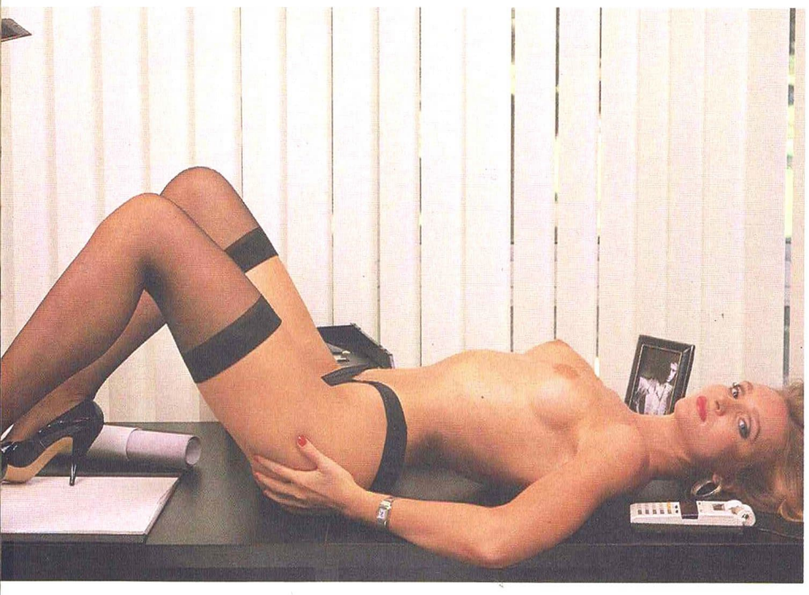
Her telephone manner was cool and assured; her typing was at blurring, unerring speeds; her patience with her boss's chaotic ways was subtle and inexhaustible — and her dictation . . . Well, there was a place for everything and *everything* was in its place. Yet there was something about this demure beauty and her mysterious efficiency that seemed extraordinary. Then one day her boss arrived back early from a trip away . . .

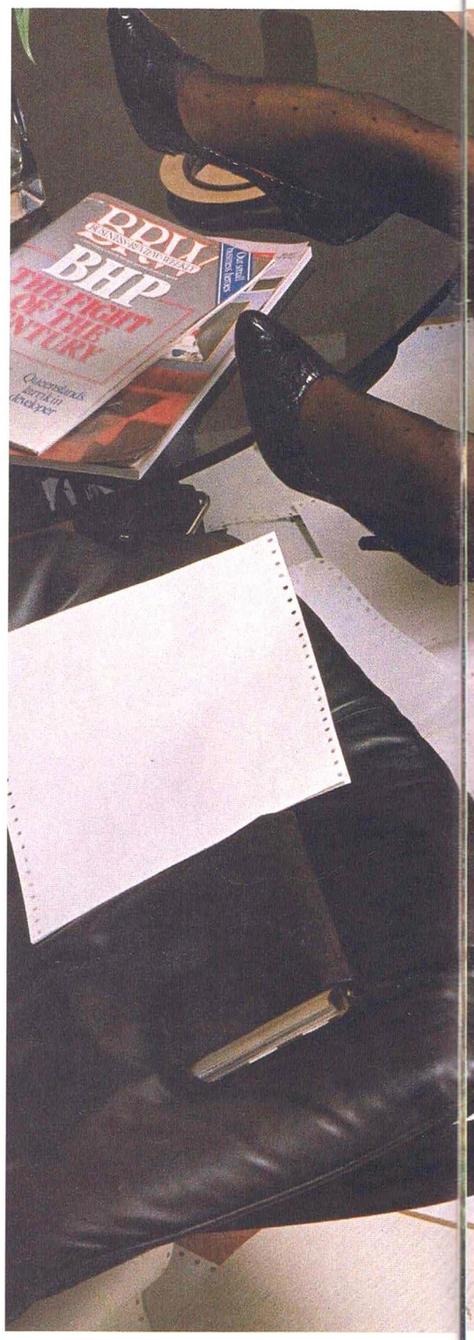
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

The fantasy fits the photos, but beware that the private enterprises of gorgeous 19-year-old Karen Lyle are just as likely to surprise — and give *you* a start. Yes, Karen is quite the sweet, unassuming "petal" in her Sydney sales office, but come weekends you'd better "gitcha motor running."

If she's not laying rubber astride her boyfriend's Ducati 900 ("with him on the back"), she might be under the bonnet of her own wheels. She's just spent the last month rebuilding the whole engine — with a personal touch: "I painted the motor bright red . . ."

Didn't she have any trouble? "Yes," she admits. "I broke a fingernail. Boy, was I mad with myself." Besides being such a popular mechanic and bike fiend, there's her modern dancing, her gymnastics, her adventuring, her dress designing . . .





. . . And her plans. Here's an enterprising woman who'd like to give Sydney her best shot by creating a brand new nightclub — perhaps a warehouse. "It'll look like a warehouse on the outside, but inside will surprise everyone." As Karen has proved, looks deceive — and she's banking, fair to say, that we'll love it.

MISS KAREN LYLE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

BY VINCENT COPPOLA

THE NEW RIGHT

New Right terrorists have sworn to violently overthrow the US government and create a white Christian bastion

They came for Alan Berg the way they had always come for Jews. In the night the young men waited, driven by a dark and murderous rage. Berg pulled the VW convertible up to his Denver townhouse. The radio show host was returning from a dinner date with his ex-wife. He was halfway out of the car when he saw his killers. The burst from the silenced machine gun caught him full in the face; the .45 calibre slugs blew his head apart. That was 1984. White supremacists had begun targeting citizens, law-enforcement agents and government officials for assassination. Berg's killers were members of the Order, one of dozens of paramilitary cults that had sprung up across the US. The Order had plunged beyond the

PHOTOS BY ROB NELSON

THEY KNOW EACH OTHER. THEY DRILL AT ANNUAL "FREEDOM FESTIVALS", HONING THEIR MILITARY SKILLS. ARYAN "AMBASSADORS" TRAVEL THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE US PREACHING HATRED.

rituals, ranting, and bizarre proselytising of the fanatical Right. Armed with automatic weapons and guided by *The Turner Diaries*, a novel that describes a right-wing overthrow of the US government, its storm troopers had declared war.

Berg, who had denounced the neo-Nazis, was assassinated. Armored cars and a bank were robbed in Ukiah, California, and Seattle — netting more than $4 million for the revolution. Allied reactionaries gunned down state policemen in Arkansas and Missouri. Churches and synagogues were attacked; a natural gas pipeline was dynamited to create chaos. Law-enforcement personnel were warned that they would face "daily firefights with the heavily armed . . . White American Revolutionary army."

The killers, who saw themselves as descendants of ancient Germanic tribes, set up an elaborate point system to earn the rank "Aryan Warrior." By murdering FBI agents, government officials and other undesirables, Order members would earn a series of decimal points. "One" was a perfect score.

Robert Matthews, an Idaho laborer, was to be the Hitler of the New Order. Jews would hang from the lamp-posts of his kingdom. In *The Turner Diaries*, the government collapses after an eight-year orgy of terrorism. The liberal press is silenced. FBI headquarters and the Pentagon are destroyed in suicide attacks. Israel is vaporised in a nuclear holocaust.

Matthews' end came more quickly. Six months after the Berg killing, he was cornered on Whidbey Island near Seattle. On the morning of December 7, 100 heavily armed agents, many camouflage-clad with blackened faces, moved on to the island. Residents were evacuated; shipping and air traffic was rerouted. Four of the extremists surrendered, turning over an arsenal that included Uzi machine guns, Ruger Minni-14 semi-automatic rifles, grenades, and C-4 plastic explosives.

Matthews held out for 36 hours, answering requests to surrender with bursts of automatic weapons fire. Illumination flares dropped by helicopter turned his safehouse into an inferno. He died inside, a martyr to a madman's revolution.

In the last year, a federal task force has relentlessly hunted the remnants of the Order. They've uncovered a network of thousands of ultra-rightists — tax protesters, survivalists, Ku Klux Klansmen, Nazis, and their sympathisers — scattered across a dozen southern and western US states. The Order was a splinter of one such group — Aryan Nations, a neo-Nazi "church" based in a military-style compound in Hayden Lake, Idaho. The names vary — Christian Patriots Defence League, Posse Comitatus, White American Bastion, National Socialist League — but all share a common goal: the violent overthrow of ZOG, the Zionist Occupation Government — their name for the US government.

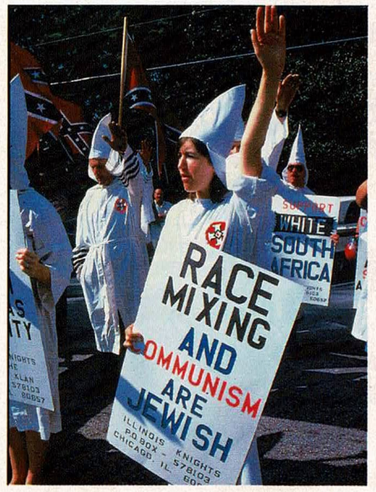
A common philosophy links them: blacks are members of a primitive "mud race." God intended America to be a white Christian bastion. The US government, the banking system, and the media have been subverted by communist Jews. The country will be engulfed in a cleansing fire.

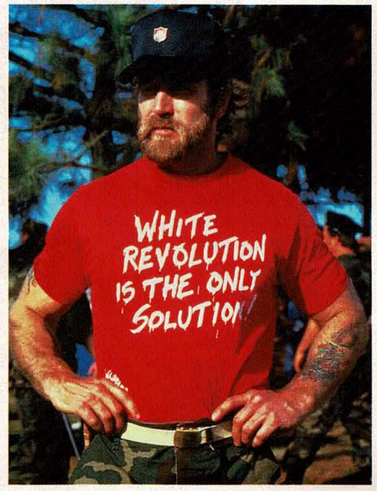
They know each other. They drill at annual "Freedom Festivals", honing their military skills. A primitive computer network is in place. Hate literature floods the mails. Aryan "ambassadors" travel the country preaching unity. A supremacist church — Identity — is winning hundreds of converts.

They have always known each other. Virulent hate-mongering has always been the dark side of American populism: "Jew bankers" were always responsible when the farms failed; big government was always leaning on the little guy; the Catholics were always vassals of the Pope. Now the anger is focused on newer issues: affirmative action, abortion, prayer in the classroom, taxes, farm foreclosures, immigration. A ferocious alienation has sprung up in the wake of the Reagan revolution.

Reagan has changed nothing. The Kansas farmer chokes with rage and shame as his family's land disappears on the auction block. The sheriff and his deputies are on hand to take care of troublemakers. The Gulf Coast shrimper — a veteran — must watch as Vietnamese immigrants relentlessly strip his fishing grounds. Mexicans pour into Texas and California, Haitians into Florida. The Alabama steel worker with 15 years on the job sees his promotion go to a black guy because of past discrimination.

The appeal of extremism is strong. Unlike the campus left-wing radicals of the Six-





ties, these men have nothing to lose. Frustrated and desperate, they are given hope and promised vengeance. Everything is suddenly black and white. No longer the rural outsider, the Aryan is awakened to his *Identity*. He is a "dragon of God" cresting a divine and terrible wind. He will smite his enemies — cursed Jews who have usurped his birthright, mud races that would pollute his noble blood, the abominations who dwell in cities. He would return to a simpler time, to an America that never was.

Identity Christianity and a comic book mythology gird him. Right-wing literature endlessly trumpets the awakened Saxon, the Aryan yeomanry, the avenging Norse. The lousy job at the factory and the cramped caravan vanish before such glories. Only the fire and bloodshed demanded in these tracts seems real.

Identity is the essence. A theology of hate, it flourishes in dying towns and failing farms, fuelled by old hatreds and unfulfilled promises. Expounded by such elders as Aryan Nations' William Girnt Butler and Californian William Potter Gale in his Ministry of Christ Church, Identity holds that Aryans are the true Israelites. They are the Chosen People. America, by extension, is the Promised Land. Jews are descendants of a Mongolian tribe, the Khazars; they are children of Cain, worshippers of the Antichrist.

Biblical protections accorded Israel are neatly skirted. Alan Berg was less than a dog to his killers. Chattanooga, Tennessee's Beth Sholom synagogue was destroyed by convicted murderer John Paul Franklin in a rampage of racist, anti-Semitic terror. "I hate Jews," says Thom Robb, an Identity minister who is national chaplain of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. "I hate communist Jews. I hate race-mixing Jews. We've let Antichrist Jews into our country and we've been cursed with abortion, inflation, homosexuality, and the threat of war.

"Anglo-Saxon and kindred people are the true Israel," continues Robb. "Identity breaks the power Jewry has over America — the fear being driven into people's hearts by Jerry Falwell and other evangelists. 'If you don't bless the Jews, God will curse you.' Now *we're* Israel. We don't have to play pansy with the Jews anymore."

Robb looks to the day when all Jews will be cast out. "It's happened in every country in the world," he says. "America is entering the Dark Ages. A renaissance will only come about when the middlemen and nonproducers are removed." Deportation is not Robb's final solution. "Some aren't going to want to go," he adds with a grim smile.

Robb's ministry is in the Ozark mountains near the Missouri-Arkansas border, part of the so-called Mo-Ark region — holy ground to the Aryans. Here the tribes gather in the wilderness, living in ragged communes with names like Eloihim City. Stockpiling weapons. Waiting for signs that the time is at hand. Praying for the nuclear Armageddon or racial conflagration that will purge the country.

This is another America. A wholesome-looking teenage waitress confides that "the last nigger who tried to live in Harrison, Arkansas, was found hung from that bridge." Robb moved to Arkansas from Colorado; his bodyguard, a tall blond Klansman with a wolf's grin, escaped California to "build a better life for his children."

Gordon Kahl found shelter here. Kahl, a leader of the radical tax protest group Posse Comitatus, is the George Washington of the extreme Right. The subject of a nationwide manhunt after he killed two federal agents in North Dakota, Kahl died in a fiery shootout in northeastern Arkansas. He was cornered in the home of Leonard Ginther, 61. No rural farmhouse, this was a concrete-and-earth bunker stockpiled with enough weapons and ammunition to replay the Tet Offensive. Kahl also stayed in Mountain Home, Arkansas, with revolutionaries Arthur Russell and Ed Udey. Russell was 74, Udey 70.

Mountain Home is also the location of the Covenant, the Sword, the Arm of the Lord (CSA), a doomsday commune so bizarre that even right-wing stalwarts like Jack Mohr — who regularly provides weapons training at Freedom Festivals — refer to it as "the Jonestown of the Ozarks."

CSA is ruled by Jim Ellison, a polygamous preacher who has carved a kingdom out of *Apocalypse Now* on the shores of Bull Shoals Lake. Gathering unto him more than 100 heavily armed disciples and their families, Ellison called his church "Zarepath Horab", the name of a biblical cleansing place. He does not preach "love thy neighbor" Christianity. The steeple of his church is a concrete-reinforced gun tower. Rifle pits and emplacements dot the 224-acre stockade. "Think not that I have come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace but a sword" (*Matthew 10:34*) is the lead quotation of *The CSA Journal*, one of the commune's few links with the outside world.

Silhouette City is Ellison's masterpiece. A mad vision of a future cityscape complete with burned-out cars and gutted storefronts, Silhouette City is where true believers prepare for the end of the world. Pop-up targets — policemen with Stars of David for badges, blacks, Jews — riddled with automatic weapons fire suggest what sort of world CSA envisions.

The CSA Journal makes it perfectly clear: "There will be economic collapse, riots in the cities, famine and war . . . It will get so bad that parents will eat their children . . . communists will kill white Christians and mutilate them; witches and Satanic Jews will offer people up as sacrifices to their gods openly and proudly; blacks will rape and kill white women; homosexuals will sodomise whoever they can . . . All but the elect will have the mark of the beast."

The *Journal* shouts the standard denunciations of the US government. Jews are accused of causing the Korean and Vietnam Wars "to mix white men with oriental women." Ellison ecumenically invites whites, Asians, and blacks to "join together to wipe out Jews. Together we can make the Holocaust a reality and not a Jewish fable."

Jack Mohr, a self-proclaimed "brigadier general" who runs a rightist militia with a membership he inflates to 100,000, recalls how CSA members, armed to the teeth, tried to seize control of a Christian Patriots Defence League festival in 1982. He says Ellison enjoys commanding those who question him to kiss his feet or kneel all night in the commune's latrine.

"We just want to be left alone," a bearded elder tells the visitor who approaches the barbed-wire gate marked "Zarepath Horab." He trudges back into the darkness past the wooden guard tower. The two riflemen who have worked their way behind the visitor's car withdraw into the trees.

We just want to be left alone. Wayne Snell passed through the gate. On June 30, 1984, Snell killed a black Arkansas state trooper named Louis Bryant who had stopped him on a routine traffic violation. Cornered in Broken Bow, Oklahoma, Snell was shot seven times. He survived and is serving a life sentence.

A .45-calibre pistol found in Snell's van was the weapon used in the 1983 killing of Texas pawnshop owner William Stumpp. Jewellery taken from the pawnshop turned up in the CSA camp. "I don't know if Snell was a CSA member," says Colonel Tommy Goodwin, Arkansas State Police director, "but he was an invited guest who received training there and was well accepted by them."

The killings were the first in a string of CSA-linked crimes to surface. Kent Yates, the cult's armorer, was arrested in July 1984 for transporting stolen firearms and manufacturing machine guns. Soon after, three other heavily armed members were caught with a stolen trailer.

Colonel Goodwin, accustomed to an occasional bank robbery and the predictable patterns of rural wrongdoing, discovered Arkansas had become a hotbed of terrorism. "These people are out to overthrow the government of the United States," he says with some astonishment. "They do not recognise federal and state officials. To them, I'm not a police officer."

The terror continued. Last April fugitive David Tate, a member of the Order, killed a Missouri state trooper and fled into the Ozark wilderness. Tate's silenced MAC-10 machine gun was virtually identical to the one used to assassinate Alan Berg.

The escalating violence forced the federal task force pursuing the Order to move against CSA. "We don't want to kill them," said Daniel Kelly, assistant special agent in charge of the FBI's Little Rock office. "[But] we've got dead policemen laying around this state and dead marshalls in North Dakota and some pretty startling civil unrest with these automatic weapons."

On April 22, an assault team consisting of 300 federal agents and state police officers sealed off the CSA encampment. After a tense, three-day standoff, Ellison surrendered. It was easier to rant about Armageddon than to face it. Four members of the Order were discovered hiding among the communards. Searchers turned up an arsenal that included 15 light and heavy machine guns, homemade grenades, plastic explosives, and a stolen US Army LAW anti-tank rocket.

The compound was honeycombed with tunnels and bunkers. There were booby traps and an electrically detonated minefield on the western edge of the camp. And true to Ellison's Jim Jones image, the Feds found a 30-gallon drum of cyanide.

> "We've let Antichrist Jews into our country, and we're cursed with abortion, inflation, homosexuality and threat of war"

In addition to numerous automatic weapons charges, Ellison and his lieutenants were hit with *Federal Racketeering Influenced And Corrupt Organisations Act* violations. Specifically, he was accused of the August 1983 bombing of a gay church in Springfield, Missouri, the burning of a Jewish Community Centre in Bloomington, Indiana that same month, and the November 1983 dynamiting of a natural gas pipeline over Arkansas' Red River.

Ellison was convicted and sentenced to 20 years in federal prison. At his sentencing, he whined, "I have very good friends who are Negroes, Orientals — even Jews."

By the end of 1985, ten Order members had been convicted and 11 others were on trial in Seattle. Only one of the original group that had signed a "declaration of war" against the US was still at large. Gordon Kahl, the Posse Comitatus leader, was dead, his son and successors serving prison terms. Tigerton Dells, the secessionist Wisconsin "township" the Posse tried to set up, was a failure.

Some analysts, citing a 35 percent decrease in Klan membership nationwide since 1982, have suggested that the violence reflects the desperation of a dwindling number of extremists. The extreme Right, they argue, is destined to go the way of the radical Left of the Sixties.

The converse is just as likely to happen. America is rent by tremendously divisive social issues — many of them seemingly racial in nature. Affirmative action and immigration are prime examples. In a land of diminishing opportunity, competition for jobs, education, and housing will be bitter. And there is no such thing as a good loser. "I see a greater and greater dichotomy between rich and poor," says white supremacist David Duke, "and a greater sense of racial awareness on the parts of minorities and whites. Society will become more fragmented."

Articulate and smooth, Duke may have been the first Yuppie Klansman. He was responsible for the resurgence of the Klan during the late Seventies. Now he's shed his robes for a suit and tie, and control of an organisation he calls the National Association for the Advancement of White People.

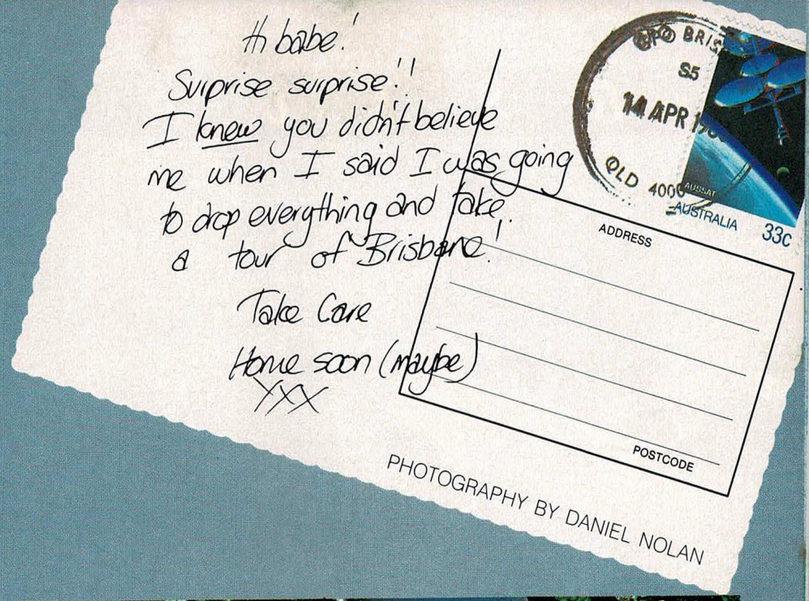
Duke's arguments are more threatening than those of the most rabid Identity preacher. He's targeting the middle class. Affirmative action is "the most massive government-sponsored racial discrimination in our country's history," he says. "It is purely a program against white people. If discrimination against blacks was so terrible, how is this any less terrible?"

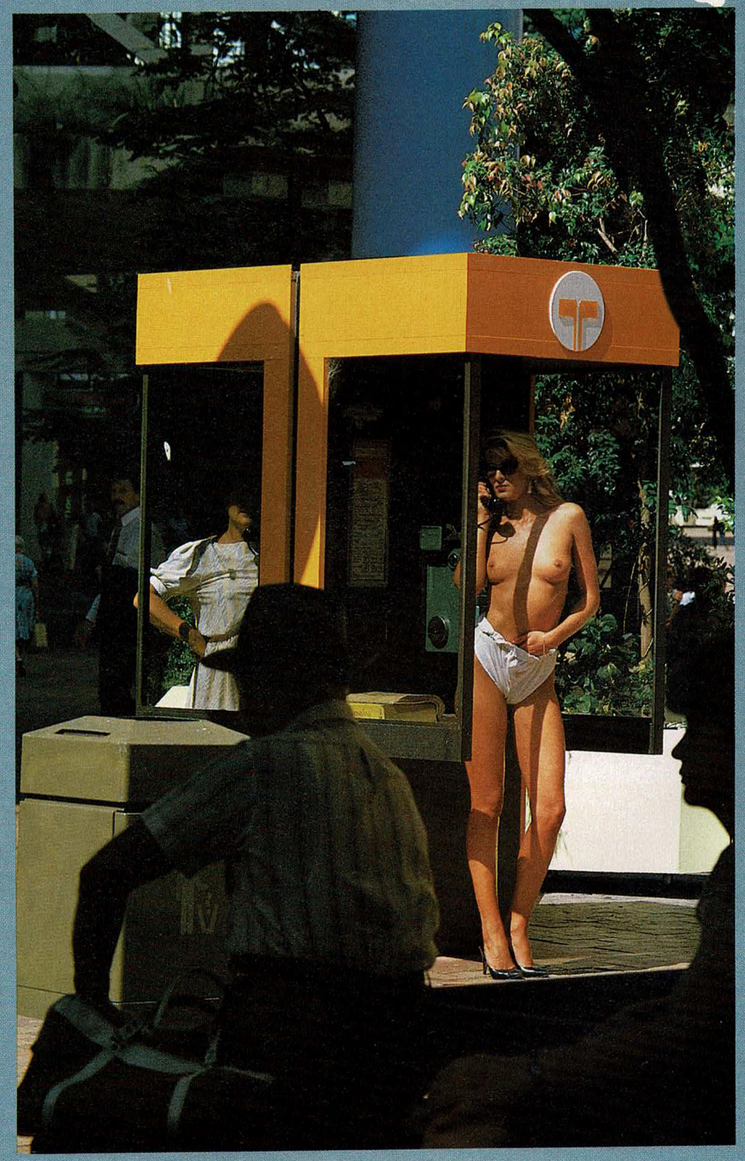
Immigration is another explosive issue. (In a 1982 San Diego primary election, a Klansman was able to pull 76,000 votes on an anti-immigration platform.) "Why is the Holocaust so horrible?" asks Duke. "Because it is the idea of exterminating a people. Is it less abhorrent to destroy the most creative race in history — the Caucasian?" He predicts that by the year 2020, the US will be a non-white country. "When white people become a minority, how are we going to maintain our way of life?"

The federal government is the enemy. "There are millions of white people who agree with 99 percent of what I say," continues Duke. "We will organise for our own survival. The centre will not hold. There will be class war."

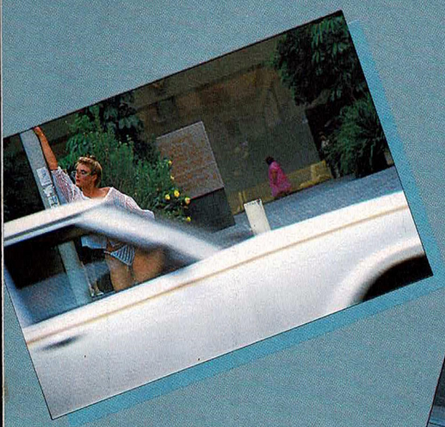
Take away the trappings of the Identity church and the Aryan mythology, and Duke's positions are not far removed from extremists like Thom Robb. In Arkansas, Robb, too, goes beyond the old notions: "The Klan in the Twenties made a mistake in thinking that evil resided in men who came home drunk or in Negroes who walked on the wrong side of the street. Today, we see that the evil is coming out of the federal government. To go out and shoot a Negro is foolish. It's not the Negro in the alley who's responsible for what's wrong with this country. It's the traitors in Washington." ○—

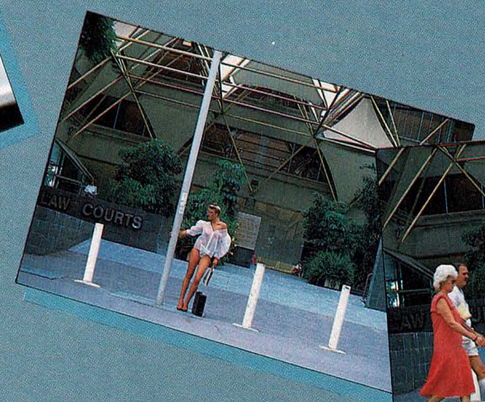
POSTCARDS FROM BRISBANE

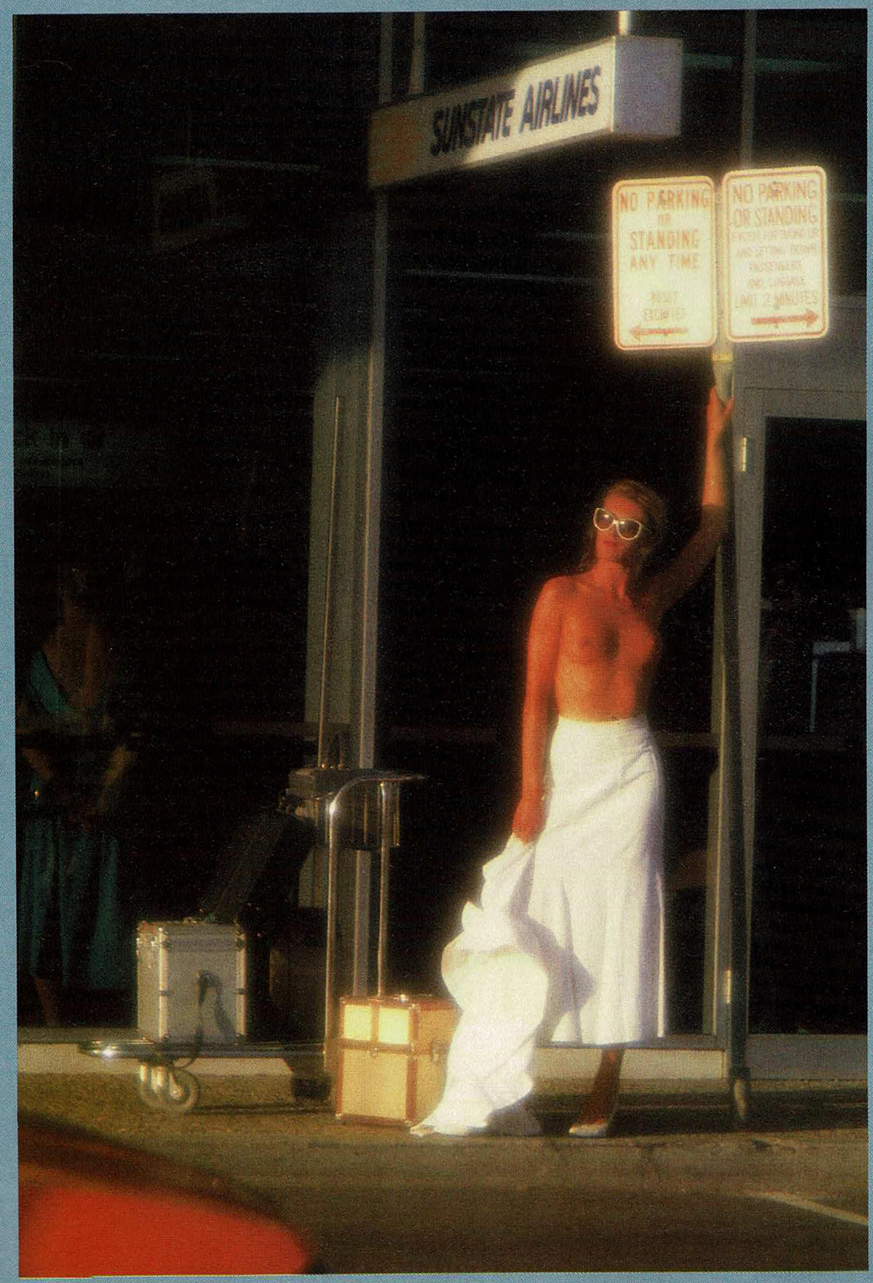


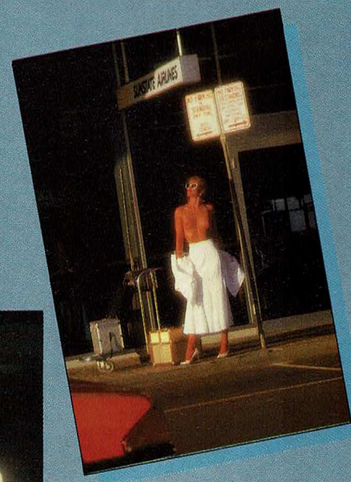


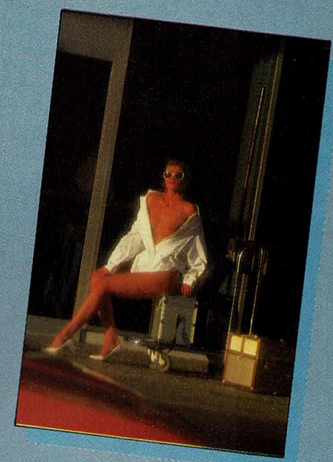
POSTCARDS FROM BRISBANE

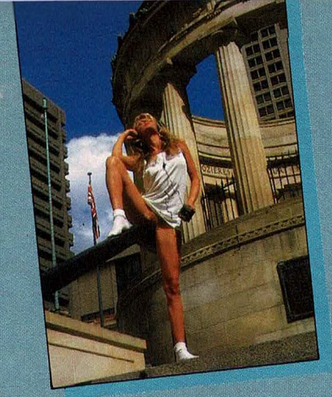


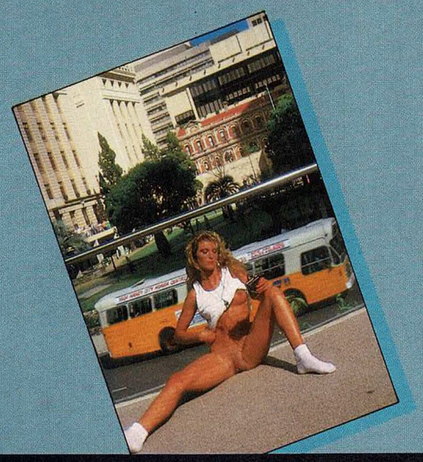


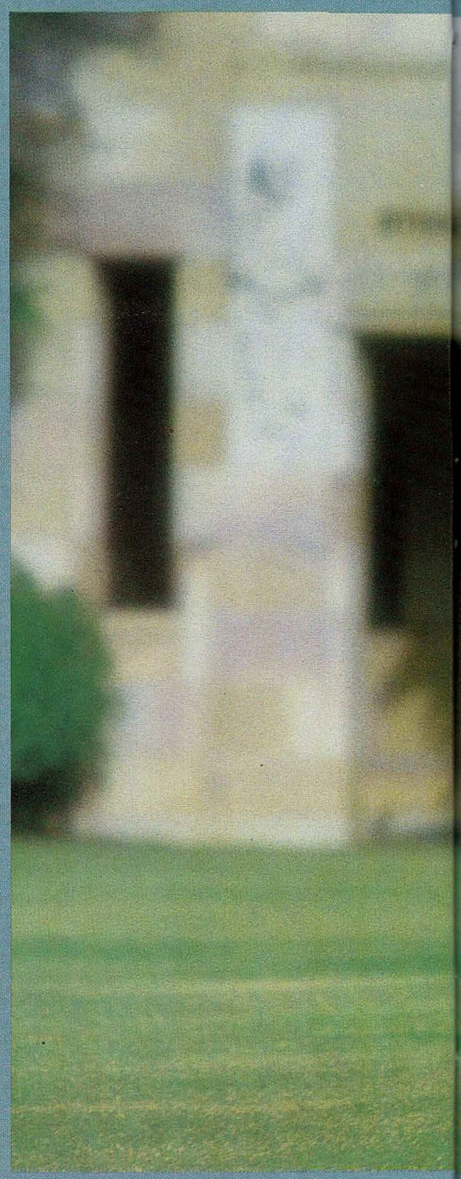


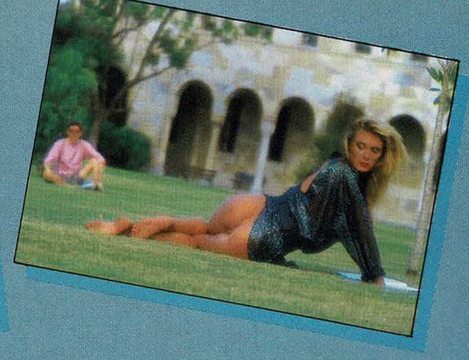




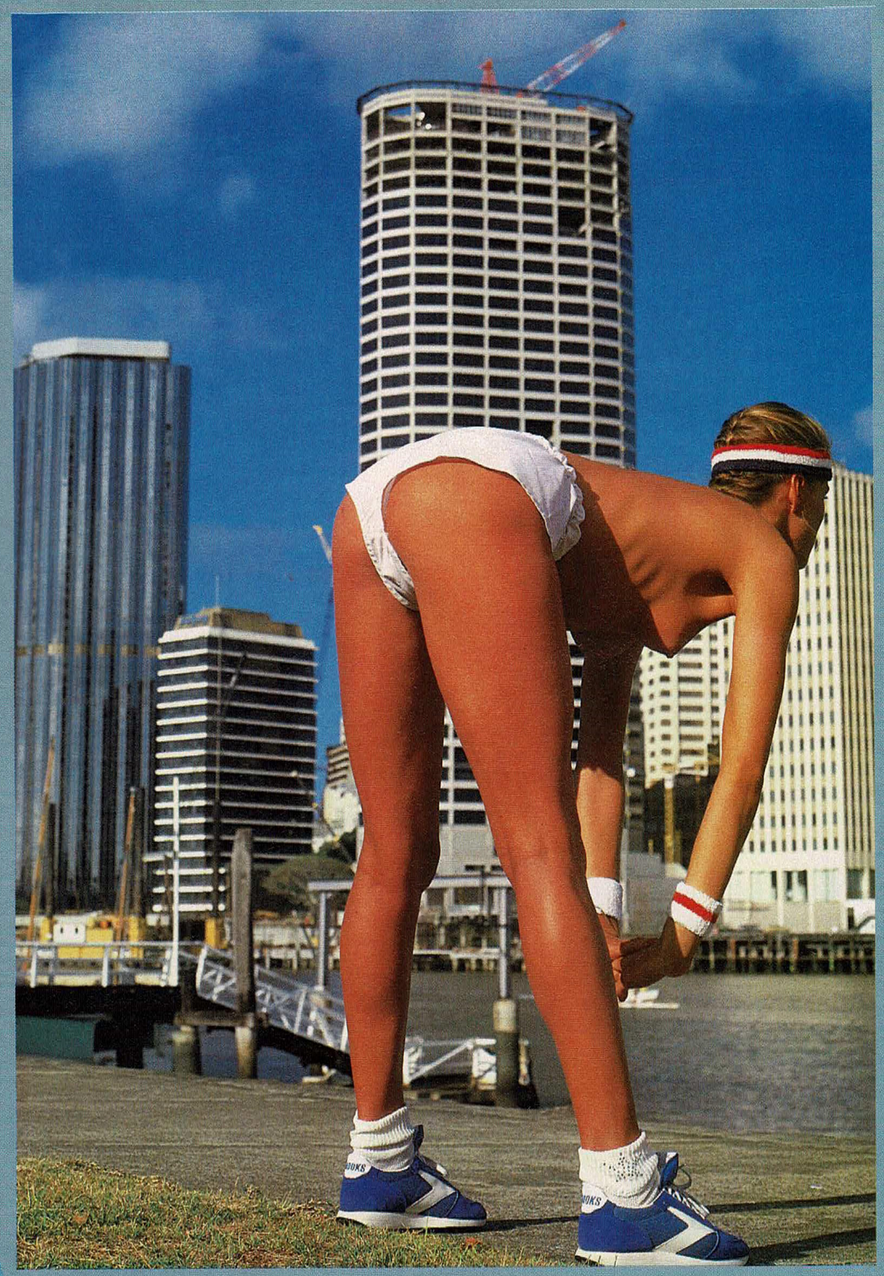


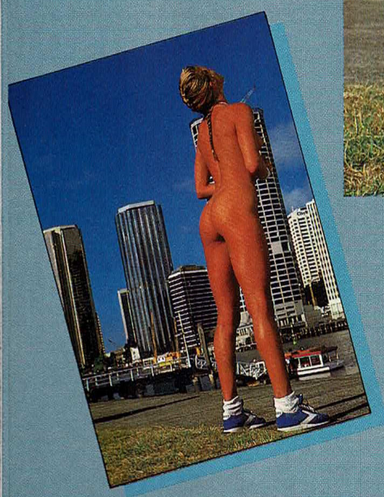


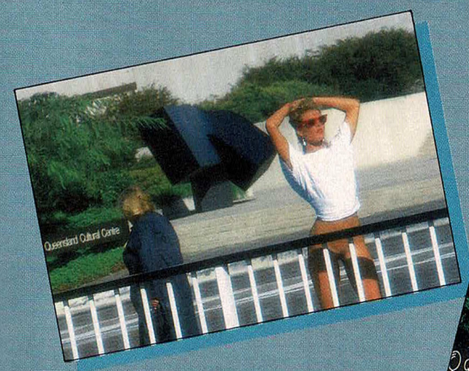


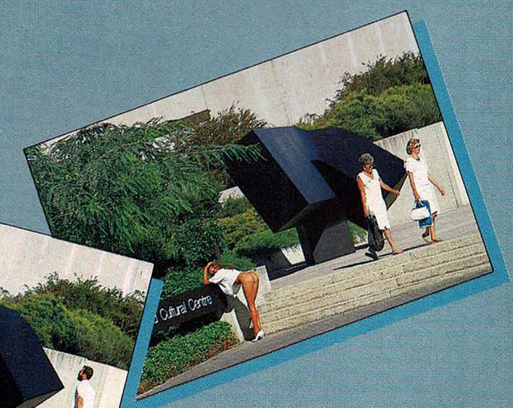


POSTCARDS FROM BRISBANE









POSTCARDS FROM BRISBANE

FICTION BY ANTHONY ENGLISH

WHITE MISSUS

Holbrook has nothing to do but drink, screw and eat now that Gail is on the job

"Master Bob, me like ride White Missus. Pay later, okay?"

"No credit, Tomasi. You know the system. No beer, no bang. You can ride White Missus if you come back with half a dozen bottles and some tucker. Now piss off!"

"Me come back six o'clock, okay?"

"No bookings. First come, first served. Rah-ha-ha! You'll be in church then anyway, with your Bible-bashing Kanaka mates and your Kiwi pastor. Piss off. There's a customer waiting to come up from the wharf."

Tomasi wandered halfway down the hill towards Holbrook's wharf. *Stinking red-haired boar*, he thought. *Half naked like a bush Kanaka. Ten years ago he dressed all in white every day.* Tomasi went off the track into the coconut plantation to take a leak so that Solomon, the lay-preacher and black as print, could pass unembarrassed on his way up to Holbrook's bungalow.

Tomasi stamped his feet to frighten snakes away before starting to urinate. The undergrowth beneath the palms had be-

ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA CROSS

MISSUS

come very dense since Holbrook had fired his labor, deciding to rely entirely on White Missus for his livelihood. Tomasi heard the bottles clink as Solomon sauntered by with a palmleaf basket under his arm. *Sweet potatoes not enough to stop the noise. Should wrap each bottle in banana leaf.*

As he climbed into his canoe, Tomasi looked over his shoulder up the hill. He saw Holbrook take the basket from Solomon and lead him into the bungalow. Tomasi let the canoe drift in the hope that tranquility would prompt the recesses of his mind to discover a method of obtaining six bottles of beer on an island controlled by the Seventh Day Adventist church.

Back at the house, Holbrook inspected the sweet potatoes for freshness and counted six bottles of beer into the kerosene refrigerator. He took a condom from a shelf, gave it to Solomon and led him to a heavy door, from which he removed a mighty padlock.

"You know where she is. Make sure you use that franger, and get off her when the alarm goes whether you're finished or not. Amen."

Holbrook ambled back to the verandah after collecting a cold beer and setting the alarm clock which he kept on the floor just inside the bungalow. Until a few weeks ago he would set it and give it to each customer to take with him, but Tomasi had learnt how to alter it.

"You've got ten minutes!" he yelled as he collapsed into the hammock. He poured half a stubby down his gullet and closed his eyes.

Everything was fucking A-1. He was brilliant. *White Missus, I love you. You don't give me any shit. Beats copra. Consistent prices. No effort. No Kanaka labor to spoil the atmosphere. Just enough customers since the change from cash to booze and tucker. Pissed all the time though.*

Have to take cash sometimes for kero. Too many customers when it was all cash. Queues. Fights. No class. No privacy for the customers. Too much wear and tear on White Missus. Clientele now manageable. Clientele. Kanaka clientele. Rah-ha-ha!

Seven-Days have lots of cash. Don't drink. Hard for them to get booze. Enough can get it. Next island. Dangerous trip by canoe at night. Do anything for white fanny. Kanaka's dream, White Missus.

Holbrook farted as the alarm screamed. Most people would also have dropped the beer bottle, but Holbrook was not sure if it was empty. The alarm stopped after five seconds. He yelled something like "Karn!" and Solomon emerged from the bungalow with his hands in the pockets of his khaki shorts.

"Where is it?" demanded Holbrook, getting out of the hammock. Solomon withdrew his right hand and held it palm upward. On it lay a green ribbed condom, used and knotted. "Okay. Put it away." Solomon closed his hand and put it back into his pocket. "Amen," mocked Holbrook.

Holbrook fetched another beer and rolled back into the hammock. *Done well enough out of her today. Thirty bottles, five fish, a dozen sweet spuds, a pineapple, a bunch of bananas. Might have a go myself when I finish this one.*

On his way down to the wharf, Solomon once again began to prepare his soul for the public repentance which Pastor Bright would eventually demand of him. Holbrook watched him out of one minutely opened eye. Another canoe was about to berth.

"Hey, Solomon!" howled Holbrook. "Tell him the chapel's closed for the day! He can make his offering tomorrow! Rah-ha-ha!"

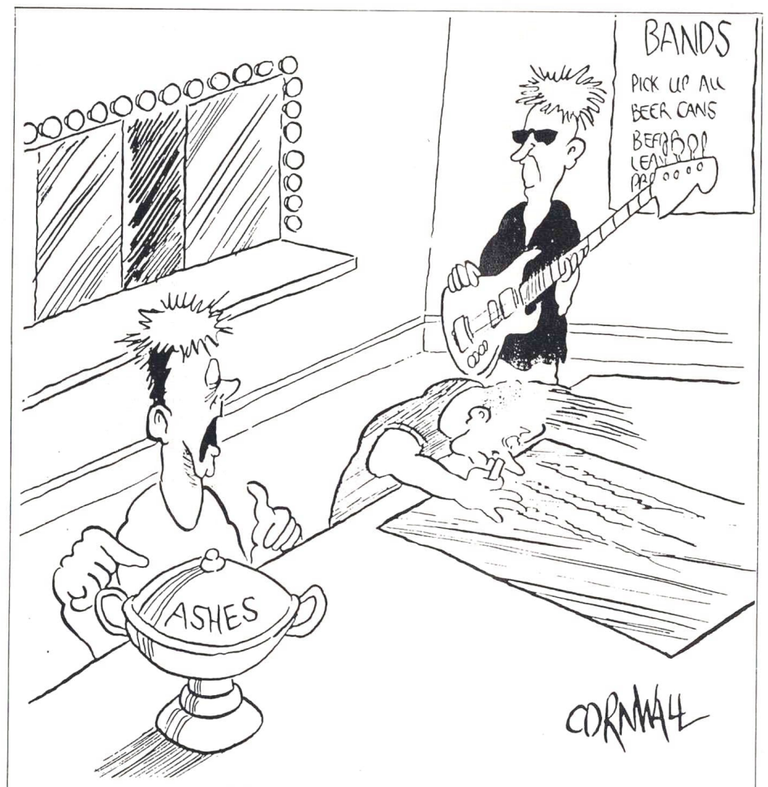
The pool of sweat continued to grow beneath the hammock. *Bay must be full of frangers. Bobbing round like jellyfish. Don't like them myself. Have to wear them if the Kanakas don't. Dangerous otherwise. Might catch religion. Rah-ha! Anyway,* white *female. Not proper if they don't wear frangers. Have to prove it on the way out after Tomasi's effort. Sloppy little rock-ape. Always begging for credit. Let him paddle his canoe next door like the rest. Want something, got to earn it.*

Holbrook spluttered and snorted as the hammock swayed. His mouth hung open in his normal breathing mode, and every two minutes he poured beer into it. He could do that with perfect accuracy while dozing. He smiled inanely as he noticed that his penis was slightly tumescent. *Remnant or onset? Still growing,* he decided. *That's right. Haven't done her since Solomon left. Promised myself. Get to it. Finish beer first. Housemaid'll be here soon. Used to screw her before Gail arrived. Wouldn't move her black arse.*

Holbrook ensured no-one was near the house or at the wharf. He took a beer from the refrigerator and staggered into the room vacated earlier by Solomon. On the floor was a mattress, and on the mattress was a naked white blonde, arms upraised to receive him. Her ankles were a metre apart.

"You're never shy, are you Gail? Never say no either. Good combination, eh gorgeous?" His erection sprang from his shorts as he removed them. From a beer bottle near the mattress he poured coconut oil into his palm and rubbed it on to his penis. He moved to mount Gail, but decided to wipe her down first with his shorts when he saw that she was covered in Solomon's perspiration. An open safety pin caught her skin and she started to hiss.

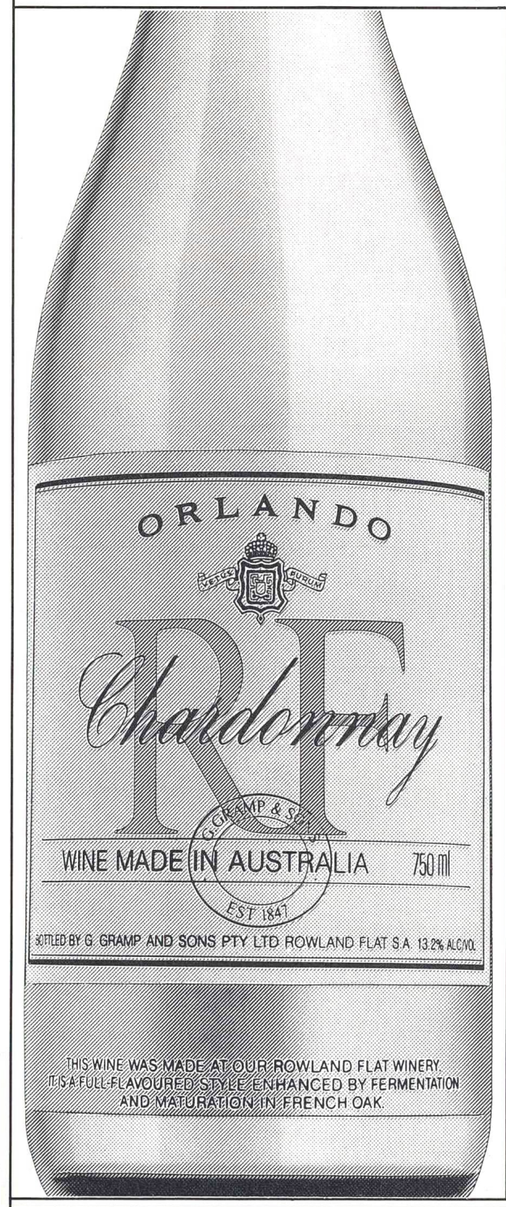
Holbrook shoved in his penis and pumped fiercely in the hope that he would climax while she still had body. It might take six weeks to ship in a bicycle repair kit from provincial headquarters. What in hell would he drink in the meantime? Maybe the Kanakas would give him credit. ○+

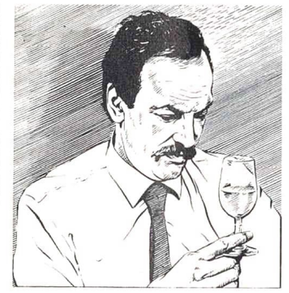


"It's what he would have wanted."

"Great Chardonnay doesn't have to be expensive."

TONY LORD, PUBLISHER, DECANTER MAGAZINE, LONDON.


ORLANDO
RF
Chardonnay
G. GRAMP & SONS
WINE MADE IN AUSTRALIA 750 ml
EST 1847
BOTTLED BY G. GRAMP AND SONS PTY LTD ROWLAND FLAT S.A. 13.2% ALC/VOL
THIS WINE WAS MADE AT OUR ROWLAND FLAT WINERY.
IT IS A FULL-FLAVOURED STYLE, ENHANCED BY FERMENTATION
AND MATURATION IN FRENCH OAK.



Writing in The Australian, Tony Lord, Publisher of Decanter Magazine, the world's leading wine magazine, described the 1984 Orlando RF Chardonnay as "a delicious wine and outstanding value by international standards." So we sent a few bottles of our 1985 vintage to London for him to taste. His description of it is "a wine of fine balance. You can drink it now, but put a few bottles aside and you will get a very nice surprise."

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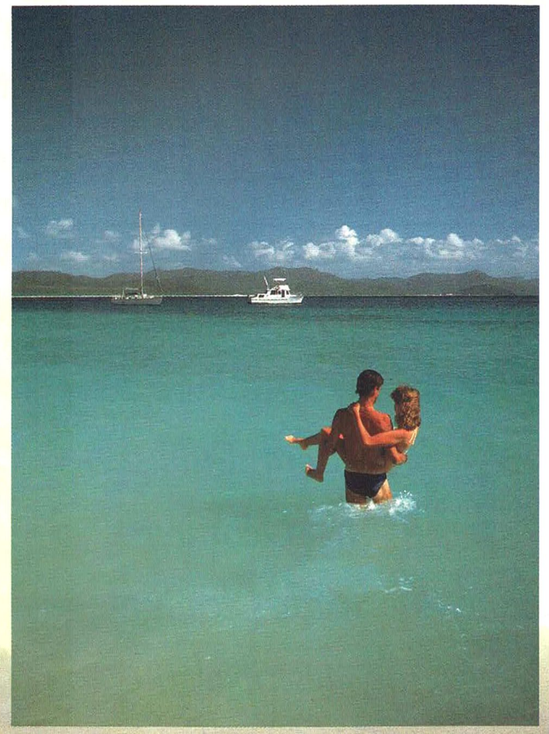
Orlando RF Chardonnay.

WIN A WEEK IN THE WHITSUNDAYS

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!



Stop dreaming about sailing off into a tropical paradise with an all-girl crew. Enter this competition and you could be doing just that.

Imagine . . . one glorious week of cruising in the magnificent Whitsundays on a luxury yacht or power boat courtesy of Queensland Yacht Charters, Ansett Airlines and *Australian Penthouse*. And it's not just for one or two people. It's for six . . . in other words, for you and your crew. The crew can consist of you and five girls, or three couples, or your family, or whatever combination you choose.

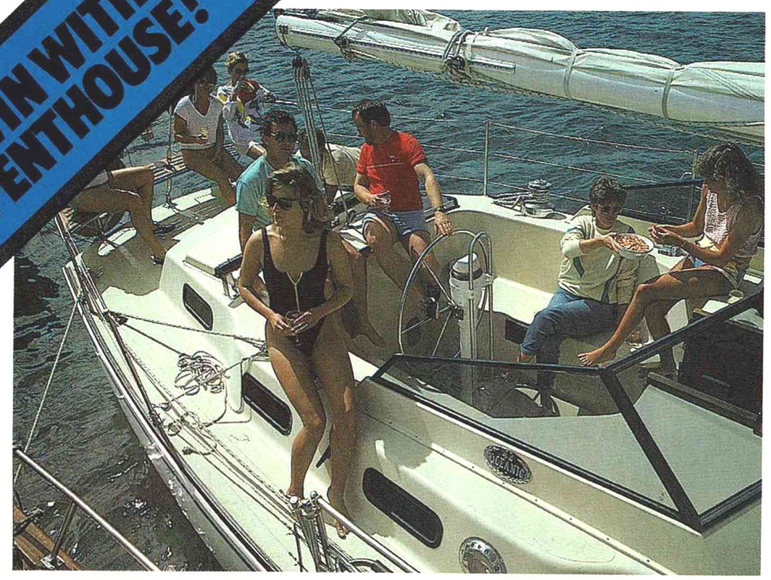
To win this great prize simply turn the page, answer the questions on the coupon and post it off to *Australian Penthouse*. The other requirement is that you, or someone in your crew, knows how to sail. After all, it is a sailing holiday. Alternatively, if you are an inexperienced sailor Queensland Yacht Charters will offer you the choice of a luxury motor cruiser or you can hire the services of a qualified skipper at a cost of approximately $90 per day. (This charge, if applicable, will be borne by the contest winner.) If you do elect to take a skipper along, because of on-board space constraints your crew must be restricted to a maximum of five, including yourself.

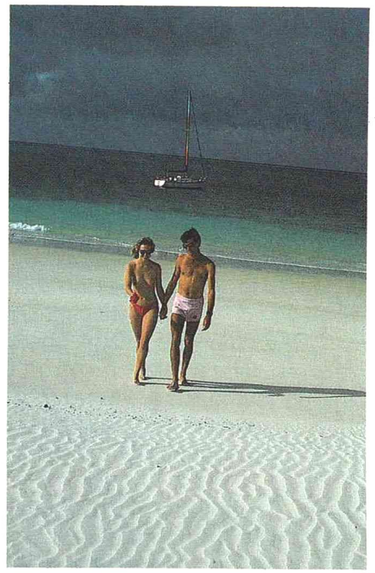
Australia's
WHITSUNDAY BOATING
HOLIDAYS

Ansett.

Queensland Yacht Charters Pty. Limited

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!





Queensland Yacht Charters are renowned throughout the sailing world for the immaculate standards of their boats, their superb on-board facilities and sumptuous provisioning. So after your Ansett flight to Proserpine and the short, pleasant coach trip to QYS's base at Shute Harbor you'll step on to what is really a floating, fully self-contained luxury apartment.

All you'll need to bring along on this adventure of a lifetime are some summer clothes, sunglasses and sun lotion, a light sweater for the evenings, a selection of cassettes for the on-board stereo system and your choice of liquid refreshments. If you prefer you can let QYC know what your liquor requirements are and they'll ensure that your boat's fridge is fully stocked when you come on board. It goes without saying that you'll also need a camera, as the Whitsundays are spectacularly photogenic. Make sure you take along plenty of film as well.

The Whitsunday Passage, named by Captain James Cook back in 1770, can be likened to a sailor's paradise. Rising out of an aquamarine sea are 74 magical islands, edged by pure white sand beaches and surrounded by stunningly beautiful coral reefs. You can swim, snorkel, explore deserted islands, fish for 10kg mackerel, dive with the turtles, feed on the oysters or just bask all day in the sun. How you spend your time is up to you and your crew . . . We're sure you'll think of something. And you're welcome to call in at most of the island resorts for a change of pace and a rage with the landlubbers.

The prize includes air travel for up to six people to and from Prosperpine courtesy of Ansett Airlines, coach travel between Proserpine and Shute Harbor, and a seven-day boat charter from Queensland Yacht Charters including full provisioning (but excluding liquid refreshments) for up to six people. Total value of the package is a minimum $6000.

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Whitsundays Yacht Cruise Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the first three questions can all be found on this page.

1. Why are Queensland Yacht Charters renowned throughout the world?

_____

2. Who named the Whitsunday Passage? _____

3. To which airport does Ansett Airlines fly to connect with Queensland Yacht Charters?

_____

4. What boating experience have you or your crew members had?

_____

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

Permit No TC86/769. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, employees of Ansett Airlines and their families and employees of Queensland Yacht Charters and their families.

Closing date for the competition will be the last mail on Friday, July 25, 1986. The prize must be taken before March 31, 1987. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant, provided he/she has included details of boating experience satisfactory to the directors of Queensland Yacht Charters, will be the winner. If the boating experience of the first drawn entrant is not considered satisfactory, that entrant will be given the option of hiring the services of a skipper for the seven days at the entrant's own expense. If he/she chooses not to take up that option, another entry will be drawn.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by Ansett Airlines, Queensland Yacht Charters and *Australian Penthouse*.

Which of the French masters has most influenced Pro Hart?

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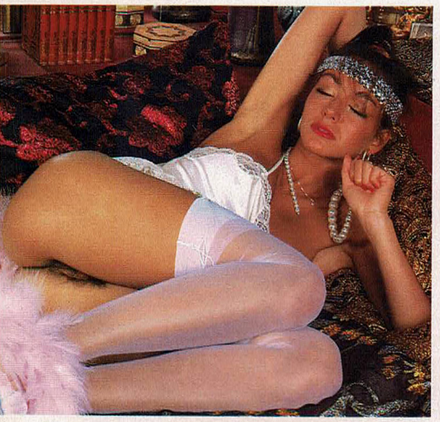
VIVE LA MISS FRANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CAYROL STEVENS

There's only one thing better than photographs of Miss France . . . and that's photographs of a defrocked Miss France. And that is exactly the station of beautiful Isabelle Chaudieu. This perfectly proportioned beauty queen did not appear in last year's Miss World contest because the organisers decided she was too naughty to enter. But we certainly would have entered her . . .

Isabelle committed her *faux pas* while reigning as Miss Cote d'Azur 1984 by posing for a French men's magazine. Shortly after she won Miss France 1985 the shots came to light and she was forced to relinquish her crown. Now she's agreed to pose exclusively for *Penthouse*.

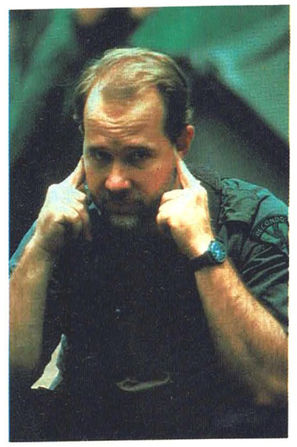


Now that the foolhardy French have said *adieu* to Miss Chaudieu, they've kissed her gorgeous assets goodbye. Yet with France's dubious reputation in foreign affairs it seems, for once, they got it *right* and have improved international relations.

Meanwhile irresistible Isabelle is unperturbed and enjoying a *tres* successful international modelling career. And at the mere age of 18, she has a big future in front of her.

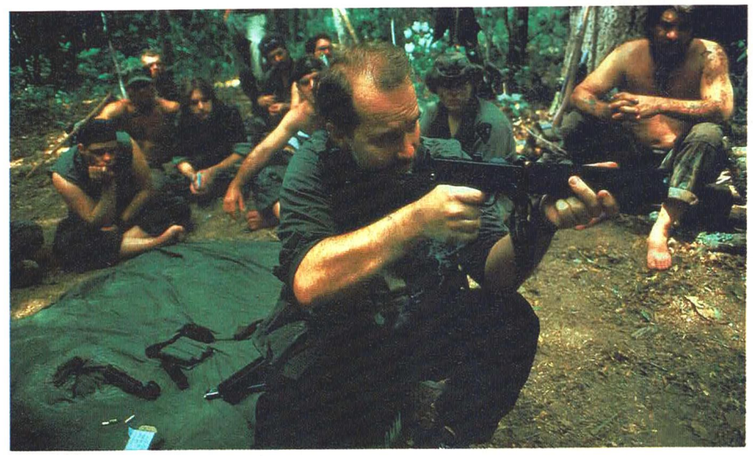
It seems that losing her title may have been the best thing that has ever happened to her. Despite the dubious threads within French foreign policy, no threads bother us here.

THE SIKH TERROR PLOT



The Sikhs' plans for violence against the Indian government reach an extraordinary climax, with horrific consequences

PART TWO



Last month, the author — who runs a private paramilitary training camp in Alabama — told how he was contacted by Sikh militants who wanted his assistance in a terror plot directed at the government of India. To prevent this violence, Camper contacted the FBI, who assigned agent "Donnie Morris" (not his real name) to work with him. Despite some reservations about Morris and the bureau itself, Camper agreed to introduce Morris to the Sikhs as one of his mercenary "trainers." A meeting was arranged in a New York hotel room with Sikh leaders Lal Singh and Gurpartap Birk Singh.

JANUARY 26, 1985, 9:30am
NEW YORK HILTON HOTEL

When Lal knocked on our hotel room door, everybody was ready. I was sitting on my edge of the bed, and Donnie Mor-

BY FRANK CAMPER

TERROR

ris was leaning against the low chest of drawers, beside the television.

I had scattered newspapers and maps over the bed to discourage our visitors from sitting anywhere but on the two chairs we had prepared for them in a corner of the room. A serving tray, glasses, and a jug of iced orange juice were set on the table between the chairs. The Sikhs drank only water or fruit juices.

In the adjoining room was the FBI surveillance team, listening and watching electronically. The room was wired for sound. There was a closed-circuit television camera monitoring us and recording on video tape, and Donnie wore a small tape recorder on an elastic belt under his sweater and windcheater.

This was an important meeting. Birk was finally going to meet Morris. We were supposed to locate the training site, and I was going to get more information about the Sikh sabotage plans.

Outside, we had an FBI van parked across the street from the hotel entrance. Behind its mirrored windows were sophisticated 35-millimetre cameras with telescopic lenses. We had an advantage here. There was some construction work going on outside the hotel, blocking the footpaths, and it made the front door the only street entrance practical to use. This channeled the Sikhs for us.

I opened the door and in walked Gurpartap Birk Singh, alias John Singh, and tall, smiling Lal. Morris, slumping against the chest of drawers, stood a bit more erect and managed a welcoming expression. He slumped because of the body recorder concealed under his sweater. Bending forward slightly created wrinkles, which made it invisible.

Birk and Lal walked straight to the waiting seats, and I poured them glasses of fruit juice.

"John," I said, "this is Donnie, the instructor I've been telling you about. He made this trip especially to meet you." Birk rose slightly from his seat and reached forward to shake hands with Donnie, who maintained his slight slump as he leaned toward Birk and took his hand.

Lal nodded to Morris.

"Don can get the things you need," I said. "He's got the contacts for the plastic explosives, the Ingrams, and the passports."

"Well," Birk said, "it is very useful to know such a man."

"I've worked with Donnie for a long time," I said, "and he handles things for me. Either he can get what you need, or he'll be able to find someone who can."

In his jeans, sweater, and black cotton windbreaker, Donnie looked perfect in the part of a mercenary.

I began the meeting with my price quotes for conducting the training Birk wanted, and asking questions concerning details of lodging, feeding, and transporting his men. If the training agreement between us had been genuine, these would have been concerns. Birk was now talking in terms of a dozen men or less, and a course that would extend for only a few weeks rather than three months. This brought about a reduction in expenses from the Sikhs.

To keep our business meeting realistic, I had to calculate, refigure, and bicker for the dollars.

"Can we get a ride up to the training site?" Donnie asked. "We need to see it before we make plans."

"That is not necessary now," Birk said, drinking his orange juice. "I have made other arrangements. That property up in the mountains is still covered with snow. We cannot even reach it by car right now. I didn't realise this condition would exist when I bought that land, so I have begun

> Tim knew nothing of the Sikh terrorist group and the investigations. When he turned down the assassination, Paul was relieved

to look for something closer."

"Like here in New York?" I asked. "John, I need a remote place for these guys to train. We're going to be blowing things up!"

John smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "I have a good place in mind. It will be private and it will be nearer the city. I wish I had known about the weather problem before. This has been one of the reasons for our delay."

I had placed a large-scale map of New York State on the bed so I could casually refer to it and give Birk the opportunity to point out the general area of his property, but it apparently didn't matter now.

With that issue settled for the moment, I moved on to another critical subject — the false passports. "Donnie gets some of the travelling papers I need," I said. "Don, John wants some US passports. Do you still have that friend who can get them?"

"Yeah," Morris said, "but it depends on how many and how fast. What exactly do you need?"

"Oh, not so many," Birk said. "I don't have an actual count right now, but possibly a half dozen."

"You'll need to get the photos and the names you want in each one," I said to Birk.

"I understand," Birk said. "I will see how many I need and organise it this next week.

"Now I have a consideration," Birk continued. "In June, here in New York, there will be a special fair for India. It will include displays of art, foods, and culture. I think it would be nice if we could do something, even something small, to show India our displeasure."

"Do something like what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing very serious. I don't believe we would want to hurt anyone; I just feel we cannot allow them to have such an event and let it go untouched."

"Something non-lethal?" I asked. Morris glanced at me. He didn't want me suggesting anything to Birk. On tape, the US government wanted all the motions to come from the Sikhs.

"John," I said, "the things we are discussing are very serious. Donnie and I cannot afford any trouble with the United States government. You and I discussed security precautions before, but at this stage, I have to make certain there are no leaks about our involvement with you."

Birk shrugged and looked at Lal. "Only our very top leaders know of these talks," he said. "We will keep it this way. You will deal only with me or with Lal."

Morris appeared thoughtful, as if he were making decisions about becoming any more deeply involved. "You told Frank you were looking for explosives," he said. "Do you mean like C4?"

"Yes," Birk said. "Since our man in India has been jailed, it has been very hard for us to get what we need. How much C4 can you supply?"

"Well, I don't know right off," Donnie said. "I have to have a chance to go back and talk to my source."

Lal spoke again to Birk, reminding him of something. "We can get a bomb aboard an Indian naval vessel. We would like C4 for that."

I had to find out how they had the ability to take a bomb aboard a ship. "Aboard a naval vessel?" I asked. "That's pretty tight security! How can you get a bomb big enough past the guards?"

"You don't understand," Birk said. "We don't have as much security in our country as you do. The naval ships are not even guarded at times, and even when they are, we have many Sikhs who work on them or on the docks."

"I'm going on a job and I won't be finished for a couple of weeks, but I'll get the answers about the passports and the C4 and relay them back to you through Frank," Morris said to Birk.

Donnie was actually promised out on another FBI operation, and simply didn't have the time to pursue the matter. The Sikh operation would have to wait until he could come back to it. This was a perfect example of the FBI having to juggle operatives, to the possible detriment of a counterterror mission.

Birk was satisfied. He stood and Lal collected the orange juice glasses and set them back beside the jug. All of us left the room together and walked to the elevators, and rode one down to the lobby.

Donnie pushed the glass door open, and we filed out on to the New York street. I could almost feel the camera focus on us.

"I'll call you," I said to Birk, as he and Lal walked away. Birk smiled and waved back towards us.

Morris was actually wearing a smile of his own. "I think we got 'em," he said.

THE RAID PLAN: LATE APRIL 1985

The raid that was supposed to lead to the arrest of all the Sikh terrorist trainees was planned for approximately May 8, two days after the "training" course was to start. Donnie and two other FBI agents, all pretending to be Mercenary School cadre, would be at the Delaware, New Jersey site to greet the incoming students.

The raid team itself was assembled at FBI headquarters in Quantico, Virginia, and was being briefed on the layout of the training site, its grounds and buildings. The team, after receiving word the Sikhs were in place, would fly into New Jersey and be driven to an assembly point near the site.

There were different raid plans to cover different situations. In one plan, the Sikhs, under the impression they were going to attend a class, would be escorted by Donnie into a wooded area near the training site's building. At the wooded area, contraband weapons and explosives would be ready for the supposed training. Hidden in the forest around the training area would be the FBI teams, carrying video cameras in order to record the actual raid. A second — and preferred — option was to begin the training, and then at night, while the students slept, move in the raid teams and arrest all of the Sikhs quietly and efficiently.

Much of the responsibility for the timing and methodology of the raid depended on Donnie Morris, who would be the key inside man. He would have to communicate and co-ordinate with the raid team — with Sikhs all around him. I could not be present at the training site since that would reveal my cover, and at that time, a good deal of care had been taken to keep my participation and position secret.

Fox, my FBI contact, told me to make an excuse to Birk to miss the very start of the training. During the last week of April, while Donnie was visiting with Birk to settle some of the final details before beginning the training, Donnie called me and after a short, faked discussion, handed the phone to Birk.

I told Birk I could not be on time for the training because my son had injured his arm in a motorcycle accident, and I needed to be home for a few days. Birk wasn't happy with my inability to be available on time, but he accepted the excuse.

When I put the handset down on the cradle, I thought the next thing I'd hear about the Sikhs would be on the national news.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1985

It was about 10am. The sun was shining outside, and I was relieved that the FBI raid team from Quantico would very shortly be on their way to New Jersey. The Sikhs would be in the bag, and I would be paid.

I heard my son Barret's motorcycle outside, and he came into the house in a hurry. He had been sleeping at the Bunker, and I assumed he was coming home for breakfast.

"The Sikhs are at the Bunker," he said.

My first thought was that he was joking. "Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes!" Barret said. I could see he wasn't joking. "They're talking with Paul [Johnson, an employee at the training camp] right now."

"How many of them are there?" I asked, wondering what was happening, what had gone wrong.

"Just a couple. That's all I saw."

I knew something was wrong. No Sikhs were supposed to be in town at all. The Sikh operation was over. This had the signs of a disaster.

I telephoned the downtown FBI office and asked the switchboard operator to call my contact agent at home. A minute later, the phone rang. It was Fox.

"There are Sikhs at the Bunker," I said, and began to explain what I knew so far. As I was doing that, Barret came back, hurrying to the bedroom where I was waiting.

"They want Paul to go to New Orleans and kill somebody," Barret said. "They want guns. Paul's just driven them to Tim's so they can buy a pistol from him."

I relayed the information to Fox.

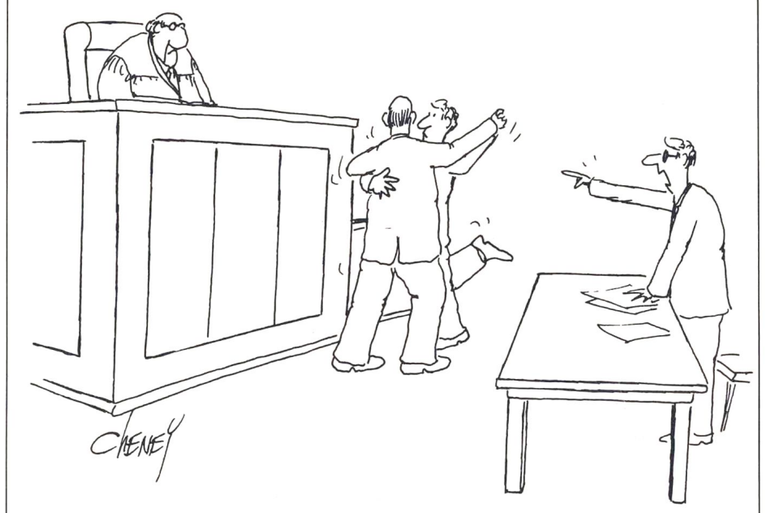
"Let me tell you something," he said. "We got a telex from the CIA saying there was going to be a minister of the Indian government travelling to New Orleans for some kind of medical treatment, and there might be an assassination attempt against him."

"That's why they're here," I said. "They must be on their way to New Orleans."

I kept my reaction to myself. It was another example of my being taken out of the loop, replaced by a salaried agent.

The FBI naturally wanted their people to do as much as possible and keep involvement by outside hired help like me to a minimum, but this was an error of such magnitude, it seemed to doom the entire operation at the 11th hour.

When I had put the phone down, Barret told me how he and Paul had been sleeping late in the rear of the Bunker, and there had come a loud banging on the large steel bay door. Sleepily, wearing only a T-shirt and jogging shorts, Paul had walked to the bay door and pushed it up. Squinting into the sunlight, he was confronted by two Sikhs.



"Objection, Your Honor . . . counsel for the defence is leading the witness!"

TERROR

For a moment, Paul didn't know if they had come to kill him, if they were looking for me and wanted to kill me, or if, by some chance, they were just dropping by on a visit. He knew the raid was set for the beginning of the week.

One of our graduate Mercenary Association students was one of the two. Neither Barret nor Paul knew the other man with him. The stranger was wearing a camouflaged bush hat and was dressed in wrinkled sports clothes. He had a heavy beard and long hair.

"Paul said he'd get right back here as fast as he could," Barret said. "The Sikhs were asking for you. Paul told them you were out of town." It sounded like Paul was doing a good job. He was obviously delaying the Sikhs to give me a chance to coordinate with the FBI.

While I was still questioning Barret and taking calls every few minutes from Fox, Paul was selling a .45-calibre automatic pistol to the Sikhs. They had originally asked Paul for a pistol, silencer, and grenades, if they were available. When Paul said the Merc School was out of all those items at the moment, our student said just a pistol would do. The pistol belonged to Tim Arnet, a Mercenary Association graduate, whom the Sikhs had met during their training course. Tim was a private investigator and bounty hunter.

Paul, Tim and the Sikhs drove to a garbage dump to test-fire the pistol. They had one loaded magazine. Paul didn't really want the Sikhs to get their hands on a loaded weapon, still worried they might suddenly turn it on him, but his concern was diminishing. At the dump, Paul handed Tim the pistol and magazine, and watched as he fired two test shots.

Paul and Tim were offered the job of riding to New Orleans with the Sikhs and killing their target. He said they would be back in Birmingham (Alabama) by the next day. At first Paul was offered $1000 for the hit, but when Paul said no it was upped to $1400.

Tim, unaware of why Paul had brought the Sikhs to him except for the sale of the pistol, seemed to Paul to seriously consider the offer, and Paul was afraid Tim might accept. He knew nothing of the Sikh terrorist group and the FBI investigation. When he turned down the assassination, Paul was tremendously relieved, but could not show it.

During this time I had been given a directive by Fox. I was to go to a local motel and check in and stay until I was given the all-clear. This was a move to keep me out of sight, since there was no way of knowing if the Sikhs might come back to town looking for me, and cause something to happen that could endanger the raid in which all of the Sikhs were going to be arrested.

I took my packed suitcase and the M11 submachine gun and kit, with its bullet-proof vest, silencer, and extra magazines. I drove to the town of Bessemer and checked into a motel.

From the motel, I talked with Paul by phone as soon as he arrived at my house. He reported the situation to me and said he had personally talked to Fox and had given him the information as well. When I called Fox, he told me there was police protection being arranged in New Orleans for the Sikh's target, Bhajan Lal, Chief Minister of the Indian state of Haryana.

It was something of a surprise to us that the Sikhs knew as much about him as they did — including which hotel he was staying at and his room number. It indicated that the Sikhs had a source of information inside the Indian government.

The Sikhs left Birmingham about 1pm in a dark grey Chevrolet. The six hours it would take for them to drive to New Orleans would be enough for the authorities there to prepare to protect Bhajan Lal.

> Suddenly an explosion ripped a hole in the fuselage. Flight 182 then rolled and dived, its electrical systems burning out

Bhajan Lal had arrived in New Orleans on April 29 for a lens transplant operation on one of his eyes. He moved to the Meridien Hotel and was staying there for two more weeks of outpatient treatment.

The Indian government had cautioned the US State Department that Bhajan Lal's name was on the Sikhs' hit list. He had been outspoken against the Sikhs, and his state was located near the Punjab and the centre of trouble. The State Department had informed the Indian government that Bhajan Lal would be treated as an internationally protected person and given federal protection.

The warning call from the FBI in Birmingham to the New Orleans FBI office was relayed to the New Orleans Police Department, and they were advised to strengthen their guard. Before that, Bhajan Lal had only a single Indian security guard to protect him, but at least 14 New Orleans Police Department personnel were assigned directly to the job after the call. About half of them were personally detailed to Lal; the others set up a command post outside his room. They were on a maximum alert, and were in constant touch with the FBI, the Secret Service, the State Department, and the US attorney's office in New York and New Jersey.

Bhajan Lal did not exhibit much concern about the threat. The police advised him to change hotels and cancel a dinner appointment with a friend that he had planned for that night. He refused. The police provided him with a guarded limousine and a tailing security car. He left for the dinner at 7.30pm.

When they arrived in New Orleans, one Sikh parked the Chevrolet near the hotel, with a small arsenal of weapons hidden under the seat. The other then directed his men to make a walking recon of the hotel.

He had three men travelling with him instead of the one Paul Johnson had seen. Two of them had waited at a coffee shop while our two bought the pistol. Jatinder Singh Ahluwalia, 29, who lived and worked in New Orleans as a cabdriver, was the fourth man to meet them in New Orleans. Jatinder was acting as the local liaison for them, giving advice, directions and assistance.

Police lookouts outside the hotel saw the Sikhs as they walked past the building, and radioed their numbers and positions to the command post. Suddenly, when the men were outside the hotel, armed police and plainclothes officers moved quickly on to the street. The Sikhs surrendered without resistance.

It was approximately 10pm in New Orleans. The police only had four men in custody. Jatinder Singh Ahluwalia, the cabdriver, had seen the police coming and escaped. He went as quickly as he could to a telephone and called New York and New Jersey. He reported to the Sikhs there that Birk had been arrested.

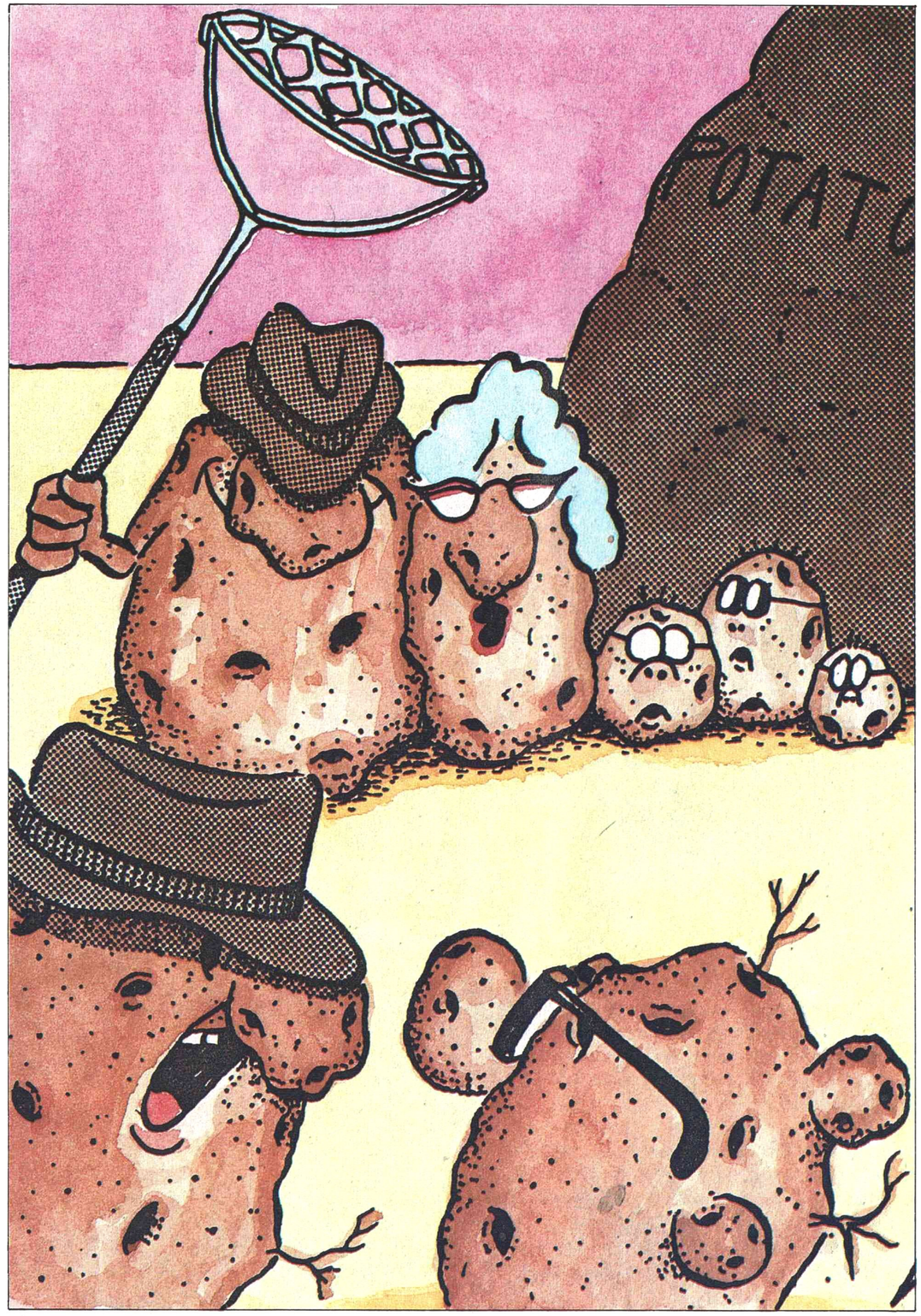
Word of the arrest spread quickly among the waiting group of terrorist trainees. They grabbed their papers and belongings and escaped into the Sikh underground communities in New York and Canada.

Lal was among those who vanished.

The disaster I had dreaded had been realised. Because of Morris' attempt to delay the Sikhs on their request for an assassination attempt, the New Jersey raid was compromised.

The Sikh cabdriver would be arrested at his home by FBI agents on May 12. His identity and address had been known since Birk's capture, but because he was local to New Orleans and reports of his arrest would jeopardise the news blackout the FBI was trying to impose on the incident, his arrest was left until the day prior to the public announcement on May 13 by William H. Webster, head of the FBI, that plots by Sikh terrorists to assassinate both Haryana Chief Minister Bhajan Lal and Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi had been foiled by the FBI.

On Monday May 6, about 20 US government security and intelligence officials arrived in New Orleans for an emergency



"Pay up or we mash your wife and kids!"

TERROR

strategy session that lasted two days.

The raid team was still ready in Quantico, Virginia, at FBI headquarters. The FBI sent a car and a few men on a reconnaisance mission to the house on the New Jersey training camp site that was to be used as a classroom and barracks. No-one was there, except for a couple of Sikhs who hadn't been identified in any earlier investigation. They were simply maintaining the grounds, and claimed innocence and ignorance.

I still waited in the motel in Bessemer, constantly notified of the action by telephone. After the FBI recon, I was called and given permission to leave.

The New Jersey raid, with all its anticipation and planning, was not going to happen. The meeting of the federal strategy group in New Orleans determined that some time was needed to try and locate the Sikhs who had fled, and the FBI could do that better if there were no news released about Birk being in jail.

JUNE 23, 1985

The electronic baggage monitor at the Toronto airport had broken down, and some of the luggage being loaded aboard Air India Flight 182, a Boeing 747, had been hand-inspected.

Flight 182's destination was Bombay. Counting the crew, there were 329 people aboard the jet. It flew first to Montreal, where three suspicious-looking bags waiting to be loaded with other luggage were kept off the aircraft, but after being examined, they were found to contain nothing harmful. The inspection of luggage was routine for an international flight.

After taking off from Montreal, Flight 182 headed east, to refuel in London, its next stop. The passengers were mostly Sikhs and Indians. There were wives, sons, mothers, and fathers on the flight. There were young and old, children and parents. Meals were served, passengers read.

When the aircraft was just off the coast of Ireland, it prepared to descend: touchdown was 40 minutes away. Suddenly, an explosion inside the 747, under the decks of the first-class section, ripped a hole through the side of the fuselage. Flight 182 then rolled and dived, its electrical systems burning out.

The 747 hit the cold Atlantic water, skipped, hit again, and disintegrated, shedding parts as it crashed across the surface.

There is some reason to believe that either by the efforts of the flight crew, or by chance, Air India Flight 182 hit the water in a long, shallow dive. This was evidenced by the intact condition of many of the recovered bodies, and the wreckage of Flight 182 being spread over six kilometres along the ocean floor.

When the splash and foam from the impact subsided, the wreckage sank — the fuselage broken open — and over a hundred corpses floated to the surface, along with bits of their belongings and floatable pieces of aircraft.

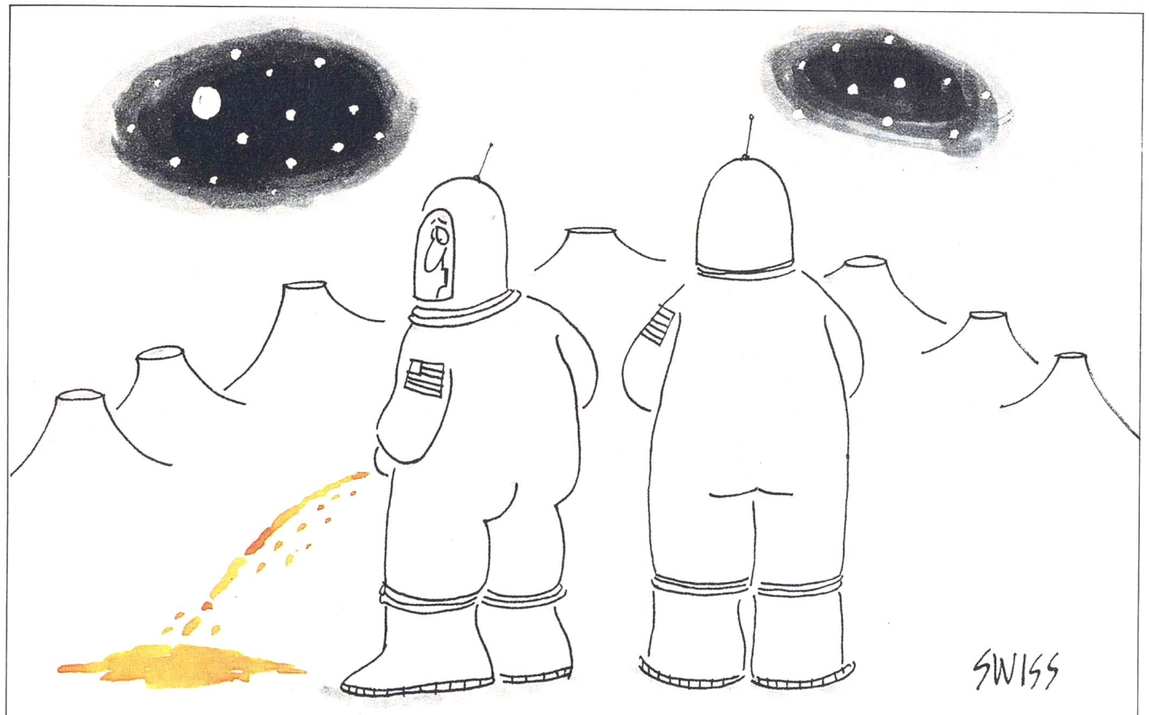
I was sitting at home in Birmingham on that Sunday of June 23, 1985, in the late afternoon, when I heard a television news report of the loss of Air India Flight 182 and the deaths of the 329 people onboard. I was sick.

Fifty-five minutes before Air India 182 vanished off the radar screens, a powerful bomb exploded at Narita International Airport in Japan, killing two Japanese baggage handlers and seriously wounding four others.

The baggage containing the bomb had just been removed from Canadian Pacific Flight 003 from Vancouver, British Columbia, which had landed at Narita only 40 minutes before the explosion, with 390 people on board.

The bag that exploded was thought to be in transit to another Air India Flight, No 301, from Tokyo to Bombay. Obviously, the bomb timing was miscalculated by its makers, and was intended for Air India Flight 301. It would have exploded as the aircraft left the coast of Japan. Two Air India 747s would have been downed almost at the same time, with a combined death toll of more than 600.

Continued on page 144



"And another thing . . . I for one am sick and damn tired of boldly going where no man has dared go before!"

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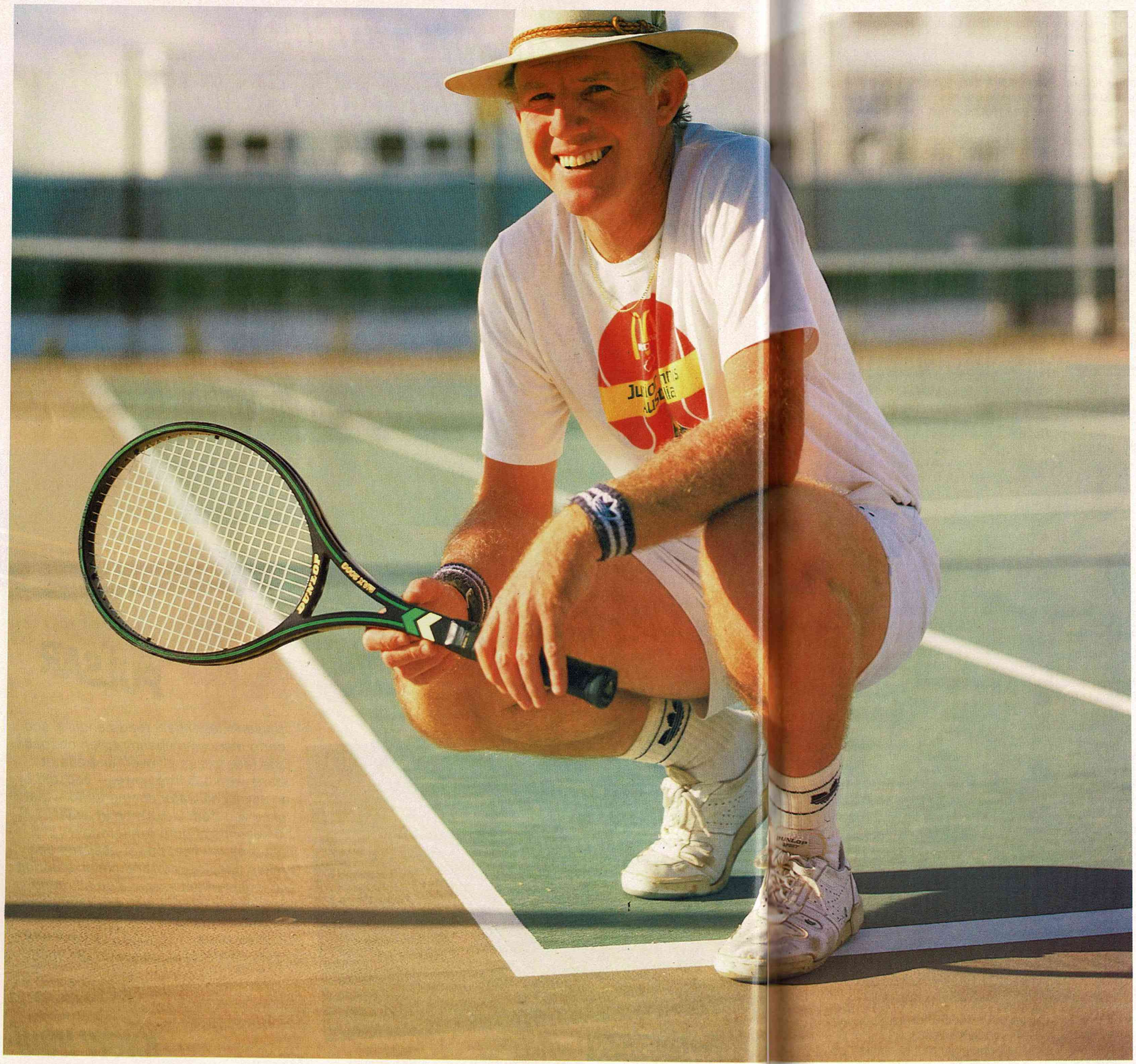


PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"I think we went wrong when we stuck to the old system for too long. The structure of tennis within Australia was a mistake"

RAY RUFFELS

BY DAVID McCAMEY

You probably remember Ray Ruffels from his Davis Cup playing days. Now he's the national tennis coach and head coach of the Australian Institute of Sport. That means Ruffels has been charged with the monumental task of pulling Australian tennis out of the catastrophic depression in which it now wallows. With Wimbledon on the horizon and still no great white hope of Australian tennis in sight, the ball is very firmly placed in Ruffels' court.

Until the advent of Open tennis in 1968, Australia ruled the roost. The Aussies were the undisputed aces, and they epitomised everything the sport had ever stood for: personal satisfaction and nationalistic pride.

Now the once-lauded "Bronzed Aussie" tennis player has become almost a laughingstock among followers of one of the world's biggest professional sports. But, as one American player pointed out during last year's US Open: "You have to have stock before it can be laughed at, and Australia has very little tennis stock. It's kind of sad."

Sad indeed. At the end of 1984, Australia boasted only two players in the world's top ten. Pat Cash, the sometimes brash, sometimes erratic, sometimes brilliant newcomer,

PHOTO BY HEIDE SMITH

was ranked eighth. Wendy Turnbull, who had been ensconced in the top ten in the Women's Tennis Association for almost a decade, was ranked fifth. When the next year's rankings were finalised, both had slipped. Cash had played very little because of an injury to his back, and consequently his ranking plummeted. Turnbull looked to have succumbed to increasing years and the strain of battle against the young Amazons of the women's circuit.

It has been 15 years since an Australian male won the coveted Wimbledon title — and 12 years since one appeared in the final (a morale-sapping 1-6 1-6 4-6 loss by veteran Ken Rosewall to American Jimmy Connors). In the 15 years before John Newcombe's 1971 victory, Australian men had won the singles title a dozen times and had been the beaten finalists on 11 occasions. The last Australian woman to wear the Wimbledon crown was Evonne Cawley in 1980, and that win was the first by an Australian since the same lady won the title as a teenager in 1971 — a year in which Australians featured in each of the five senior Wimbledon finals.

In the last rankings year (1985), Australian men failed to win a single Grand Prix tournament. It was an historical nadir for a sport which so recently had provided so much and promised even more. But there are some signs of better things to come. According to officials in every state, "There are new kids on the horizon." The trouble is that just when these kids should be ready to hit the heights, something always seems to go off the rails and we're left with a welter of excuses.

Is there something terribly wrong, then, with the machinations of the Australian tennis system? Ray Ruffels is one man who doesn't believe that. He is supremely confident that the tide will turn; he just doesn't know exactly *when*. Ruffels accepted an invitation to chat with journalist and long-term acquaintance David McCamey, and quickly found himself having to return some tough serves.

Penthouse: Where did we start to go wrong?

Ruffels: I think we went wrong when we stuck with an old system for too long. But it's like going to the races; if you've won on a system for a lot of years and then you have a bad run, you don't change instantly. But the structure of tennis within Australia was a mistake; the revolution sort of missed us; the Australian Open sort of dwindled away, although it is now going through a reincarnation. Things are happening in tennis now with the national stadium under construction, and the junior development programs being amalgamated, with a good board of management that is dealing with junior tennis. Certainly the Institute of Sport is a plus . . . State coaches are a plus . . . And on the whole it is pretty viable at the moment. That isn't saying that we don't have a long way to go. Our under-16 players did very well last year; the 14 And Unders and the 12 And Unders also did quite well. So, you know, there are good things happening everywhere in each of the states.

Penthouse: But we aren't putting those juniors through to Open tennis, are we?

Ruffels: I think with the girls, for instance, the improvement is showing. In 1984 we had five girls in the main draw of the three major tournaments in Australia, and last year we had 11 twice and ten once. That's double the amount of players in the main draw.

Penthouse: Are they getting into the draw because of their ranking, or as wild card entries?

Ruffels: There were the same amount of wild cards [where the tournament organisers place someone in the field who would otherwise have missed out] allocated, so it's because of their rankings and because they are coming through the qualifying rounds. It's not startling, and obviously not where we would prefer to be, but you can't deny that these sorts of things are improvements. Germany has been plugging away for years trying to produce top players; Sweden has been plugging away for years; France has been doing the same thing for more than ten years, probably since the advent of Open tennis. Australian tennis is in a much healthier position than it was, say, seven or eight years ago. Then we weren't getting players who made the junior final, which we are now. They just aren't kicking on in major international championships. Our numbers in the Australian tournaments were on the way down seven or eight years ago, whereas now I think they are on the way up. Also, during that period we have had the emergence of Pat Cash.

> "There's obviously a problem and everyone in Australia knows that the players aren't kicking along as we would like"

Penthouse: Respected former players like Arthur Ashe have been quoted as saying they'd only consider Cash a good tennis player after he had strung a couple of performances together. Wouldn't that belie the argument that Cash is leading an Australian revival?

Ruffels: Pat has his knockers, but it's obvious the potential is there. Anybody who can get to the semi-finals of two major tournaments [Wimbledon and the US Open] in the one year obviously has something. He has a problem with his back and that will have to improve before he can do anything, but just as obvious is that over the past five years his emergence has been one of the highlights, and it's come about since the junior development program started. If we count only the players who hadn't touched a racquet until six years ago, those players are only just starting to come through in the 16 And Under age bracket, and they're doing quite well. I'm very happy with the way things are going. I don't want to answer for players outside the 18 And Unders — they're not my worry. I haven't touched 18 And Unders since [John] Fitzgerald and [Wally] Masur, virtually. Maybe just one week here or there to help out. I suppose it *is* my worry, but I'm not personally involved.

Penthouse: Are you happy with the transition of players into the senior ranks?

Ruffels: Oh, there's obviously a problem and everyone in Australia knows that after the 18 And Unders, the players aren't kicking on as well as we would like.

Penthouse: How do we go about helping them?

Ruffels: There have been announcements in the past few months. The appointment of Bob Carmichael to the BP Achievers squad is a good step. I fought for a long time to get a coach travelling with those guys for 30 or 40 weeks of the year. That is one of the things I tried to get created. He is the coach the guys wanted, so it's now up to them. Once they have somebody with them for that number of weeks of the year, they should be on a par with every other country in the world.

Penthouse: Is the Institute headed in the right direction?

Ruffels: Yeah, very much so.

Penthouse: What about a recent report that you are looking to get athletes rather than tennis talent?

Ruffels: We have to look more toward that at the Institute, as well as at tennis talent. Even at grassroots level, we have to recognise athletes at 12 and 13 and then teach them how to play tennis. By the time they get to the Institute they already have to play tennis fairly well, but we have to lean more towards athletes playing tennis in Australia. In Sweden in the 12 And Unders they have this big Donald Duck circuit in the summer, and they don't necessarily pick the best tennis players — they go for the ones with the thinking minds and the best legs, and then they try to teach them how to play tennis. We have to get our machinery set up so we recognise good athletes down there in the grassroots, and out in the country. We have plans for it — a method whereby coaches can test ath-

"It was always his ambition to be hung in the academy."

letes off the court — but, once again, these things just don't come overnight. We want to be able to get a little physical profile on someone out the back of Bourke or wherever, and see if it is worth spending a bit more money to teach him or her to play better tennis.

Penthouse: At what age do you take them at the Institute?

Ruffels: This year we started taking them in the year they turn 15. We haven't tried that before. We haven't taken them any earlier than the year they turn 16, so we are having this trial and will review the results. What we are really trying to do is maximise the benefit we can give them.

Penthouse: Where does Australian tennis go from here?

Ruffels: Well, I think we are going in the right direction, but it takes a lot of years to create a program out of where we were. Sure, we were probably nowhere, but we still had the legacy of things that had gone before. We had the grassroots program of tennis in the clubs and the situation in the schools, and the problem of the way tennis is viewed. We were almost at the stage in Australia where the adults didn't like to play with kids, preferring their own social tennis. All these sorts of things were there. I don't think there is any doubt that when we were the best tennis nation in the world, our "A" grade players were the best "A" grade players in the world — and that isn't true anymore. There are some people playing competition "A-1" that I played "A-1" with, and that was a long while ago. But our program is aimed partly at changing all that. We want the kids introduced to the game at an earlier age and we're trying to update our coaching to the rest of the world. I think we are on the right track but, after all, Germany has been working at it for many, many years, restructuring their clubs, and they've still only come up with the one player — Boris Becker. Lenart Bergelin [top Swedish player and now coach] used to practise with me out here in Australia on the circuit when I was about 18 or 19. We practised for three and four hours a day together, because the older Swedish players didn't want to practise with a youngster. So the Swedes didn't do it overnight, either. While Germany has only produced the one outstanding player, they have a lot of potential and obviously Becker's success is going to get so many more people playing the game in Germany, which has a fairly big population as well. One would imagine that in five years' time there are going to be some pretty good German players around.

Penthouse: Is that the same multiplying factor that followed Bjorn Borg in Sweden?

Ruffels: Possibly. You never quite know about these things, but one would think so. It had been fairly obvious for quite a while that Europe was going to produce very good players. All the European countries have had junior development programs going for quite a while, and have been spending quite a bit of money on them.

Penthouse: How much money does Australia put into junior development?

Ruffels: In excess of $1 million.

Penthouse: Is that enough?

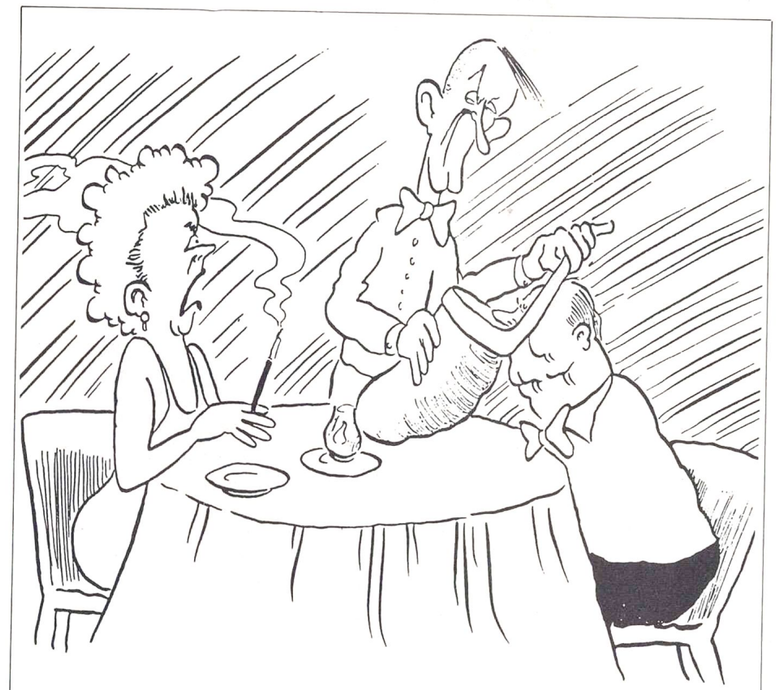
Ruffels: I think it probably is. You can't buy this thing. You can't buy talent and you can't buy a program. It takes a lot of things: it takes a lot of hard-working paid people plus the co-operation of a lot of hard-working unpaid people. A change of momentum will come about then. For instance, France spends $1 million, and that was a figure supplied to me many years ago, on their Eight-to-12 age groups, so it is probably more than that now. But the French also had a scheme for their elite players and spent a lot of money on them, and it reacted against them. With money, it has always got to be the creation of opportunity and incentive rather than financial support for those very, very good athletes.

Penthouse: When Open tennis arrived the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia stopped sending national teams overseas and the players felt abandoned. Do you think it was a wise decision?

Ruffels: That was probably true — that feeling of abandonment — but it was true of me. I was in the Australian team until I made the quarter-finals of Wimbledon in 1967 and then I was allowed to travel privately, and then Wimbledon went Open in 1968. That doesn't mean to imply that I would not have minded getting the opportunities the players get today, but I wasn't as badly off as players like Terry Rocavert [the NSW State coach], or even Mark Edmondson, or in fact Peter McNamara or Paul McNamee in that early stage. Mind you, it reacts two ways. McNamara, McNamee and Edmondson haven't done too badly out of it. There is always a fine line in all of these things, and that's why I keep getting back to creation of opportunity and incentive rather than *support*. When you are supported just to play tennis the incentive goes. McNamara and McNamee had help from Barry Phillips-Moore, who created the opportunity for them, and I feel that's where we have to be looking now. On the other hand, Rocavert didn't have anyone to help him.

Penthouse: Are we a lazy people who won't get off our bums and help ourselves?

Ruffels: I don't know about that, but our standards have slipped from what they were. I think we've lost the standards of the Fifties and Sixties regarding the intensity with which we view each day — how much and what value we can get out of each day by doing all the extra little things. Things that we had taken for granted in those days aren't now — you know, like getting down to the courts early, watching the next player you've got to play, hustling around that lit-



"I told you he eats like a horse."

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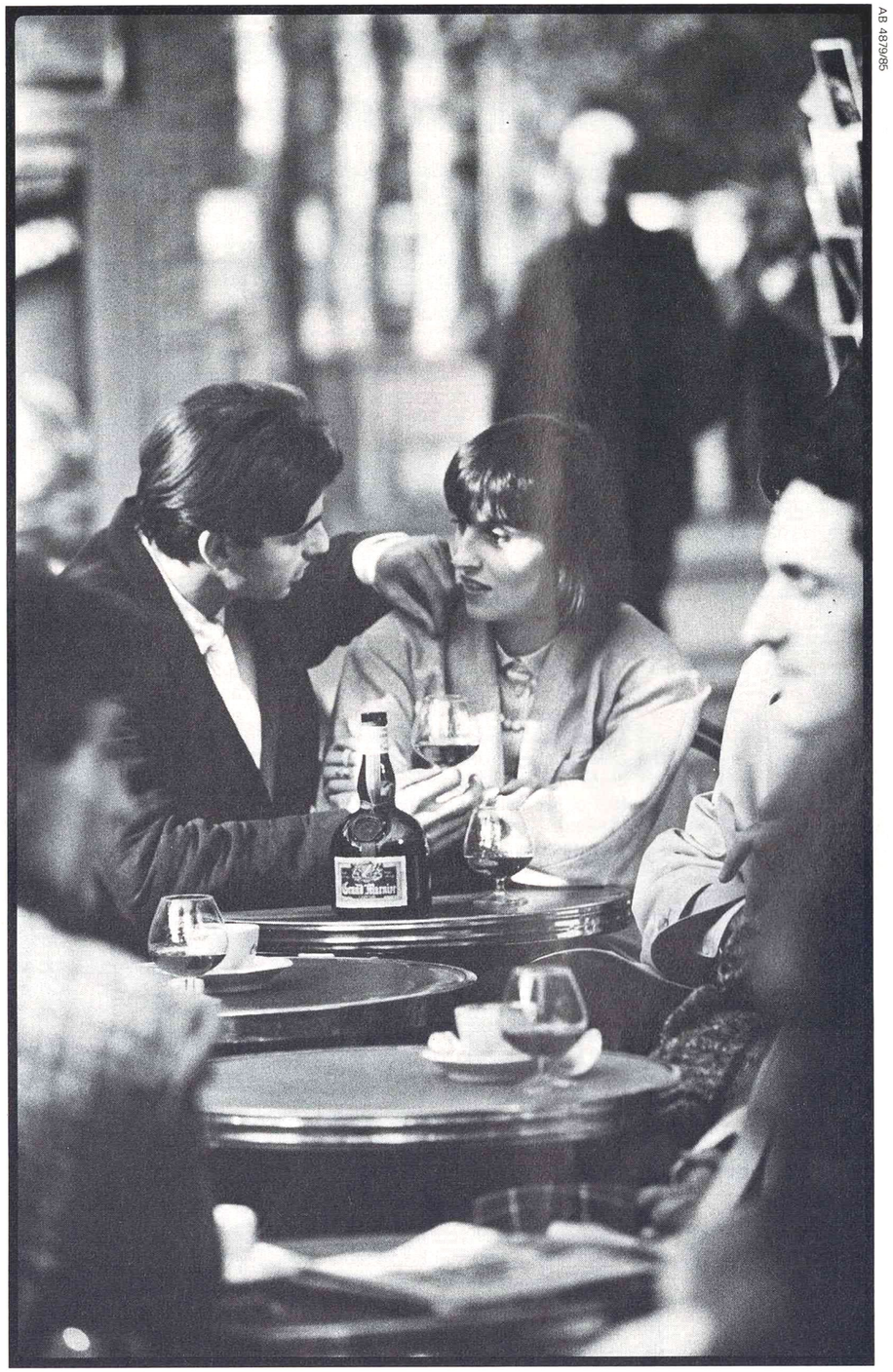

IF PARIS WAS A DRINK, IT WOULD BE GRAND MARNIER.

tle bit extra for practice courts. Those types of things.

Penthouse: Does a coach help in that regard?

Ruffels: Yeah, but there shouldn't be too much dependence on a coach.

Penthouse: But the coaches of the top players are always there, always visible with their charges . . .

Ruffels: That's fine when you've paid your dues, and you have a lot more in your day as a top player. You've got the press to attend to, you've got companies which sponsor you or your equipment and want a return, and the tournament organisers have to make you, the drawcard, visible to attract the crowds . . . All of these fiddly things you need to do as a top player, and you really need to be away from all that sort of stuff to play your tennis. It is very necessary for those players to have their coaches so they can concentrate on their tennis as much as possible. But, again, I doubt that [Ivan] Lendl has had someone with him all his life. He would have had the incentive to get to that position. He has a sort of tunnel vision as far as tennis goes, but I think most of the top players have that.

Penthouse: What about the kids trying to break into the top ranks? Can you see a collective whereby they pool their resources and hire a coach between three or four of them?

Ruffels: The way the system is set up now — and it's continually changing — they go through teams and squads, always advancing to the next team. I think having a personal coach comes with success, and the LTAA programs can aid and assist the players until they get to the stage where they are able to choose their own personal coach and pay for that right.

Penthouse: But what about three or four hiring the one coach?

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Ruffels: Well, it is a free enterprise system and that sort of thing would probably help the players — but that's the sort of thing we have going with the Australian team.

Penthouse: Once out of the Australian team, are they on their own?

Ruffels: No, not really. We have the BP Achievers and we hope to make that very successful this year. An avenue exists for a number of players to have their own coach on a collective basis. John Fitzgerald virtually does that now with Syd Ball. [Kevin] Curren and [Steve] Denton have done it with Warren Jacques. I think Jacques has done an incredibly good job with those two players. When they picked him up they were 200 or 300 in the world and they have improved dramatically.

Penthouse: How long do you think it will be before we start climbing back up the ladder?

Ruffels: I think we are climbing up it now.

Penthouse: How long before it starts accelerating and we see the improvement?

Ruffels: It *is* accelerating now, each year. I think if we can get more people in the top 100 in the world, it's an acceleration.

Penthouse: If it's accelerating, why did we not win a men's Grand Prix tournament last year?

Ruffels: Is that right? That's pretty hard to argue against. Quite obviously, that isn't a very good performance. But I don't think the graph of getting better at tennis goes in a straight line; it zig-zags its way up there, and that can be said of your own game. If the graph just went in a straight line from bottom to top it would be marvellous, but unfortunately it doesn't. Quite obviously, there were three indoor tournaments and four or five outdoor tournaments for men in Australia and with the five women's tournaments that makes 14 in Australia. We didn't win one, while the year before we won two — so we haven't gone down that far. Some promoters have said to me that we have to start getting more Australians in the final rounds of tournaments to continue interest, and there were tournaments last year where we did better than the year before, even allowing for the fact that we didn't win one. Looking at the younger players last year, I thought we had more depth. In general they were probably more dedicated and the attitude had improved. You can't say that for everyone, but generally there was an improvement. There has to be an influence on them and they have to listen.

Penthouse: If the youngsters don't want to listen, how can you help them?

Ruffels: You can't. It's very difficult.

Penthouse: What do you do at the Institute when it becomes apparent they don't want to be helped?

Ruffels: The scholarships are reviewed every six months. At the end of each six months, we see if it's worthwhile having them go on or not. We have to make hard decisions, because you aren't going to get anywhere without making hard decisions. That line of thought is gradually taking control — I mean, a player was sent home from the Junior Masters late last year for bad behavior. I have an agreement with the other coaches who take young players away overseas that if the standards are not maintained then action has to be taken. That would include sending them home.

Penthouse: If a player was sent home, would that preclude him from making future teams?

Ruffels: Why should it? The player involved has to learn from it, just as everybody has to learn. There is no thought of malice. We're not in the business of carrying on vendettas.

Penthouse: Was sending the player home from the Masters the first step in eliminating bad behavior?

Ruffels: No, it was the first step that received any publicity. Those types of things are very prevalent. We have also had trouble in the past with taking away players who have been injured, so we are now looking at camps so they can prove their fitness before we go. We had been trying to get them to go to doctors in their home states, and that hasn't worked.

Penthouse: Is that a keenness to go away, or a flaw in their characters?

Ruffels: I'm sure it's a bit of both.

Penthouse: Who are the players Australians can expect bigger and better things from in the next few years?

Ruffels: That's hard, because every now and then youngsters come along, in different sports, and are immediately hailed as champions of the future. I mean, every new face on the cricket scene is another Don Bradman. There were two 12-year-olds at the Junior Masters who got plenty of wraps — Jamie Holmes and Grant Doyle — including an observation that they were as good as were Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall at that age. They're nice young players, but I would hate them to walk around for the rest of their lives thinking they're Hoad or Rosewall. If it works out that way, fine, but I'd hate them to put pressure on themselves by trying to live up to that. I mean, it's a hard act to follow.

Penthouse: Are you concerned that our youngsters are following the overseas trend of arguing with officials and questioning line calls?

Ruffels: I think the negativeness that goes on on court, particularly in Australia, is a habit of junior tennis, and I stress the word *habit*. The kids are extremely self-critical, and it is a habit. It is a fad which has been going on for a long time, and it's self-criticism on court.

One thing I would like to put straight is that the areas of junior tennis I am directly involved with — that is, McDonalds Junior Tennis Australia and the Institute of Sport — are not the finished products. They're a stage along the way. I am happy to take responsibility for those areas, but I don't really feel any responsibility outside those areas. ○

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MOTORING

MOTOR MOUTH

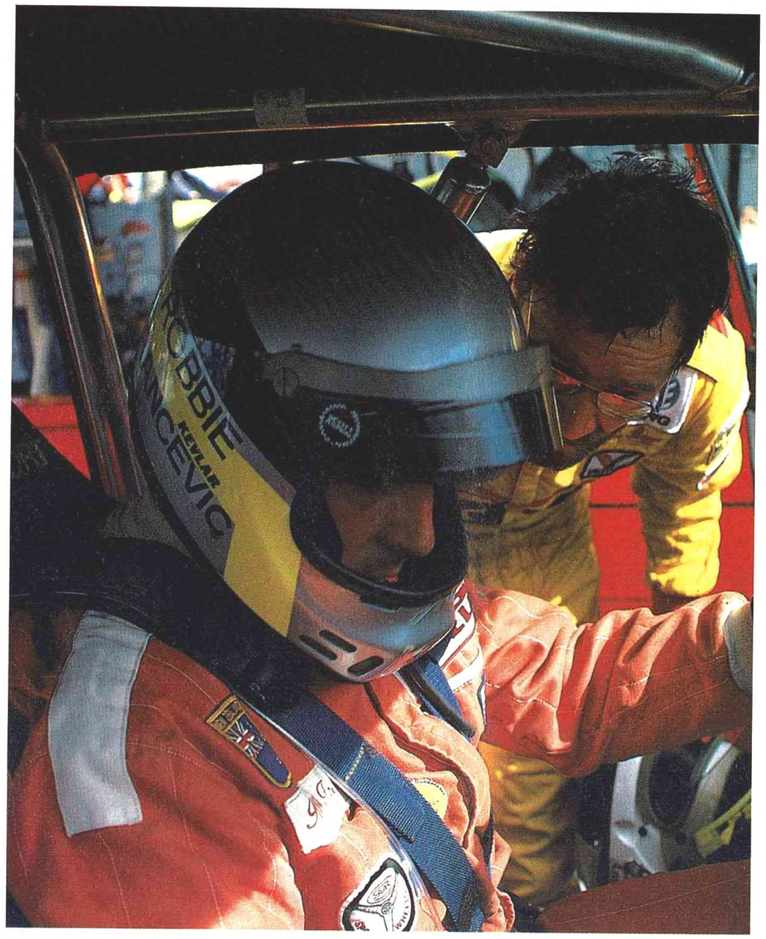
BY PETER McKAY

Big Robbie Francevic drives like he talks — hard and fast

He blew into Australia from across the Tasman, not so much a breath of fresh air but a cyclone. His track weapon was perhaps the unlikeliest competition car of all, that symbol of upwardly-mobile Australia — a Volvo. Bemused Yuppies cheered politely as the boxy doctor's car — slagged by detractors as a mobile block of flats, or a Swedish Valiant — sailed into the assortment of Holden Commodores, BMWs and Ford Mustangs. The reality was that the turbocharged Volvo was never a joke to other competitors; similar cars had already won too many races in Europe so no-one dared treat Robbie Francevic lightly. And as the 1985 season unfolded, this weird car and colorful driver became the biggest talking point on Australian circuits.

The Volvo was fast — as fast as any car in the Australian tour-

PHOTO BY MICHAEL RAYNER



MOUTH

ing car championship. But ungainly: it lurched and bounced off kerbs. Although Francevic soon showed he was a goer, his was a hot-and-cold act, often let down by a mixed-brew Kiwi back-up team that looked smooth one moment, chronically inept the next.

The media, always on the alert for newcomers with character and ability, smartly cottoned on to the new boy from Mairiangi Bay, an exclusive northern beachside suburb of Auckland. Mostly charming and chatty, Francevic has an overwhelming enthusiasm for everything he does. Everything is *so* fantastic. There's also that underlying volatility; Robbie is never far from launching into aggro mode. The press stood around in groups waiting for the inevitable explosion. He's a perfectionist. He hates losing races because someone in the team stuffed up. He is also disarmingly honest, always admitting his own mistakes.

And when he wasn't out on the warpath, there he was, bull-at-a-gate, making outrageous preditions that often went off the rails. The amateur satirists who pervade the racing tracks dished out the barbs.

Rival Dick Johnson, who for 18 months has kept up a lively anti-Volvo tirade via Channel Seven's all-seeing, all-hearing Racecam in-car camera, hastens to point out it's all a bit of a lark. Beneath all the pseudo-savage one-liners is a latent Francevic admirer. "Robbie does a great job . . . in a shitbox," Dick said in late-1985.

Johnson laid off Francevic over the festive season but came back strongly in January with: "Some genius has just invented a new camera with a millionth-of-a second shutter speed so they can get a photo of Robbie Francevic with his mouth shut."

Another driver, Steve Masterton, mounted a silent protest. Racing against Francevic at Sydney's Amaroo Park last season, Masterton's Commodore carried the pointed message: Real Men Don't Drive Volvos.

Through all the bollocking, big Robbie keeps smiling. Coming from New Zealand, where the media doesn't give motor racing the same high profile, he laps up the attention. He loves it when someone recognises him, say at a restaurant, and comes over to have a chat. He's in his element talking up a storm and waving his hands about, this capitalist car dealer with a family tree growing somewhere along the Dalmation coast of Yugoslavia. He's a big kid having a good time, excited and excitable, stunned by the attention but loving it, and remarkably determined to leave his mark on international touring car racing.

"It was such a buzz to come over from New Zealand last year and run at the front of the field against blokes I'd admired from a distance. I'd always rated Australians the best, and there I was mixing it with them."

His nomination as the most accomplished Aussie driver is Brock. "Peter stands head and shoulders above any one else in Australasia." Then comes the postscript: ". . . And I think I've outdriven him on more occasions than he's outdriven me."

Francevic said he was careful not to make enemies that first season: "The locals could have ganged up on the new boy and from what I've observed the officials would not have interfered. The leading Australian drivers are laws unto themselves. Organisers and officials lack control. I'm not worried about the danger — that's what I'm paid for. But I'm driving not as an individual, but for a team . . .

"We competed at a lot of races that year — too many maybe, because often the car was not prepared well. But we were keen to learn the circuits and the public treated us so well. It was a good feeling to hear Aussie spectators screaming for a Kiwi driver. It was an anti-climax to go home to New Zealand," added Francevic, who commuted to all the Aussie races.

There's an agreeable lack of exaggerated Kiwi patriotism beating in the Francevic breast. He doesn't believe Kiwis are ominpotent. In fact he's an unabashed lover of Australia and Australians: "They're my kind of people."

He goes easy on praise of his homeland, perhaps wary of the Ugly Kiwi Abroad tag. New Zealand has spawned some wonderful driving talent: Denny Hulme became champion of the world, Chris Amon raced for Ferrari in Formula One, Bruce McLaren was the king of the sportscars. But, says Robbie, the last ten years has seen the flow turn to a trickle: "Kiwis have been racing on radial tyres and this has inhibited the development of their driving skills. Jim Richards and I are the only two current drivers I really rate. Oh, Denny is still damned good when he's not playing around." So much for other prominent racers such as new Brock-team driver Neal Lowe and millionaire sportsman Neville Crichton, whose names are missing from Francevic's short list. There's a suggestion that there's some bad feeling between Robbie and Crichton, who finished fourth and one position ahead of the Volvo driver in last year's touring car title. Certainly, after a rough-house race at Calder last season, an obviously irate Crichton stormed into the press room and declared to all and sundry: "Francevic is a lunatic, and you can quote me on that."

At least Crichton pronounced the name correctly. France-e-vic. After a season-and-a-half of racing in Australia, commentators are finally getting his name right. Until last season, the name Francevic meant nothing to the Australian motor racing public. He'd raced here sparingly before but way back in the very early Seventies, and then in Formula 5000.

He's actually been pulling on a helmet for eons, starting in 1956, aged 15, driving dad's Humber 80. He's always had an eye for publicity; one of his earlier machines was a Ford Customline which he painted up like a Yellow Cab.

Ambition drove brash young Francevic beyond the Land of the Long White Cloud. In 1967 he spent a season wrestling those 320 km/h Yankee stockcars around the American high-banked ovals, such as Daytona. He surprised even himself by picking up Rookie of the Year honors. Then he married and headed home. Next came the character-building spell in Formula 5000s, racing the world's best in the annual Tasman Series. It was dangerous work, with light financial rewards.

At the end of 1973, Francevic abruptly gave up the life of a professional racer to start a business, a Nissan dealership. The Volvo gig in '85 marked his return to fulltime motor sport. Francevic is now 44 and determined success won't pass him by a second time. He's been a big fish in a little pond; now he won't rest until the world's his oyster.

He's utterly convinced the forties are the prime time for a touring car driver: "It's no coincidence that most of Australia's leading sedan competitors are members of the over-40 club . . . Brock, Johnson, Kevin Bartlett, Allan Moffat, Colin Bond, Allan Grice. Jim Richards is nearly 40. Experience makes a touring car work, and in this era of commercialism the older drivers can better handle relationships with sponsors and the media. Big corporations ploughing millions of dollars into a race team are not going to entrust their investment to a kid who can't string three words together, even if he can drive like the wind."

Francevic's lofty ambitions received a charge in March when Volvo Australia announced a local Volvo Dealer Team supported by money and technical assistance from head office in Gothenberg. Lead driver: Robbie Francevic. The team's budget for '86 is $1.2 million, a not-inconsiderable sum. And for that kind of money the Swedish company is expecting Robbie to win and win often.

He and the Volvo have certainly made an impact on both sides of the Tasman in their brief time together. Twice during that first season in Australia, Francevic came up a winner in championship races — early in the series at Symmons Plains in Tasmania, and in the final title race at Sydney's Oran Park. But that was the year of the BMW; fellow Kiwi Richards knew too much about the local circuits and Robbie's car let him down too often.

Once, at Amaroo Park, the Volvo ignominiously shed a wheel on the warm-up lap before the start of the opening round of the national endurance series. Someone in the team hadn't secured the centre locking nut. Francevic, with looks that could kill, ran back to the pits for help but the race began without him. A month later at Sandown he comfortably led the Castrol 500 until the Volvo's differential failed. "I'm not too unhappy," said Robbie afterwards. "Ours was the fastest car and that diff problem won't happen again," was his confident assertion.

It was in the aftermath of that encouraging Sandown race that the chuffed Francevic made his bold prediction, often mimmicked since and now firmly etched in motor sport's book of quotes. "The Mountain is *mi-ine!*" he boomed, his evangelical fervor emphasised with a stab of the forefinger.

The Mountain wasn't Francevic's, though he gave it a shake for a spell. He climbed to second just a handful of laps into the 1985 James Hardie 1000. But the Volvo's speedy progress around Mount Panorama was slowed by alternator problems. And then a crewman holed the radiator while attempting to replace the alternator . . . Francevic's psychological state was unsettled in the extreme in the days leading to Australia's great race. He provided his own pressure, and it got to him. The race was his magnificent obsession. He'd missed out on winning the touring car championship, but so what. The Hardie was the biggie anyway. Robbie was on edge, as was team boss Mark Petch. And the rest of the crew walked around on tippy toes waiting for the obligatory outbursts.

> "I'm a pushy person, and I'll push hard for an opportunity to take the world title"

The Francevic-Petch relationship has endured two decades of regular shouting matches. They're too alike not to have their confrontations, but in turn they have enormous mutual respect; Francevic admires Mark for his self-made millionaire business acumen, Petch lauds his driver's flair on and off the track. The fraught week at Bathurst must have severely stretched the friendship. On several occasions they stood toe to toe and dispensed free character references at 150 decibels. Robbie, in particular, was hostile and edgy.

During practice he physically dragged bewildered co-driver John Bowe from the cockpit because he'd committed the cardinal sin of going faster than the lead driver. Bowe, an easy-going and amiable Tasmanian whose simple driving philosophy is to jump in and stand on the gas, hastily sought sanctuary in the adjacent Mitsubishi pit area. There was also an incident involving Allan Moffat, who'd been signed by Channel Seven to do commentary work. One of Moffat's briefs was to do a few evaluation laps in each of the logical race contenders. Moffat, obviously relishing the chance to do some back-to-back tests in cars he was most certainly considering for his own use, stretched his time in the Volvo to six . . . seven . . . then eight laps. Francevic, becoming more and more agitated, finally leaped the fence on to the circuit to relay very explicit instructions to the man in the borrowed car.

But Francevic kicked off the '86 Australian season in fine style, winning the championship opener at Amaroo. Afterwards he admonished the television interviewer who buttonholed him immediately afterwards: "You fellas haven't been near me all weekend but look who you're talking to now." A week later he won again at Symmons Plains . . . and the sought-after touring car crown is within reach. The team is functioning smoothly, and the car has discovered reliability along with predictable handling to complement its blinding straight-line speed. And Robbie's turbocharged tongue is operating at peak revs . . . "This business is getting tougher. I've gotta overtake in the corners now. Last season I used to be able to power past 'em in the straights."

And it's not going to get easier. A world series is set for 1987 and the Volvo factory team in Sweden is a leading contender. Francevic's concern is how to make a clean, politically acceptable transition from the Australasian team to the two-car. "I want to be world champion. I'm a pushy person and I'll push hard for an opportunity to take the world title."

He hopes the James Hardie 1000 in October will provide the chance to impress the right people. Francevic will be back at Mount Panorama and this time, he says, the team will be *ready*. He and Bowe will be one half of a two-car team that could also include Thomas Lindstrom and Johnny Cecotto, Volvo Europe's star drivers.

The victorious and super-professional '85 Tom Walkinshaw team is also expected back, along with the local likely lads including Richards and Johnson and Brock. But the big Kiwi doesn't mind. With those whiter than white teeth flashing against a suntanned backdrop, he says he can win the Bathurst classic. Victory might just swing him a start in next year's world championship series.

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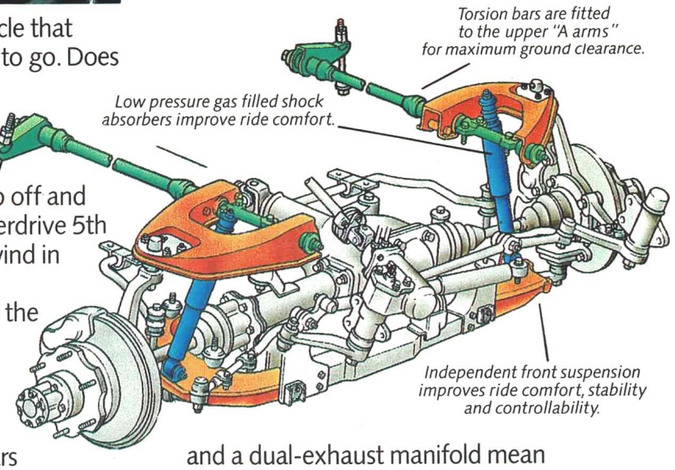
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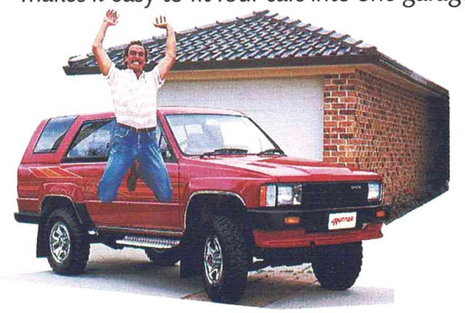

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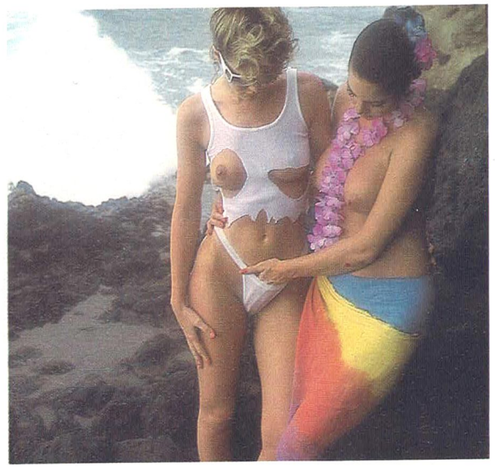

ISLAND STATE

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LOOSE ENDS

TEDIUM IS THE MEDIUM

Feeling pleased with yourself now you can discern the difference between a vintage French champagne and a warm bottle of Bodega? Smugly satisfied in the knowledge that deep fried camembert with strawberry jam is trendy and was not invented by Elvis Presley? Happy to be speaking computerese as you prance about in your designer sports togs at the Fitness Connection with Drake and Brooke and Antony? Give us a Y. Give us a U. Give us a P.P.I.E. Give us a break. Sorry to tell you this, pal, but the heavy lettuce you sank into becoming a yuppie was a waste. You're last year's flavor, you big ponce. If the world was a fashion wardrobe you'd be consigned to the back with the Nehru jacket and the Vee-knee flares. *Al dente*, buddy. Or, as we real folks say: Tough.

If you'd stuck with the rest of us urban failures (uffies) you wouldn't have faced this problem. Failure, as someone once said, is perennial. If you haven't heard that one it's because the guy who said it was a classic loser and no-one bothered to quote him on it. There's a kind of pristine beauty in that, don't you reckon? Greta Garbo has been trying for decades to achieve just that kind of anonymity. Sean Penn and Madonna have resorted to fisticuffs to shirk the pesky accoutrements of fame and be treated like normal, everyday folk — that is, ignored. Now if he was pumping gas in Mediocre Falls, Washington, and she had stuck to flashing her nasty in small-time photographic studios, they never would have had to put up with this fuss and bother.

Take a tip from me, an old hand at this business of being a nobody. Start thinking to yourself that tedious is trendy and you'll start feeling a lot better about yourself. Let those words be your mantra. Your lips may be saying: "Fries with that, sir?" but your mind will be consumed with mediocrity. Say it as you ring up the generic brands at Woolies, as you close the door behind you in your teller box, as you scratch that instant lottery card. Say it enough and you'll achieve the exquisite level of pure tedium. Chin up, champ, you're on your way. And you over there in the ski tan and the alligator shirt — lift your game. Anyone can be a loser if they work at it. Try these exercises and you can be a master of the mundane.

- Get a group of the guys together and start practising goofy routines for *It's A Knockout*.
- Collect a drawer full of broken, useless K-Tel products.
- Add the sounds of Rolf Harris, Frank Ifield, Kamahl and Reg Lindsay to your record collection.
- Replace your car aerial with an inverted coathanger.
- Make deals with God every time you fill in a Lotto entry form.
- As you pass through the turnstiles at the Easter Show, make sure that discarded battered saveloy sticks to your platform thong.
- Fail to notice the black stuff that collects at the top of your tomato sauce bottle.
- Go to a tattoo parlor and toss up between the picture of Hot Stuff and the design that says "Cut Along Dotted Line."
- Make sure there's at least five years of lint collected in the cuffs of your Amco Bogarts.
- Hang around dog tracks carrying a wrinkled form guide and a styrofoam Esky.

Practise any or all of these ten steps to uffiedom and in no time at all people will be labelling you a loser. It worked for me, and I was in bad danger of becoming a yuppie for a while there. I own my house, for Chrissakes, and I've held down my job for more than a year. I started picking up brochures for Noosa in travel agents and there was a perceptible wrinkling of my nose if anyone as much as suggested red wine with fish.

Illustration by Jim Mitchell

I thank game shows for detouring me from the pathway to upward mobility. You see, a while back I applied to be a contestant on *Sale Of The Century* — which put me in the potential loser category straight off. Well, I passed on the questions but when it came to a personality evaluation I outdid myself. In three minutes I had to prove to a TV girl that I actually had a personality — and I bombed out. "Don't call us," she smiled sweetly, ticking my application in the personality box corresponding to "Blancmange."

That's a true story, and now each night as I watch those livewire contestants go through their paces in the giftshop and crack ribticklers with Tony at the end of the show, it really hits home that I didn't make the grade, and probably never will. I'm a card-carrying uffie. And by jingo, I'm proud of it! Hand me my lampshade hat, ma, I'm off to shout from the rooftop that boring is beautiful. And I mean what I say. (Would've liked one of them diamond set souvenirs, but.) — *C.J. Mackay*

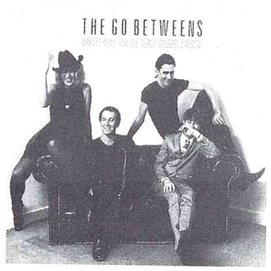
SOUNDS

PALMER POWER

The voice that helped launch the Power Station last year is back in the solo domain of its owner — **Robert Palmer**. *Riptide* (Island), his seventh album in 12 years, has Palmer as eclectic as ever. He claims to be "caught in a riptide, torn between two loves — the old and the new", but it's just a chance for him to rifle through the mood of his parents' record stack. He proves capable of a beguiling croon on his own "Get It Through Your Heart" but thumping rock funk is quickly established with "Hyperactive." Tracks like "Flesh Wound" and "Discipline Of Love" bear the hallmark of his last "supergroup" venture — even guitarist Andy Taylor and drummer Tony Thompson contribute. He can still take a simpler blues feel ("Trick Bag") and turn it around to keep the listener on his toes. From croon through medium funk to metal riffs, Palmer's voice gravels magnificently. And this time he seems to have spent more than a long lunch on the lyrics for his three originals.

An affable local crooner momentarily adjusting the spotlight on himself for a solo set is the Mentals' **Martin Plaza**. *Plaza Suite* (CBS) is an eminently hummable collection of songs. Martin, having rediscovered health as a lifestyle, and armed with a new four-track recorder, has found himself uncharacteristically prolific. However, the song-writing balance of the other Mentals, especially Greedy, is missed and these nine pop poems tend to merge *en masse* — except for an obvious sidetrack, the moody "Bats And Balls."

Like the Triffids after them, the **Go-Betweens** have been blending their folk leanings to their own version of rock tunesmithing for a number of years now. They've always managed at least one completely formed track per album ("Cattle And Cane", "Bachelor Kisses"). But they don't always manage to join their poetry to strong melodies and the rhythms often fall back on the simple plodding accompaniment of much folk rock. Keyboards and a string section flesh out *Liberty Belle And The Black Diamond Express* (True Tone) but apart from that the band use little of the studio to enhance their tunes.



San Francisco's **Wire Train** has a penchant for searing, chiming guitar lines on *Between Two Words* (CBS), their second album. They're a guitar band from the same side of the American rock tracks as REM but with a stronger lyrical content. A version of Dylan's "God On Our Side" demonstrates where mainman Kevin Hunter's songwriting roots lie. Instrumentation is kept simple and powerful, though moments like "Two Persons" scream out for a brass section.

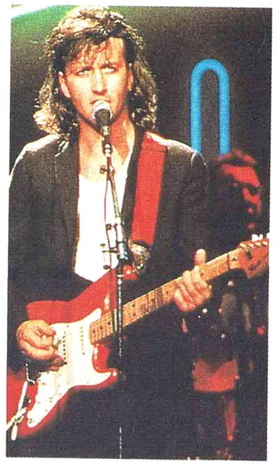
Similar power, though with a darker view of the world, comes from **Spear Of Destiny** on *World Service* (Epic). Kirk Brandon tossed his Spear into the public arena after burying his Theatre Of Hate in the philosophical hole they'd dug for themselves. Only bassist Stammers remains from the inaugural *Grapes Of Wrath*. Brandon struggles to say uplifing things about Britain but just seems to be getting angrier as the years roll. At times the band is like Hunters And Collectors at their most monolithic — with sax instead of trumpets and trombone. Moments of beauty like "Mickey" slip through but mostly this musical war-cry has replaced the poise and arrogance of their debut with phlegm-flecked anger.

Some local angst comes from the trio **Spy V Spy**. *Harry's Reasons* (Powderworks) simplifies the world's ills into a comic book notion of Big Brother paranoia, sometimes viewed from the remnants of the morning after. The Jam, precursors of such power trio politics, were disbanded by Paul Weller for more stylish councilling but the Spy boys cling to the traditional values of volume-equals-passion.

Despite the title of Swiss band **Double's** debut, *Blue* (Polydor), this is not fighting music. Love songs in the mould of Michael Franks meet current Latin/swing chic. Tunes to sashay to without bowel-moving bass lines. Double was formed on the duo of Kurt Maloo (vocals, guitar) and Felix Haug (keyboards and percussion) but it also boasts, appropriately enough, some fine sax and tasteful wails.

Herbie Hancock and **Foday Musa Suso** give us some delicate traceries of *Village Life* (CBS). Suso plays a kora (Gambian sitar) and talking drum while Hancock mans the synthesiser. Although Mr "Machine Funk", Bill Laswell, is producing, it's Suso's gentle folk touch that calls the tune.

For a delicious slice of history, order up one or more slices from the *Atlantic Rhythm And Blues 1947-1974* (Atlantic) pie. Seven low-priced double albums cover 1947-52, 1952-55, 1955-58, 1958-62, 1962-66, 1966-69 and 1969-74. They represent an amazingly influential body of work. What began as a part-time interest for Ahmet Ertegun 39 years ago quickly came to dominate the independent American labels, who looked more to jazz and blues artists; the majors concerned themselves primarily with obvious pop performers. Atlantic was still able to achieve numerous pop successes as well as the rhythm and blues output. Early signings included the New Orleans' recluse **Professor Longhair**, blues shouter **Joe Turner** and **Ray Charles**. Even when it came to the Sixties and record making and selling was turned around by the "British invasion", the influence of singers like **Don Covay** ("Mercy, Mercy") on bands like the Rolling Stones and to a lesser extent the Beatles is obvious. — *Jeremy Cook*



Top to bottom: The gravel and croon of Robert Palmer; the hummable Martin Plaza; delicious history from Atlantic. Left: The Go Betweens' folk leanings.

FILM

RAMBO EATS QUICHE

Can you imagine a character so goddamn tough he makes Rambo look like Bambi? So diamond-hard and fearless he makes Attila The Hun look like Mike Walsh? So downright ugly he makes the Elephant Man look like Mel Gibson?

Meet Manny, the central character in director Andrei Konchalovsky's **Runaway Train**. Manny is a prisoner in a maximum security prison that (here we go again) makes the Black Hole of Calcutta look like Club Med. He's so dangerous that evil warder Ranken has kept him welded in a cell for years. But even an animal like Manny has civil rights and when a court action frees this *creme de les crims* to join his fellow prisoners he escapes with another inmate and sets off across the frozen wastelands to hop a freight train to freedom. The tough old lag and his idiot companion Buck board a train on which the driver has the bad form of having a heart attack and falling off the engine, having first opened the throttle. At central control tower the guys trigger electronic brakes in an attempt to stop the speeding train. The brakes burn out, the train is out of control and heading at dangerous speed towards a chemical factory . . . There's a girl on board . . . Warden Ranken is out with the tracker dogs, determined to capture and kill the toughest prisoner that ever drew breath. And that's where the story really starts!

Good performances in unbelievable roles characterise this ludicrous but undeniably gripping film. Jon Voight received an Academy Award nomination for his portrayal of Manny, complete with about a kilo of plastic scar tissue, a bung eye and a convincing set of khaki teeth. Eric Roberts, who makes a bit of a habit of playing hyperactive empty heads (*Star 80, Village Dreams*), does it again and annoyingly well as Buck, the motor-mouthed imbecile who hero worships Manny. And glinting menacingly as Warder Ranken, John P. Ryan is a joy to watch as he revels in out-badassing Jon Voight.

Producers Golan and Globus assembled an extraordinary cast and technical crew for this film, presumably on the lure of a thoughtful film concerning man's ability to fight to the death for his right to freedom. The result is an embarrassingly violent, comic book-scripted work with plot holes large enough to drive a train through. An artistic failure perhaps, but the ingredients are right to get those Jaffas rolling at Saturday afternoon sessions. I predict big things for *Runaway Train* when it hits the video shelves.

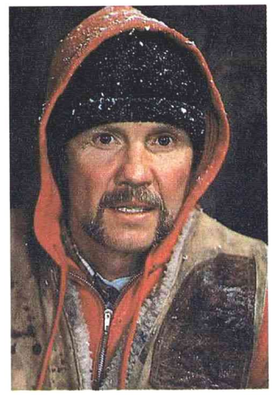
From the ridiculous to the realm of the sublime — at least for fans of film-maker Woody Allen. His legions seem to swell with the release of each new film, and the little Jewish neurotic's 14th effort is sure to win many more over to his humor and whimsy.

Hannah And Her Sisters is Allen's longest film to date, a family saga shot through with threads of some of his previous works. Boasting an impressive cast, including Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Michael Caine and Max Von Sydow, the film traces the lives and loves of three sisters over a turbulent period of years. As well as writing and directing, Allen takes a role which, though not small, is secondary to those of the sisters. He flits around the periphery of family scenes, lightly punctuating a story that develops in colorful segments like a quilt. The director stitches in such themes as adultery, religion, sibling rivalry, ageing and death without ever bogging the film down in navel pondering.

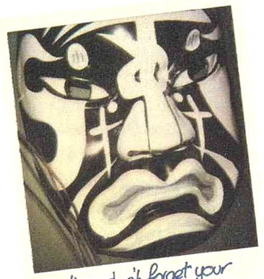
Hannah And Her Sisters is not as lightweight and whimsical as Allen's recent works like *Purple Rose Of Cairo*, nor as grey and heavy as the family drama in *Interiors*, yet it borrows from each to weave humor and intensity. The overall effect is warm and comforting. A nice antidote for a jangly day, or a session of *Runaway Train*. — *C.J. Mackay*

Inevitably there will be comparisons between **For Love Alone** and *My Brilliant Career*: both produced by Margaret Fink, both stories of young Australian women writers, both gentle and sophisticated treatments of love, passion and zest for life.

For Love Alone confirms the freshness that Australian cinema can offer. The film is thoroughly romantic, full of lace and sumptuous beds, yet the story of Teresa Hawkins — a woman obsessed by "love" — explores themes relevant and warm. Helen Buday is thoroughly beautiful in the lead role, Sam Neill is at his charming best, and Hugo Weaving is a convincing creep. Director Stephen Wallace, perhaps better known for the cruel realism of *Stir* and his exceptional docu-drama work, establishes his place among the *very* best with this film — all adding up to a formula which, though not big on actual drama, transfixes and woos the audience into its thoughtful web. — *Graeme Sims*



Left: Jon Voigt makes Rambo look like the nice boy next door in Runaway Train. Below: Margaret O'Sullivan, Lloyd Nolan and Mia Farrow in Hannah And Her Sisters; Scenes from Margaret Fink's For Love Alone.



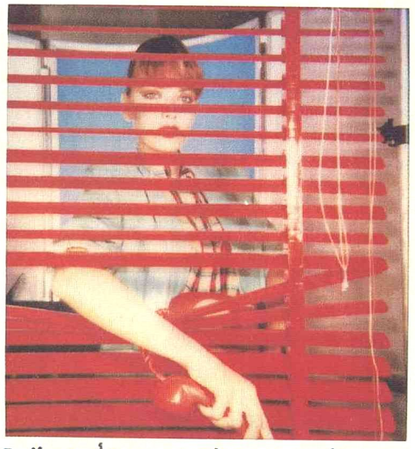
LEARN TO SPEAK POLAROID

Just when we've got used to phonebooks asking us to let our fingers do the walking, along comes a company that suggests we let our cameras do the talking. Or more particularly, *their* cameras. Polaroid is conducting a nationwide campaign aimed at getting Australians to "Speak Polaroid." No other camera but a Polaroid provides the wherewithal to snap and send a message to a friend, a colleague, a lover or an enemy in the heat of the moment.

What they're on about is taking the adage "A picture speaks a thousand words" one step further. With Polaroid photos and a few well-chosen words scribbled in the space provided the user can immediately communicate an idea, issue a very special invitation, describe an object or generally convey a fun message. Your photograph becomes a personalised statement for the recipient's enjoyment or edification. You'll get the message from the *Penthouse* examples illustrated. Polaroid has a $15,000 Daihatsu Rocky up for grabs for the photographer who best masters the language of its instant photography. Details of the competition and entry forms are available wherever Polaroid cameras and film are sold. And for a free camera, try entering our photo competition opposite.

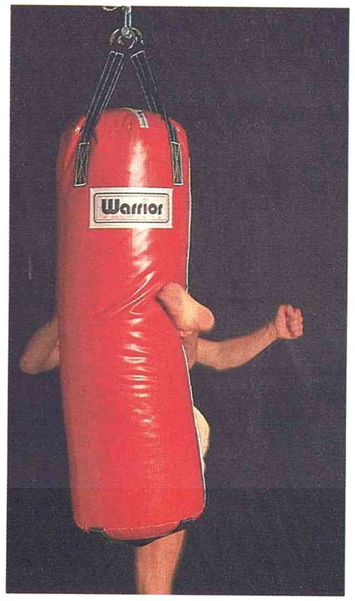
WHAT A RACQUET!

You don't have to grunt every time you serve, and you don't have to spit chips over bad calls. You don't even have to fight back the smiles when you hit a clean winner. All you have to do to have a ball playing tennis is find a good opponent, an even court, decent balls — and a *great* racquet. And that's the Limited Edition *Australian Penthouse* tennis racquet. It's the latest in mid-size technology, a graphite-silicon-carbide composition offering greater resilience, lighter weight, medium flex and amazingly reduced vibration. It effectively provides players of all standards — through to the pros — with a durable, powerful, superior racquet for $150. Check them out.



JUST FOR KICKS

It's possibly very foolish to suggest that men with one of these hanging around their homes have soft spots for soft toys. There's nothing marshmallowy about what you do to a Warrior Training Bag strung up in your backyard — but the only damage done is about $195. Ring Zen Imports on (02) 818 1955 for details.



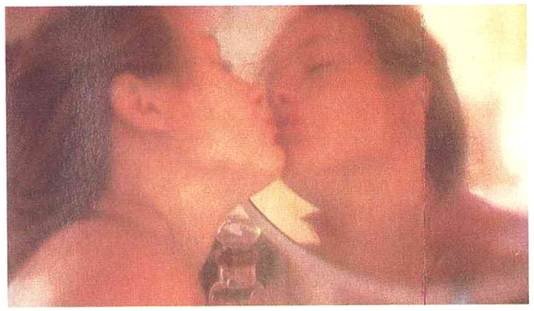
BLUSHING BEAUTY

Rossore Classico from Montrose Wines is the latest tipple for those who believe a meal without wine is like a life without love. It is a deep pink or "blush" wine created from Italian grape varieties. Try it as a refreshing pink-tinged aperitif with soda or as a not-too-sticky light dessert wine. Decidedly different.

CAPTURED CAPITALS

In the first of a series of poster impressions of Australian cities, popular artist Ken Done has created the Giant Sydney Harbor Poster. The vibrance of Sydney's city and harbor is captured in three panels, and the poster is packaged in a strong, brightly decorated cylinder which allows room for a greeting, making this a handy gift for friends overseas. The poster is available at newsagents, stationers, gift shops and department stores for around $19.95.

AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .



The chance to win an R-rated video library in our April issue drew mailbags of entries from around Australia. And some of the reasons readers gave us as to why they should win . . . well, we cacked ourselves laughing. From an excellent response, the chosen winner of the package of five high-quality CEL videos was M.D. Cruickshanks of Mooroopna in Victoria. Mr Cruickshanks wins copies of *Bilitis, Emanuelle, The Story of O, The Bitch* and *Fanny Hill*. The 10 runner-up winners of the video of their choice from the CEL Restricted Library were:— Katrina Gillespie, Bray Park, Qld; Peter Roberts, Gwelup, WA; Noel Ardern, Coolmangar, NSW; Allan West, Waverley, Tas; D. Mackenzie, Ardmona, Vic; R. Gutteridge, West Mackay, Qld; Lainie Richards, Manly West, Qld; Rodney Smith, Hackham, SA; Jim Forsythe, Traralgon, Vic; A.C. Waugh, Torwood, Qld.

SLICKER CLICKER

Fun times make for fun photos . . . Unfortunately for fanatic shutterbugs, people always have heaps of fun enjoying water and snow sports. They make great subjects, but how many magic moments have been missed with the threat of corrosion to the clickers? Now Nikon have launched a model, the Nikon L35AWAF — the world's first all-weather 35mm autofocus camera. It can go down to three metres depth, for a price of under $400.

A FINE ROMANCE

The sensual sensation of wearing and viewing classic romantic lingerie appeals to just about everyone. And if satin and lace is your fetish, or your partner's, Holeproof's new range of undergarments will arouse your attention. Stretch lace briefs sell for $5, satin jacquard camisole for $12, and French knickers for $8, at leading department stores.

TIMELY TWOSOMES

Publicists would have us believe that Charles Jourdan's new range of watches are the ultimate fashion accessories for upwardly mobile men and women — but we didn't come down in the last shower. Most of us have trouble remembering when we had our last shower. But the range is indeed exquisite if you've got a spare few hundred floating around to have some time on your hands. The new collection comes in "twosomes", matching men's and women's styles, including two middle-sized "unisex styles." There are 20 Swiss assembled, stylish timepieces in the range, priced between $225 and $495. And in keeping with anti-discriminatory policy, both men's and women's styles are the same price, we're told. Girls, you've hit the big time.

BLOW UP A BOAT

This isn't exactly a news scoop, but prior to the sinking of the *Rainbow Warrior* in Auckland Harbor last year the French secret service agents involved actually blew up another boat — a Zodiac inflatable dinghy. Sure, the handiness and power of Zodiac offers you, too, the chance to terrorise (seagulls, jellyfish, the odd swimmer) but it's the sheer practicality of pulling out a suitcase-sized package from the car boot, pumping it up in ten minutes, and getting on the water with minimum fuss that makes Zodiacs the latest hit in water sports and adventure. Their range of boats are strong, stable, in an accessible price range, and a hell of a lot of fun. Imported from France, you can arrange a catalogue by ringing the Sydney distributors on (02) 731 306.

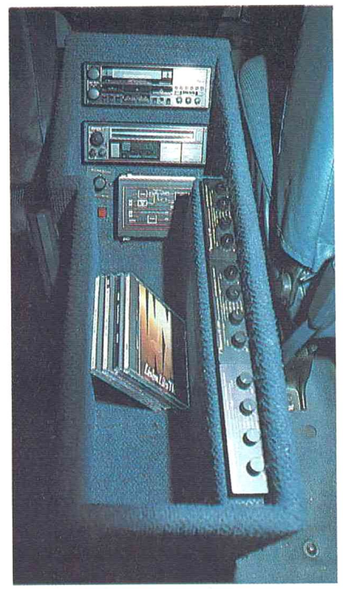
THE ULTIMATE CAR HI-FI

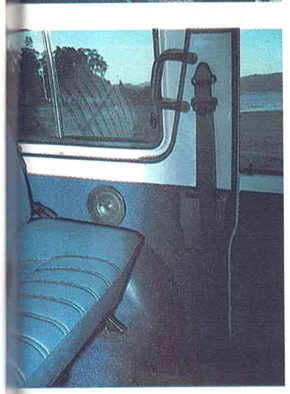
It looks like a normal Nissan Patrol from the outside, but looks deceive. Actually, it's a hi-fi system on wheels.

At least that's the impression when you sample the huge, crystal clear sound issuing from what rates as the most complete, if not over-the-top, car hi-fi set-up in Australia. Valued at $15,000, this Nakamichi (*the* name) car audio system comprises tuner/cassette player, compact disc player, three amplifiers and mixing boards, two sets of midrange drivers, two sets of tweeters, a pair of sub-woofers and miles of cable and connections. That makes 10 speakers . . .

It's the showpiece of Alex Minassian, proprietor of Toma Car Stereo at Fairlight in Sydney. Toma's work deals in the exclusive customising of top range systems for anything from luxury cruisers to Rolls-Royces — not that many Roller owners would be too stoked at the remodelling and repanelling that has gone into setting up this particular baby.

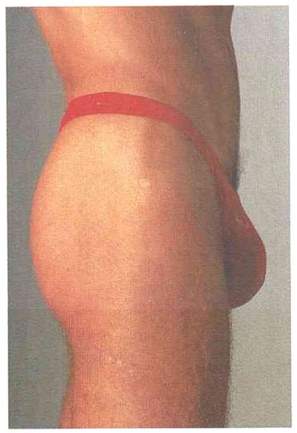
The system does serve a double purpose: the three amplifiers mounted in the recreated floor behind the back seat negate a need for a car heater. They sit there like bar radiators once the system is pumped up. And with the bass vibration literally shaking the chassis — all 140 Nakamichi-Watts of it — you realise why they chose a vehicle with off-road suspension to handle it . . .





IF YOU'VE GOT IT . . .

The Sling is a little something — a very little something — for the man who wasn't standing behind the door when the goods were being handed out. For the man who has everything and likes to flaunt it, this piece of frippery by Pierre Cardin retails at around $7.50 from department stores and menswear shops.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Creative use of lighting and posing of his subject wins this month's Polaroid prize for Graham Lange of Little Hampton in South Australia. In all his photos submitted Lange captured a warm, rustic atmosphere which complemented perfectly his auburn-haired model Hilary Fox. He wins his choice of a Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS Camera or Polaroid's 35mm Autoprocess System, that allows the user to develop his or her own transparencies at home in minutes.

For your chance to win the monthly Polaroid prize, send us one or more examples of your work taken on any film. We're looking for truly imaginative photographs of the female form or associated aspects of sensuality. Don't just point your camera and click; put effort and creativity into your choice of subject, posing, lighting and angles. Your own techniques will be better for it and your chances of picking up a valuable photographic prize will be maximised. Just complete the coupon below and mail it with your entry to *Penthouse*.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

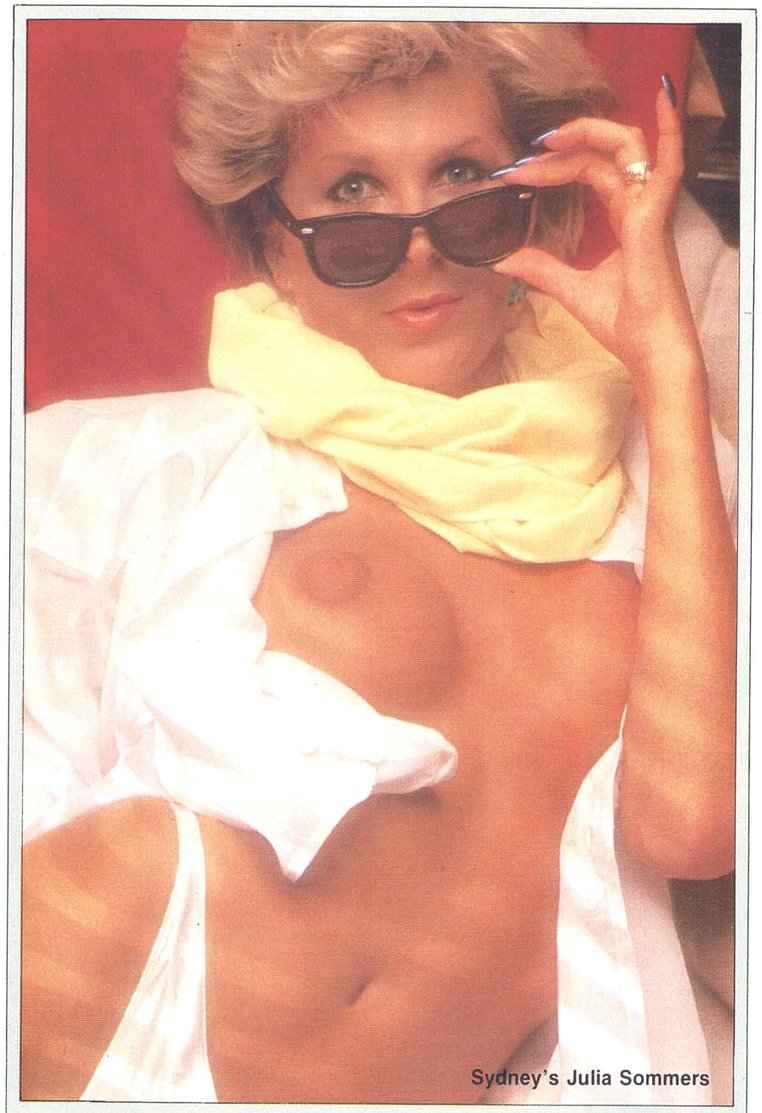
_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . .



Sydney's Julia Sommers

COMING IN AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Mega-monopoly — Australia's burgeoning casino industry is turning into the biggest monopoly game in the country. There are now casinos existing or planned in every state and territory except Victoria. The message delivered by this timely story is that if lowly patrons start objecting to the monopoly men's stringent rules they'll end up going straight to jail — or worse.

Opal Fever — *Penthouse* takes you way out west, where the glorious fools who've come from all corners of the globe to live and die for black opal explain that there's more to their obsession than mere greed. Don't miss this fascinating insight into the gemstone of the real Australia and the colorful characters who mine it.

Who Dares? — Rangi Nicholls was trained to defend himself in the select ranks of the New Zealand SAS. Now he's passing on his skills to ordinary Australians who want to survive on their city streets. But Nicholls' skills go way beyond traditional martial arts and into the realm of very dirty tricks.

Hardy's Law — Peter Corris' celebrated detective finds himself embroiled in another ugly conflict involving Filipino girls, misguided politicians and murder — more fine fiction in August *Australian Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Though she grew up in the Golden West, Julia Sommers' star is fast rising in her new home state of NSW. Julia is a former chef who revelled in cooking up some delicious surprises for readers of August *Australian Penthouse*.

TERROR

Continued from page 113

There were not many clues as to who actually did the bombings. Reports later denied by the Japanese authorities claimed that the fingerprints of Lal Singh were found on some fragments of destroyed baggage at Narita. There had been an "L. Singh" listed aboard Canadian Pacific Flight 003, but he had not gone through Japanese customs, and apparently was not actually on the flight.

The Air India 182 voice recorder was returned to India for examination. A statement released by Air India said the tape of the recorder revealed nothing, describing that there was normal cockpit conversation, a muffled sound, then silence.

What I have to say now is speculation, not fact. I believe the government of India, eager to prevent more rioting, killing, and the nurturing of more hate between the Sikhs and the Hindus, requested the Canadian, Japanese, and American authorities to suppress information concerning both bombings.

In the months just after the loss of Flight 182, Rajiv Gandhi was planning to sign a treaty with "moderate" Sikh leaders, some of whom had originally been present in the Golden Temple prior to the siege and attack, but had left the temple in disagreement with the extremists. Gandhi would not have wanted the continuation of violence to mar or prevent the signing of the treaty, which was intended to bring peace and stability to Sikh-Indian relations.

Only days after signing the treaty, the most important of the Sikh signatories was assassinated by Sikh extremists.

As Balraj told me at Merc School in November 1984, Sikhs do not quit.

Rajiv Gandhi's assassination had been prevented and Minister Bhajan Lal's life in New Orleans saved, but the escape of the Sikhs in New Jersey may have doomed Air India Flight 182.

There is no end to this story, but there is a postscript.

Birk Singh and the Sikhs arrested with him in New Orleans had the federal charges of conspiracy to assassinate Chief Minister Bhajan Lal dropped. Bhajan Lal was *not* registered as an internationally protected person, as had been assumed by the FBI and the Department of State.

That meant it was not a federal offence to kill him.

Federal charges for conspiracy do still exist in Alabama. In New York, Birk was acquitted in a federal court of conspiring to kill Rajiv Gandhi and of soliciting orders to do so, but he was convicted of conspiring to move explosives interstate and of violating the US *Neutrality Act*. The counterterror war that began with bombs and bullets has ended for the Sikhs with lawyers' writs and briefcases.

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